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DON'T THINK IT HASN'T BEEN FUN

QUENTIN REYNOLDS came over to England on a freighter sailing in convoy and taking nineteen days to make the voyage. Nineteen days at a loose end—no wireless, no papers, no news of any sort.

So on each of those long days, having little else to do, he wrote down something he remembered of places he had been to and men he had met in an exciting and adventurous life.

This book is Quentin Reynolds at his best—full of his pungent wit and his keen appreciation of all he sees and hears, his intuitive understanding of the little things that really make Life.

**QUENTIN
REYNOLDS**

DON'T THINK IT HASN'T BEEN FUN



Foyer Portrait

Foyer

DON'T THINK IT HASN'T BEEN FUN

BY

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Author of "The Wounded Don't Cry"



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TO

ZOE AND SIDNEY AND CHRIS

DON'T THINK IT HASN'T BEEN FUN

HALIFAX HARBOUR

ONE bright spring day back in 1928, William Cosgrave, then President of the Irish Republic, landed in New York. He handed me his umbrella, and because of that small incident I find myself now in the tiny mess-room of a freighter lying in Halifax harbour, a freighter which is part of a convoy due to sail for England to-morrow. We are a slow freight convoy which will make the trip in about eighteen days. For the next eighteen days there won't be much to do aboard our freighter, which is called the *Talhybuis*. There is no shuffle-board, no deck tennis, no ship's pool, no nightly horse races, no music. There are three other passengers aboard—Sorensen, a pleasant middle-aged Dane; Gallup, a small moustached, crisp Englishman about forty; and young Birtles, an engineer from Liverpool. They are pleasant enough, but we've been together now for three days and three nights waiting to leave, and we've about talked ourselves out.

So all in all it looks like a dull eighteen days. Of course German raiders and, later, German submarines and dive bombers might furnish us with some entertainment, but that isn't something we can count on. Nor, may I add, is it something that we hope for.

None of us is a hero. We are merely four business men returning to England. No one but a half wit would go to England now merely for the ride. My business, which is writing articles for *Collier's*, makes it necessary for me to go back. I spent ten months in France and England, and have been in the United States the past two and a half months. I could have stayed on and written nice pieces about Hollywood, or about some new heavyweight fighter, or about politics. But I wouldn't be anywhere else but in England at the moment. Since I graduated from college I've earned my living as a reporter, and Europe is the place now for a reporter to be.

But how to fill in the next eighteen or twenty days? I have a typewriter and plenty of copy paper with me. I could fill in those days by telling the story of how President Cosgrave handed me that umbrella, and of how that resulted in a number of things, all of which have culminated in my finding myself here in this small mess-room. It seems pretentious for anyone still under forty to write the story of his life. There is in such an undertaking a conceited implication that his life is worth writing about. Mine definitely is not. But it is the story of a reporter who has been very lucky, and even though it amuses no one but myself it will kill the long days ahead, and it will recall to me a thousand stories I've covered. I've covered stories in New York and Hollywood and Haiti and Saratoga, in the island of Grand Bahama and Berlin and Paris and Vienna, and in Jugoslavia, and since the war began I have covered every phase of that story. But I'll leave the war part out of it—that is, if we have a peaceful trip. I honestly believe that I have the best job in the world. Sometimes it is difficult. Sometimes it is dull, and sometimes in London it's frightening, which isn't pleasant. But for the most part it's been fun. Ever since Cosgrave gave me that umbrella.

But before I go into that incident, let's talk for a moment about this convoy. There will be about thirty of us and unfortunately our ship, which can do fifteen knots if need be, must accommodate her speed to that of the slowest vessel in the convoy. So we must maintain a speed of eight knots. I picked up the *Talithybius* in Saint John, New Brunswick. She was loading there. The *Talithybius* is a ten-thousand-ton veteran of the Pacific. She was built in 1912, and they did a good job of building her. Ever since then she has been plying her trade in the Far East under the banner of the Blue Funnel Line.

For three days they loaded cargo into her hold. There isn't much in the way of cargo we haven't got aboard. On the foreward deck there are four huge grey painted crates—four bombing planes. We have fifty squat little camouflaged tractors, the kind I've seen at R.A.F. airports pulling the bomb trains toward the waiting airplanes. We have two tons of cheese and two thousand tons of agricultural equipment. They loaded the ship quickly, and the winches screamed and the derricks groaned far into the night. Then we left Saint John and headed for Halifax. Halifax harbour was an amazing sight as we steamed in yesterday morning. The narrows are only about as wide as the East River, and then you emerge into the basin. This is enormous, and Naval men say that only Sydney is superior as a harbour. Coming in yesterday I counted one hundred and thirty-seven ships. During the afternoon a group of them left. They were part of a fast convoy, and among them was the troopship *Georgic*.

Late in the afternoon two huge barges were towed up to our side. They were heavily laden with crates. The winches started to scream again, and the derricks grunted. But the crew handled these crates as though they were eggs.

"Easy, easy," the mate kept saying. I asked him

what was in them. He smiled and pointed aloft. A large red flag was fluttering from the masthead. That didn't mean anything to me.

"When you see that flag flying, give that ship a wide berth," he laughed. "That means we've explosive aboard. That's what we're loading now—dynamite, T.N.T., all sorts of high explosives—five hundred tons of it."

"I wish they were potatoes," I told him.

"So do I," he said gloomily.

That gives our trip one more hazard, although I suppose if a torpedo hits you it doesn't matter much whether you're loaded with dynamite or brussels sprouts. I have added an interesting bit to our cargo. Dr. John Morrissey, of New York, on behalf of the New York Academy of Medicine, gave me six thousand sulphanilamide tablets to give to any London hospital I wished. The ironic thing about his gift is the fact that the sulphanilamide all came from Germany. I hope they'll be curing English wounds and English infections within three weeks. We have a Chinese doctor on board, Dr. Youngs, a pleasant little man. I told him he could have five hundred of my tablets in case any of his crew bobbed up with pneumonia. He accepted them gratefully, then floored me by saying he had never used them, and wasn't quite sure how to use them. I think it would be wise not to get sick on this trip.

We have an interesting crew. Except for the officers all are Chinese—seventy-six in all. They are cheery little fellows. Because there were only two state-rooms available, we four passengers had to double up. I drew Sorensen, which couldn't have been a better choice. He goes to bed early and gets up early. I go to bed late and get up late. We don't get in each other's way much that way. There is, I have discovered, a diabolical custom aboard this ship which, by firm dealing, I have managed to

circumvent. The first night I slept on board our Chinese mess-boy woke me at seven-thirty the next morning with a cup of tea. He didn't understand much of my English, but I think he caught on when I yelled, "If you ever wake me up again I'll kill you." Seven-thirty in the morning is an indecent hour any place, but it is especially horrible on a ship where there is nothing to get up for. So now I find I can sleep until eleven without being disturbed. I spent so many years working on newspapers where I had to report at seven or eight a.m. that I feel I've had my fill of early rising.

The Chinese crew incidentally recently joined with the Lascars in forming a union—and about time, too. Until their union was recognized they received no additional war risk pay. Now in addition to the thirty dollars a month they are paid they get twenty dollars extra—little enough. The officers each get an additional thirty-five dollars a month war risk pay.

It is, of course, absurd to say there is no risk in this Atlantic trip. I don't think there is as much danger in the trip as there is in spending a night in London. Lloyd's will give you all the insurance you want at one per cent. premium, and if Lloyd's will bet those great odds there can't be too much danger. Still, twenty-two ships were sunk last week by raider submarines and bombers. They let us ashore in Halifax last night. I went to a small restaurant near the waterfront—Halifax is one of those annoying cities that doesn't legalize saloons. If you want a drink you have to buy a bottle and retire to a hotel room. This hardly makes for conviviality. The restaurant was filled with captains and mates off the ships in the harbour. They were kidding one of their number, a short squat, red-faced captain. He had been torpedoed on his last three trips.

"You're just plain 'unlucky,'" someone jeered. "You'll never get another crew to sign with you."

"Unlucky?" He was very complacent. "Jerry hit me three times, but I'm still here. You call that unlucky?"

Our officers on the *Talhybius* have nothing but contempt for the submarines. They have confidence in the destroyer escort, and their own guns. They are afraid of the dive bombers, though. We are fairly well armed. We have a four-inch gun aft manned by two naval gunners. That is for submarines. Then we have two machine-guns on the bridge, and two anti-aircraft guns.

We also have a kite. When I went through the Channel in convoy, some of the trawlers carried balloons, the same kind they fly in London. These balloons, with their three-quarter-inch steel cables, are fairly effective against dive bombers. Our kite, which we won't fly until we hit the zone infested with German bombers, is something like the box kites flown by kids. It has a steel cable, too, quite thin but effective if it ever wound itself around the propeller of a German bomber.

The Captain, a tall, lanky, weather-beaten man named Kent, has told us the usual precautions we are to take. He suggested that we should sleep in our clothes, and always keep a life-preserved handy. We will, of course, observe these regulations for a few days, and then, when nothing happens, ignore them. That's how it always works out.

Challis, the Chief Steward, also had some advice for us. Yesterday, when we were going ashore, he suggested that we all should buy some small flasks and a few bars of chocolate.

"I'll fill the flasks with rum," he said solemnly. "A tot of rum and a bit of chocolate comes in right handy in an open boat."

"Rum is a horrible drink straight," I told him. "Have some fresh limes and some sugar in the boats,

and we can make daiquerries. Then we can dunk the chocolate in the daiquerries."

Halifax harbour is rather lovely-looking even now when a thin rain is slanting down. Ships are all around us, and in the distance the lights of the city are showing faintly. Here at the end of the basin where we are anchored, the shore is rocky and apparently uninhabited. It is a typical Nova Scotian shore, rather bleak-looking. I can't see any of those bearded pines and the hemlocks which Mr. Longfellow once wrote verses about. But maybe Acadia has changed in the past hundred years. The rain, however, reminds me of that umbrella Cosgrave gave me.

I'd been working on the *New York Evening World* as a reporter for three years. I'd had all the leg-man jobs to which reporters fall heir. I'd covered the Municipal Building, Police Headquarters, the Criminal Courts Building, and a hundred fires. I'd never been allowed to write a line. There was no reason why I should be allowed to write a line. The *Evening World* had what was probably the fastest and most efficient re-write staff in America then. Martin Green, George Buchanan Fife, and Lindsy Dennisson had all been with the paper more than thirty years. George Witte was the newcomer. He had been a member of this Big Four six or seven years only. They virtually wrote the paper—those four men.

Then came the news that Cosgrave was coming to town. There was a lot of feeling against Cosgrave then among the New York Irish. They felt that he had been playing too closely with England. His landing in New York was a big thing; not as big as that of Gertrude Ederle, or of Admiral Byrd, but it was a fairly important occasion and worthy of Grover Whalen's most immaculate appearance. Cosgrave was to be taken off the ship he arrived on and transferred to the official welcoming boat, the *Macon*. There the reporters were to be allowed a chance of

speaking to him. As I remember it, the occasion was important enough to take Martin Green off the re-write desk and send him down the bay.

Cosgrave and his party were to land at Pier A, at the Battery, and then in the traditional manner of New York welcome, be whirled up Broadway to City Hall. My assignment was to meet Cosgrave at the Battery and cover him until his car reached Broadway, a distance of three blocks. If someone threw a bomb at him I was to run to a telephone and tell my City desk about it. If nothing happened I was to return to the office for another assignment.

With a dozen other leg men, all equally unimportant, I waited at Pier A for the white-haired little Irish President. The *Macon* pulled in, while tug-boat whistles yelled. Grover the Magnificent, his fine teeth gleaming in perfect harmony with his resplendent carnation, led the way. Just a little behind him came President Cosgrave and his entourage. At the entrance to the pier they all stopped. The photographers ganged up on Grover and Cosgrave. We all crowded close to Cosgrave. It was sheer curiosity. None of us had any intention or any right to ask him any questions. He had already been interviewed by the real reporters. We were only leg men. But the smiling Cosgrave noticed us, saw the police cards stuck in our hats and nodded affably.

"Anything you want to ask, gentlemen?" He was very polite.

We were all a bit at a loss, and we stood there for a moment with Grover obviously a bit impatient to be off. Then I noticed that although it was a beautiful spring day, with not a cloud in sight, President Cosgrave was carrying an umbrella.

Without thinking I blurted out, "This is a dry country, Mr. President; you won't need an umbrella here."

He laughed much more genially than the stale

prohibition gag was worth, handed me the umbrella, and said, "Right you are. Let me present it to you." Then the procession moved on, leaving me standing there like a fool, with the Irishman's umbrella in my hand. At that time I never thought the silly thing would eventually land me on a freighter in Halifax harbour.

No one threw a bomb at Cosgrave during the next two blocks. I 'phoned in, reported and then walked back to the office at Park Row. I had forgotten the umbrella, but it was still under my arm. Jack Rainey, our City Editor, was feeling good. Martin had sent in a grand story. The other boys had cleaned it up nicely, and now Fife was just banging out the last few paragraphs which would wind up the story. That *Evening World* was a good newspaper. It wasn't as pretty as our morning sister *The World*, but Rainey knew how to cover a story, and he had those four magnificent re-write men burning up typewriter keys with their speed. Rainey spotted the umbrella under my arm.

"Where did you get that?" he bellowed.

"Cosgrave gave it to me, Mr. Rainey," I said, humbly.

"What?" he exploded. "Tell me how that happened."

Rainey could smell a story a mile away. I told him and he roared with laughter. It was just what he liked—human interest. Rainey loved to dress up his news stories with one column boxes and short anecdotal material.

"Sit down and write me a box on that," he said. "Hurry it up. Maybe you can string it out to three paragraphs."

I sat down and wrote a short piece on it. I didn't say that Cosgrave had given me the umbrella. I talked of "a reporter" who had reminded the President that we were a dry country. I gave it to

Rainey, and I don't mind saying I was nervous. He threw it to the city desk.

"We're a little short on page one," he said. "We can use a two column head on that instead of a box." He paused and said casually, "Put a by-line on it."

I almost swooned. To actually have a "by-line" on the paper? Wow! I strolled as nonchalantly as possible up to the composing room. Within a few minutes the story had been set. John Calvo was making up, I remember. He pulled a proof of my hundred and fifty word story. There it was "By Quentin J. Reynolds."

"Next time," Calvo suggested, "why not leave the 'J' off. It makes the line too long."

Next time? I had no thought that I'd ever get another by-line. Mind you, I was no child. I was twenty-eight. I'd been working as a reporter for four years in Brooklyn and Newark and on the *Evening World*. But the *Evening World* was to me the fastest writing league in America. To have signed stories in the paper was to me the ultimate in everything. My great heroes were Green and Dennisson and Fyfe and Witte. Since then I've worked on fast re-write desks, but I still think of that quartette as the greatest. Give them a city editor like Rainey, a handful of reporters loaded with nickels for 'phones, and they could get out a newspaper.

When I came in the next morning (I reported at eight), Miles Stetenszen, the assistant managing editor, sent for me. Stet was and is a grand editor.

"That was a nice little piece you had in the paper yesterday," he said. "Might give you a chance to do a little re-write. Rainey needs someone for the early trick. Better come in at seven from now on."

From there on it was easy. A few months of re-writing taught me the tricks. And then the paper needed someone to write football. I was elected and there was my by-line in the paper every day. Then

the *World* died. I was taken over by the *World Telegram* to write sports. I only lasted one baseball season and then an economy wave hit the paper. Those of us who were taken on last were quite properly the first to go.

I was very much at liberty. I think there are more good guys in the newspaper game than in any other profession. I don't mean editors and God knows I don't mean publishers. I mean the working members of the craft ; the reporters, the re-write men, the sports writers, the columnists. I was out of a job and quite bewildered. Every New York paper was overstaffed. I hadn't made any mark as yet, which would enable me to sell myself to any paper. I was feeling very sorry for myself.

Bill Corum, who writes a sports column for the New York journal *American*, had a line at the end of his story one day which merely said, "A young up and coming newspaper man is at liberty. Some smart City editor would do well to grab him. His name is Quentin Reynolds." That afternoon Paul Gallico, then sports editor of the *Daily News*, 'phoned me. "If you can hang on for another few weeks I think I can find a spot for you." he said. The boys were certainly trying. Then one night at home I got an incredible 'phone call. A voice said, "This is Damon Runyon. How would you like to work for International News Service ?"

I was pretty mad. I yelled into the 'phone, "Listen, sucker, that isn't funny. Things are tough enough. I haven't got a job or any chance of getting one. This is no time to kid me." And I hung up on him. I had never met Damon Runyon in my life.

The 'phone rang again. It was the same voice. "This is Damon Runyon. If you don't believe it 'phone me back. Heywood Broun and I were talking about you to-day. Then I saw Joe Connolly of INS and he thinks he can use you."

I gulped. It actually was Damon Runyon, the Beau Geste of the newspaper world, then as now, every newspaper man's ideal.

"I thought you were some fresh guy giving me a run around, Mr. Runyon," I said.

"Will you work for \$125 a week?" he said. "I think Joe will pay that. In fact when you see him to-morrow—I fixed a date for eleven—demand a hundred and a quarter."

"Will I work for a hundred and a quarter?" I was weak. "I only got seventy-five a week on the *World Telegram*."

Runyon chuckled. "Don't tell that to Joe Connolly. He has a good job for you. He wants a man who can re-write and go out on stories and write sports if need be. He wants an all-round man. Maybe you can handle it."

I got the job all right and that was where I really learned my trade, from a tough, hard-boiled, sweet guy named Barry Faris, who was managing editor of INS. Many a time during the next six years Faris gave me hell, and no one could give it like Faris. But he was always right. If you wrote a story and Faris nodded and said, "All right, not bad," you knew you had written a good story.

My first job with INS was the early morning re-write trick. There were an awful lot of overnights to be written at that ungodly hour, but I loved it. After two weeks of it, Joe Connolly walked in one morning. I was re-writing at a desk just outside Faris's office.

"How is that new man Reynolds getting along?" Connolly asked Barry, and I couldn't help overhearing.

At the moment Faris was reading a piece I'd written.

"He's the worst damn speller I've ever seen," Faris said.

Connolly reached out for the story. He read it through and then tossed it back on Barry's desk.

"He can write though, Barry. Maybe you better hire one of those college graduates to spell for him."

Faris laughed and I knew that I was in.

I worked on a lot of good stories for Faris. Best of them was the Lindbergh kidnapping case. Faris had Dorothy Ducas, Charlie McGurk and myself down there about two hours after the kidnapping had been discovered at Hopewell. We were there for five weeks. The A.P. and the U.P. had tremendous staffs, but we managed to hold our own. We had Jim Kilgallen and Dave Sentner in the New York office doing most of the writing and I used to read some beautiful stories written by them—under my name. Dorothy Ducas was a grand reporter. She and Dixie Tighe, who was then with the Paul Bloch papers, made most of the men at Hopewell and at Trenton look silly. They worked harder and wrote better, I think, than any of them.

After the Lindbergh case had fizzled out, at least as a big day-by-day story, I went back to New York. Barry Faris was never one for telling you that you'd done a good job. He'd show it in other ways. He'd ask you to lunch and if things were slow at the office, that lunch might last a few hours. One day Barry and I were at Gus and Eddie's, our favourite speak (this was in 1933). It is true that prohibition had been repealed, but our pals Gus and Eddie were really great individualists and they refused to be regimented to the extent of taking out a licence. Besides, a liquor licence cost so much.

The result was that Gus and Eddie's was more popular than it had ever been. Entirely absent from their cheerful spot was the stuffy atmosphere of legality. One day Barry and I were having one of our more leisurely luncheons, playing poker dice for the food and the drinks. We were finished and having lost the check I tried to catch the waiter's eye. That

is always a difficult thing to do. I yelled at him, but he was dreaming sweet dreams.

"He doesn't understand English," I told Barry. "I'll tell him in German." Then I yelled, "Herr Ober, die Rechnung bitte. . . ."

"Was that German? Was that really German?" Barry demanded with strange insistence.

"Why sure," I boasted. "I can talk German like anything."

Actually I had had four years of high-school German. I knew a little grammar and a few phrases, and I could recite the *Lorelei* almost all the way through.

Barry was very quiet on the walk back to the office. He got off the elevator at the ninth floor. "I want to see Joe Connolly," he said. I went up to the tenth floor where our city room was. Two hours later Faris came back. He called me into his office. Even Jim Kilgallen and Sentner and Jack Oestreicher and the rest of us who lunched with Faris and who occasionally had a drink with him after work, never presumed on our friendship with him once we were in that office. We'd been rolling dice for lunch and for drinks an hour before, but now Faris was strictly business and he was giving me orders.

"We need a man in Berlin," he said. "Our man got into trouble over there. We want someone from the office here to go over. You're elected. The *Washington* leaves on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Get busy on your passport right away."

So I went to Germany for INS because I yelled for a waiter in German. After a year in Germany a cable came from out of the blue. It was from *Collier's* offering me a job as associate editor. My job would be entirely to write. It sounded like an opium smoker's dream of the perfect job. Before I took it I 'phoned Connolly and Faris and asked their advice. They investigated and 'phoned back.

"You'd be a sucker not to take it," they told me.

So I took it and I've been bouncing around the United States and Europe for *Collier's* ever since. But if things ever go wrong, Faris still has a re-write job open for me. That's good to know.

There have been an awful lot of "I's" in these few pages. But in a personal story like this I suppose an "I" is hard to avoid, although, like all reporters, I have a horror of using too many of them. But this chapter isn't really about me. It's about William Cosgrave. It's about the umbrella he handed me. If he hadn't given me that umbrella I never would have had that "By-line" story in the *Evening World*. I wouldn't have got the chance to be a re-write man, a sports writer, an INS reporter and jack of all trades. I wouldn't have gone to Germany for INS and afterwards to Germany and France and England for *Collier's*. But for Cosgrave handing me that umbrella I wouldn't be on this freighter now in Halifax harbour. I wouldn't be sitting on five hundred tons of dynamite and high explosive. Maybe some time during the next eighteen days I'll wish that Cosgrave had kept the damn thing.

F I R S T D A Y O U T

It was a very casual sailing. There was no champagne, no bon voyage messages, no presents, no gaiety. I was having a cup of coffee with Sorensen in the mess-room. There was a low rumbling for'ard.

"There's the anchor," he said. "We're off. Boy, some more coffee."

It was as casual as that. I suppose most important things are done as casually as that. Our sailing was important too. The thirteen thousand tons of precious cargo we carried were very vital to England. Then there were twenty-nine other ships just as heavily laden.

From the deck the basin looked like a gigantic tub filled with toy ships. Thirty freighters were manœuvring now so close to one another that sometimes they seemed to touch. But they never did. Ships went this way and that and the basin formed what was apparently a haphazard kaleidoscopic pattern. The confusion was only a sham confusion. Each ship knew exactly where it was going and what it was doing. Early that morning all of the captains had attended a conference ashore and every detail of the voyage had been discussed. From the day we steamed out of the basin, through the narrows and into the outer harbour, there wouldn't be one careless move. Each captain knew his course for the first few days. After that the Commodore would give the instructions. His ship, a large black freighter with a grey stack, led the procession.

Slowly we passed the city of Halifax with smoke

pouring out of thirty ships. Halifax rises steeply from the water. Crowning it is the Citadel, an ancient fortress brought up to date. Out of the harbour we rode, moving so sluggishly. The ships behind us crept up, getting to their allotted positions. Gradually our straight line was broken. After an hour we were in the alignment we would keep all the way to England — barring accidents. There were nine rows of us. Each ship flew flags denoting his position. Our green and yellow flags read "Seven—one." We were the first ship in the seventh line. There were nine rows in all; four ships in three rows and three in the other six. We were quite close to each other, but the ships on either side of us seemed to be edging away a bit nervously. We were the only one flying the red flag that told of our explosive cargo. No one wanted to touch us.

It was an incredible day. There was no breeze and the sea was as calm as cream in a saucer. The sun smiled down cheerfully as though to wish us a peaceful voyage. It was hard to think that it could be otherwise than peaceful. We had forgotten for the moment that twenty-two ships had been sunk the week before; we had forgotten that two armed cruisers, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, were out there somewhere beyond the horizon. Then two aeroplanes swooped low over us and brought us back to reality. They would escort us part of the way. They were Short Singapores, miniatures of the famous Sunderland flying boats, also made by the talented Short brothers. They would be our eyes for to-day and they'd be back to-morrow and the day after that. From there on we'd have to depend on eyes not so far-sighted.

A corvette flanked our port side. A corvette is a river gunboat with a college education. It is smaller than a destroyer but larger than a sloop. Loaded with depth charges and accurate four-inch guns, it is a formidable foe for a submarine. Far off to starboard

of our convoy was a destroyer. We wished we had half a dozen of them.

The night was even more beautiful than the day had been. A full moon beamed down genially. The sky was star-studded and they seemed close enough to reach up and grab. Blackout rules were enforced now. We couldn't smoke on deck. Our port-holes had to be closed. But blackout meant nothing on a night like this. You could see the outlines of our ships ten miles away. Still it was better to have the full moon now than to have it near the English coast.

The captain didn't appear for dinner. The steward said we might not see him until the end of the voyage. Captain Kent was a man for sticking on his bridge. The steward told us something else. He had some mighty fine port aboard if we'd like to sample it. It was fine, Cockburn's old Ruby, a mature and delicious drink. We four passengers and the Chief Engineer sat and talked. We talked of many things and it was pretty comfortable. We were five men who were getting along all right together and who thought pretty much like.

Sorensen, the Dane, in talking of the war, said very unequivocally that England would win. Sorensen talks softly, deliberately, as though fearful of making a mistake in English.

"England will win because her cause is just," he said calmly. "It may take time but in the end she will prevail."

"I think God stays neutral in war time," I told him. "I don't think it matters much which cause is just so far as the ultimate victory is concerned."

Sorensen smiled tolerantly. "You are wrong, my friend. Evil forces can never prevail over good ones."

He went on to develop his theme and it was nice to hear. It was nice to hear but hard to believe. Obviously Sorensen is a deeply religious man; either that

or he places great importance on spiritual values, which, I suppose, comes to the same thing. During the past year in France and England I saw too many manifestly decent, innocent people killed really to believe that good intentions are a shield against aggression. I might have called Sorensen's attention to his own country, Denmark, which is now nothing but a slave state. But I didn't.

It would be mighty comforting to know that England was going to win because she was fighting for a decent way of living as opposed to the National Socialist way of existing. My experience as a reporter has taught me the bitter truth, that spiritual values have to be backed up by guns and planes and ships if they are to prevail. The ruthless acquisitive men of the world certainly are doing all right to-day. Perhaps they always have done all right. We're a hundred miles off the coast of Nova Scotia and that's a long way from Haiti and it's a long way from the Dominican Republic, but as Sorensen's soft voice went on, I couldn't help but think of the most horrible story I ever covered ; a story covering events which seemed much more cruel than anything I've seen in this war. It was the story of a wholesale massacre of Haitians by the soldiers of Santo Domingo, the soldiers of President Rafael Trujillo, president of Santo Domingo. It's the story of a just cause that from the start had no chance of winning.

What makes the story memorable for me is the fact that it was one of the few times in history that a magazine ever scooped the newspapers on a news story. It takes a magazine like *Collier's* about three weeks to be made up, printed and distributed. It takes a newspaper not much more than three minutes to do the same thing. Bill Chenery, the editor of *Collier's*, and Charley Colebaugh, the managing editor, run the magazine as much along the lines of a newspaper as it is possible for them to do. Chenery once edited

newspapers. He still thinks in terms of news. The staff that he and Colebaugh have collected is composed almost exclusively of ex-newspapermen. Walter Davenport, our No. 1 man, has always been considered to be one of the great reporters of our times. I've known all the great ones, Jim Kilgallen, Alva Johnson, George Holmes, and the rest, but to my mind no one touches Davey once he gets his teeth into a story. Kyle Crichton, Jim Marshall and Frank Gervasi are all graduates of the Fourth Estate and all graduated *cum laude*. Bill Courtney, our other associate editor, never worked on a newspaper but he has cracked more exclusive stories, especially in his field of aviation, than any of us. Chenery and Colebaugh refuse to allow us to soften into "journalists." We are all still reporters and if it happens that occasionally one of us does a bit of good "writing" that as far as we're concerned is pure accident. We still get our thrills from getting stories that no one else has got, or if someone else has got them, of doing a better reporting job than he did.

Chenery and Colebaugh are constantly reading the newspapers trying to peer behind stories, trying to sense when there have been things left out. One morning Chenery came to me with a copy of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Buried inside the paper was a two-stick story with a Port-au-Prince, Haiti, date-line on it. It was a United Press story. It told of reports not verified that there has been trouble between the Haitians and the Santo Dominicans and that many Haitians had been killed. It didn't tell much more than that. It sounded like a pipe-dream and you felt that the U.P. cable desk had used good judgment in not blowing the story up. But still.

"Probably nothing to it," Chenery said thoughtfully. "But it might be worth running down there to investigate."

"Why not?" It was January, and New York

was just getting over a blizzard. The thought of tropical Haiti was a very pleasant one.

" You could get a 'plane to Miami this afternoon," Chenery went on. " Then there is a morning 'plane to Haiti. Maybe you could see President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic and President Vincent of Haiti and then take a trip north to look things over. You better," he added, " draw a thousand dollars for expenses."

If Chenery or Colebaugh gets a hint that there might be a story for *Collier's* in Timbuctoo, neither would hesitate about hiring a 'plane to shoot one of us there. If we came back with the report " No story," why, that would be all right, too. You can't win all the time.

I went to Haiti. I went to Santo Domingo. I stumbled on the most horrible story I ever hope to cover. It took me about a week to get it, but it was worth the effort. I flew back to Miami from Haiti, and I was in such a hurry to get the story into the office that I wrote it on the 'plane and then cabled it from Miami. The story began one Sunday morning, when a little priest with a beard . . .

Father Emil Robert walked out of the church, and he stood there on the steps, stroking his red beard. Mass had been well attended that morning and Father Robert was pleased.

Good people, these Haitians, he thought, especially those in his town of Ouanaminthe, which is pronounced Wan-a-men by those who live on the border which separates Haiti from the Dominican Republic. Father Robert stared with curiosity as a group of coffee-coloured Haitians approached the church steps. Their clothing, what there was of it, was tattered and torn. Some carried bundles on their heads. Most of them carried nothing. They came up to him and waited for him to speak.

" What is it, my children? " he asked anxiously.

Then came torrents of words. Torrents of musical Creole sprang from their lips and as he listened his eyes opened in wonder.

"Thousands of Haitians are being killed by the Dominican soldiers. There are orders that all Haitians living in the Dominican Republic be killed. We escaped. We saw hundreds killed by machetes and knives."

Horror and incredulity showed on the face of the priest. One among his visitors pushed forward.

"Père Robert, see for yourself." He held out a dark arm. Blood was dripping from an eight-inch wound, a cut that could have been made only by a machete. Father Robert knew then that there was some basis of truth in this apparently fantastic story. It was not until some days later that he was to know that these unhappy people were bringing news of the most horrible unprovoked massacre of modern times. Other refugees waded across the Massacre River, the natural border between the two republics. Each told the same story, a story which varied only in the degree of horror it produced. (The Massacre River used to be called the Gutopana River. In 1728 a group of Spanish soldiers came upon thirty buccaneers crossing the river laden with loot. In the fight which ensued all the buccaneers were killed. Since then it has been called the Massacre River.)

Father Robert sent a message to his superior, Bishop Jean-Marie Jan, who presided over the cathedral at Cap Haitien, fifty miles back of the border. The bishop hurried to Ouanaminthe and he listened to the stories told by the refugees. He saw the machete wounds and the knife cuts, and then he too believed. A bishop has certain sources of information not always available to officialdom. He got in touch with these sources across the border in the regions where the refugees said the massacre was taking place. Then, tight-lipped and trembling, he hurried back to his

cathedral. He arrived in time to preach the Sunday sermon, and for his text he used the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

By now his congregation knew what was happening. By now both wounded and unwounded Haitians were straggling into Cap Haitien. Bishop Jan advised the people to remain tranquil. He himself would go to Port-au-Prince and lay the whole matter before President Stenio Vincent. The congregation nodded. Yes, that was right. They loved Papa Vincent; Papa Vincent would stop this killing.

The bishop stood before the president, and he told his story. The president had heard of the trouble. Only two days before he had sanctioned a meeting between his representative and a representative of President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. They had discussed the affair and then both had signed an agreement which stated that the guilty ones would be punished and that the incident should not be allowed to affect the friendly relations which had for so long existed between the sister republics.

"But I did not know that it was anything like you report," Vincent said anxiously.

"It is worse than I have reported, Monsieur President," the bishop said calmly. "I only know what has happened in the small region of the northern border. Who knows how many thousands of refugees have come across the border in central Haiti and then disappeared into the hills? Who knows what stories of murder they have to report? In the small region across the border near Ouanaminthe it is my opinion that at least five thousand Haitians have been killed."

Then the news began to seep into the United States. It didn't make much of a stir. There are no American newspaper men in Haiti or Santo Domingo (the colloquial name for the Dominican Republic). There are local correspondents in Trujillo City and in Port-au-Prince, but they hear only rumours. No one

bothered going to the border to see for himself. America didn't care about it as a news story.

America didn't care. No American had seen three-day-old machete wounds on the necks and faces of youngsters, or had talked to dull-eyed women who had seen their children slaughtered in front of them. No American had talked to three hundred refugees in the north country and had heard their stories of horror.

I did these things. I talked to the presidents of both countries ; to soldiers in Santo Domingo as well as in Haiti ; to coffee-skinned cabaret girls in Ciudad Trujillo, the capital of Santo Domingo, and to shopkeepers and doctors and priests and prisoners in the jail at Cap Haitien ; to bishops and chauffeurs and to peasants in the hills. I talked to hundreds of them, and of those hundreds only one denied that there had been a large, undoubtedly organized mass massacre of Haitians living in the northern provinces of the Dominican Republic. This one who denied it was President Rafael Trujillo.

I am absolutely convinced that even the Haitians themselves underestimated the number of bodies which lay rotting in ravines and beneath the under-brush of the provinces of Monte Cristo and Santiago. It is my firm conviction that at least ten thousand Haitians were slaughtered in Santo Domingo. In arriving at this estimate guesswork has played only a very small part.

But why ? Why were whole families wiped out by a few flashing strokes of a machete ? Why did hatred suddenly flame in the breasts of Dominicans who for many, many years had been on friendly terms with their neighbours ? Who ordered the butchery ? Was it a spontaneous uprising by the people or a calculated massacre committed by the Dominican army ? I give you the facts as I know them, facts founded upon observation and upon sworn statements

and affidavits, and let you draw what inferences you will.

The trouble all started in the boom days of sugar. Back in 1918 the world was crying for sugar and willing to pay a high price for it. The Dominican Republic is pre-eminently a sugar country. The Dominicans, however, have always been averse to the wholly distasteful job of cutting the cane when it was ready to be harvested. It is a back-breaking job, swinging a machete for eight hours, and the pay only twenty cents a day. The Haitians, however, have always seemed to have a natural aptitude for this work. There is comparatively little sugar grown in Haiti, however. So the Haitians swarmed across the border to the Dominican Republic and were received with open arms. They also went to Cuba, for Cuba, too, was short of help during those boom days. For several years King Sugar remained high and the Haitians were needed badly on the sugar plantations. The harvest usually takes about four months in both Santo Domingo and Cuba. When the harvest was finished they stayed on. They remained on the plantations, working, or they built homes of their own. In many parts of the republic they just settled on the land, becoming squatters. No one cared. There was lots of land and there were only about a million Dominicans. Soon there were about 200,000 Haitians living in Santo Domingo, most of them in the provinces of Monte Cristo and Santiago.

Then King Sugar was forced to abdicate. The sugar market broke into a thousand pieces. Sugar dropped to as low as four cents a pound. There was no need for feverish activity during harvesting time. There was no need for 200,000 Haitians in the country of Santo Domingo. They minded their business all right, and they would work hard when called upon, but after all they were foreigners. Some of them had been there twenty years now. They had married and

had children and grandchildren in the country and were considered almost to be Dominicans. They didn't cause any trouble. It is true that every border in the world is an invitation to marauding cattle thieves. It is equally true that the Massacre River is no exception, and now and then Haitians would creep across into Dominican territory. They would grab a few goats or a few horses or cattle and hurry back to their own Haitian hills.

This naturally angered Dominicans who lived near the border. They developed an intense hatred for those Haitians. Unfortunately their hatred spread to all Haitians. . . . Why didn't they all go back where they came from? Santo Domingo didn't need them any more.

Much the same situation existed in Cuba. The Haitians who had gone there during the sugar boom weren't needed. They were, in fact, in many cases taking jobs away from Cubans. Colonel Fulgencio ordered them to be deported to Haiti. First, however, he had put the facts before the Haitian Government. Haiti agreed that its former citizens should return. Batista sent them back in Cuban ships; sent them and their worldly goods.

It was different in Santo Domingo. No one asked the Haitians to leave. The blow fell on October 1st, 1937, when three hundred Haitians were killed at Banica. On the night of October 2nd there was a dance at a church at Dajabon in Dominican territory, just across the river from Ouanaminthe. Dajabon is pronounced Deye-a-bon by the Haitians. President Trujillo attended the dance, and during the course of the evening he made a speech.

I talked to at least fifty Haitians who were living in Dajabon then, and all of them gave the same version of that speech. None of them had been present, however, and regretfully we must ignore their testimony.

Now let us meet his grace Bishop Jean-Marie, doctor

of theology, doctor of philosophy, member of the Legion of Honour, French-born, Paris-educated, a scholarly, brilliant man. He is known in Cap Haitien and in the hills of Haiti as "Monseigneur," and he is venerated by the people of the hills.

I had an appointment with the bishop at the rather terrifying hour of six o'clock on a Sunday morning. We sat in his bare study and he talked for nearly two hours.

"I know that President Trujillo made a speech that night." The bishop's voice was calm. It was as though he were giving a student a lesson in a classroom. "The president said in his speech, 'I came to the border country to see what I could do for Dominicans living here. I found that Haitians had been stealing food and cattle from our farmers here. I found that our people would be happier if we got rid of the Haitians.' Then the president paused. He paused and he stamped his foot and raised his hand, and he said slowly, emphatically, 'I will fix that. Yesterday three hundred Haitians were killed at Banica. This must continue.'"

I looked at the bishop and he read the disbelief in my eyes. His right hand crept slowly to the gold cross which hung at his breast and he clutched the cross.

"What I have just told you is the truth. I did not hear that speech, but I know that he said those words. It is as though I were there hearing them. I cannot tell you my sources of information, but I have checked and re-checked, and what I tell you is the truth."

The bishop turned his eyes east to the border, and now they were filled with pain. "This, too, I know. I know that at least three thousand Haitians were killed in the region of Dajabon during the past two months. This is not a guess. This I know. To me it is a record that I have verified."

"Do you believe," I asked, "that President

Trujillo was directly or indirectly responsible for the massacre?"

He said calmly, "Nothing happens in the Dominican Republic without the consent of President Trujillo. I know that most of the killing was done by Dominican soldiers. I know that no soldier would do such a thing without specific orders. I am a friend of the Dominican people. I know them all. I know that this slaughter was not instigated by the people of the country."

He walked to a table and from a drawer removed a huge stack of papers. "Père Robert has talked to every refugee who came to his church at Ouanaminthe. He has taken the records of them all. He asked each these questions: 'How many of your family did you see killed? How many do you know for certain are dead?' Here is a partial list covering only two weeks. You see, it contains the names of more than two thousand known to have been killed—and remember Ouanaminthe is just one small sector of our whole border. We will never know how many thousands crossed the uninhabited, unpatrolled border farther south to disappear into the hills. You may have this list. Your story will be denied, and then you can say, 'Produce any of the people whose names are on this list alive and I will believe that I was wrong.' But they are all dead. They are all dead. God rest their souls."

Then suddenly he was no longer the calm, detached investigator. He was a man of God who has seen the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill," violated. His hands trembled and his voice broke as he cried, "Go, see for yourself. Go into the hospitals and go to the border and go into the hills and hear for yourself. Listen to these simple people and see if you think them capable of lying, of inventing this monstrous horror."

So I did. I had a good man with me, Manuel Perry,

a former marine captain who stayed on after the occupation to become as successful in civil life as he had been in military. Perry, Americans in Port-au-Prince told me, knows more about the border country and the hill people than any man alive. He speaks Creole as the natives do, and they know him and respect him. Perry and I went into the hills and along the border and into the hospitals and into the jails. Meet a few of the people that we met.

Doctor Anthony Leveque is the administrator of the Justinian Hospital in Cap Haitien. He brought us into a ward and pointed to rows of patients lying there darkly against the white pillows.

"These have been wounded by machetes and daggers," he said.

"Let me see the wounds, Doctor," I said.

It wasn't morbid curiosity that prompted this. A bandaged patient is not a fact. He is only presumptive evidence of fact. A wound seen is a fact. The doctor walked to the first bed. He threw off the covers. A child lay there, his head half hidden by bandages. He looked at us with large, solemn eyes. He was about as big as a violin and the same colour. The doctor reached for the plaster that held the bandage on the boy's head and pulled it away.

"If you still doubt," Dr. Leveque said gently, "you may put your fingers into the wound."

The wound had been made by a machete. The boy's ear had been half severed and stitches criss-crossed it, holding the pitiful thing together. The wound extended to the chin. It is not easy to look at a machete wound. A machete is nothing but a butcher's cleaver with a slightly longer blade. It is used to cut banana stalks and sugar cane and under-brush. The blade isn't razor-sharp. It is dulled from hard usage. When the blade hits something such as the head of a child it not only cuts, but, because of its dullness and heaviness it also tears the skin

on either side of the cut. It makes a jagged ugly cut about half an inch wide. This wound on the boy was only three days old. It was red and angry-looking, and when you looked at it you had to clench your hands to keep from crying out, and you wanted to hit somebody. A machete wound affects you like that. It isn't easy to look at a machete wound.

The doctor replaced the bandage and then I noticed that the boy's left hand was bandaged too. When the doctor removed the bandage I saw that it wasn't a left hand any more. A machete had severed two and a half fingers and the stumps were very red against the black of the boy's skin. The boy looked down at his mutilated hand and he shook his head a little as though he were puzzled. He was wondering, perhaps, why this had happened to him.

"He is about nine," the doctor said. "His name is Cameon Gideon. He also has a machete wound on his chest. His brother is in the next bed. Another brother was killed."

We went to the next bed. The doctor took off the white shirt that covered the man and he lay there blackly naked against the sheet.

"These are dagger wounds. There are seven of them. Here you see there are four. Now we will turn him over so you may see the other three."

The doctor turned him over. It is easy to look at a dagger wound. The point of a dagger is thin and sharp and it enters the body quickly and then comes out quickly, cleanly. There is no tearing of the skin. The skin, as though ashamed of its weakness, always closes over a dagger wound, hiding it, and then the skin blushes a dark purple. When it gets very purple the doctors shake their heads and start worrying about infection.

"This is the worst one," the doctor said, pointing to a very purple mark above the man's left kidney.

You can look at dagger wounds all day without

becoming sick. I know because I did just that. But not machete wounds. I'd rather look at a hundred dagger wounds than one machete wound.

We went from patient to patient and read the histories of patients who had come and then had been discharged as cured. We went from hospital to hospital and talked to those who had felt the steel of machetes and knives in their bodies and always there was a puzzled look in the eyes of those to whom we talked. Why? What had they done to deserve this?

Now I read more than a thousand depositions taken from refugees and saw more than nine thousand such depositions, all taken by priests, doctors and army officers. But these weren't facts. I talked to more than three hundred refugees and heard their stories from their own lips—and to me these can be considered to be facts. Their stories presented direct evidence of what had happened at Banica, at Dajabon, at far-away Moka, a hundred miles beyond the border, at fifty other places in Santo Domingo. Perry and I picked these refugees at random. They were not picked for us by government officials. In many cases we grabbed refugees coming across the border and talked to them before they had registered with government officials.

Meet a few of them. Here's St. Ilma Joseph, for instance. He's about sixty-five and he has a drooping grey moustache. His face was calm but his hands worked constantly as he talked about the terror through which he had been.

"A Dominican friend of mine came and told me that they were going to kill all Haitians. He said to run away." His voice was toneless, monotonous. "I tried to run but ahead of me I saw a group of soldiers with a lot of Haitians. I ran and hid in the bushes near a ravine just off the road. Soon they came close to the ravine and there were a lot of Haitians with them. They tied them like this. They had rope and they tied the right arm of one to the left

arm of another. Then they marched the first pair about twenty feet away from the crowd and told them to squat down on their heels. They did and then a soldier brought down his machete on the neck of the first one. Then he brought it down on the neck of the second. They fell forward dead. I was very near.

"The second pair they were killed with daggers. They slashed again and again until they were dead. The Haitians were all screaming. They were killed, pair by pair. I counted the pairs. There were forty-four pairs killed. That is eighty-eight people."

"Can we believe him?" I asked Perry.

"We think you make this story up. We do not believe you," Perry snapped in Creole.

St. Ilma Joseph shrugged his shoulders. It was no concern of his whether we believed him.

"What I tell you is true. I am a very old man. I do not lie. What I have told you is true and I swear it by God and by St. Jacques." He stood there with a strange dignity.

"In twenty-two years I have never heard a Haitian lie who swore by St. Jacques," Perry said slowly. "There's no doubt he speaks the truth."

Cenalia Pierre is about twenty but her shoulders sagged and her head drooped. This was odd, too, because Haitian women from childhood are trained to carry heavy loads upon their heads. Now to walk along carrying something heavy on your head you must remain very erect and your head must be thrown back a little to keep the banana stalk or the pottery or the bundle of straw mats from falling. This eventually makes Haitian women walk very straight with their heads thrown back and it gives them a rather regal look. Cenalia Pierre didn't have a regal look at all. They had come upon her when she was with her husband and her child. They had killed her husband and then she pleaded with them to spare the

child. The soldiers took the child and, holding him by the feet, swung him against a tree.

Cenalia Pierre told us this and then she went on, "The soldier said to me, 'Raise your left arm.'" She raised her left arm and then he plunged a dagger into her breast. He left her for dead but hours later she recovered consciousness and crawled toward the border.

Her left breast was very swollen and the purple around the wound was very angry-looking. She had been treated for the wound but now I think that infection had set in and we told her she should go back to the doctor. She shrugged her shoulders hopelessly. For what? What did it matter?

Would you like to meet Finelius Paul, a very old man who saw them kill his son, his daughter and six grandchildren? Or Rosalie Pierre, who escaped after watching them kill her husband, her daughter and her three sons? Or eight-year-old Lolita Pean, who has three nasty marks on her head caused by blows from a heavy club. Or Robert Cadet, only survivor of a group of twenty-five. He has two dagger wounds in his chest and they thought he was dead. When he recovered consciousness he was covered with the bodies of the other twenty-four, in a ravine near Monte Cristo. Or Madame Telsanti Telfort, who ran away from the soldiers. They fired at her and she staggered across the river with a bullet in her arm. It was a bullet from a Krag rifle. The Dominican army uses Krag rifles. It is easy to look at a bullet wound after you have seen a machete wound. Anything is easy to look at after you have seen a machete wound.

Do you want to meet any more? Would you like to meet five hundred or five thousand more. Are you asking yourself, "But where are the bodies of all these butchered people?" If you knew the country you would understand. It is wild, unsettled country with very few roads and, except where tobacco and sugar

and bananas and plantains are cultivated, the under-growth is heavy and the land is criss-crossed with ravines. There are thousands of these ravines and fifty thousand bodies could be hidden in them just fifty feet off the road and you would never know that the bodies were concealed there.

Have we seen enough horror? Now let us consider what the Haitian attitude toward this massacre was. All over the country there were sharp mutterings of revenge. In the hills the native priests called their people together and according to their ancient religious rites they danced and chanted and made *wangas* against the Dominicans. This is what tourists call voodoo and surround with mysterious, sinister implications. Voodoo is very little different from any of the religions which you and I practise. Instead of one God they have many gods. They not only pray to their gods for help but they also pray to them to destroy their enemies. That is *wanga*. Sometimes fanatics full of voodoo and *tafia*, which is native white rum, run amok.

So now they were praying for revenge and they were wondering why President Vincent did not tell them to take their machetes and go into Santo Domingo to revenge their slain brothers. The soldiers were wondering too. Haitian officers are all marine-trained. They are good soldiers. A man like Colonel Jules André, in command of the north country, would be a great officer in any army.

"We are marine-trained," Colonel André said. "The U.S. marines taught us many things. First they taught us discipline and respect for authority. Our president is our leader and he is loved by us. No Haitian soldier will commit any overt act as long as President Vincent tells us to be calm."

I saw President Stenio Vincent and I asked him whether he contemplated any aggressive act of reprisal. Vincent has a scholarly face; in his youth he was a

poet. Vincent is not the dictator type. He is a visionary and even his political opponents admit his absolute sincerity. His face was etched with lines of pain when I saw him and his eyes were sad.

"What can we do?" He made a hopeless gesture with his hands. "We are a peaceful people. Our army is just large enough to police the country. We have a population of three million and an army of two thousand, five hundred. That is more than enough for internal policing. We never have real trouble here in Haiti.

"Our neighbours have an army of at least five thousand and they have 'planes and artillery. It would be madness for us to think of fighting. We never thought that we would be called upon to defend ourselves. We always thought that the Dominicans were our best friends. Not long ago," he said bitterly, "we signed a pact with them pledging eternal friendship.

"We have asked Cuba, the United States and Mexico to use their good offices to mediate. Meanwhile our people are being slaughtered. We will never know how many have been killed. I would say that at least eight thousand of our people have been killed. And for the present we can do nothing."

Americans living in Port-au-Prince were bitter at Trujillo, and they were not backward about expressing their belief that he was responsible for the massacre.

"Go and see Trujillo," one of them said. "See if he has blood on his hands."

I did go, and saw President Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, President of the Dominican Republic.

There was no blood on his hands that you could see. President Trujillo is handsome, copper-coloured, with greying hair that is brushed straight back. He has fine grey eyes that ooze friendliness, and when he smiles you want to start singing "For he's a jolly good fellow. . . ." He is an excellent host and the wine

he served me at dinner was the best wine I ever tasted. His voice is pleasant and he has a fine sense of humour. He answered any question with apparent frankness.

"Haiti believes that the Dominican army is responsible for the killing in the north. Would you discuss your attitude on that?" I asked, finishing what was left of the champagne in my glass.

"Of course," he smiled, motioning to a servant to refill my glass. "The whole affair has been over-emphasized. Some Haitians crossed the border, probably to steal cattle or goats. Some Dominican farmers fought with them. Many were killed on both sides. It is a regrettable incident and no one feels worse than I do about it. However, it is certainly no cause for international action. You see, it is like this. A thief comes into my house and I deal with him according to my own law. There is no reason for anyone else butting in. Now in the northern province of Monte Cristo we have one judge ordinarily. I sent three others up there immediately to investigate and to prosecute the guilty ones. The proceedings are open to representatives of Haiti. They are not secret."

"But Haiti believes that the Dominican army did the killing," I insisted again, finishing that second glass of wine and knowing with regret that I would get no more.

"The killing, as I understand it, was done with knives and machetes. My army," he smiled, "carries rifles and uses machine guns."

"Would you and the people of the Dominican Republic be satisfied if all of the Haitians now living here returned to Haiti?" I asked.

He hesitated for a moment and then nodded. "Yes," he said tonelessly, "we would be eminently satisfied."

"Then how would you harvest the sugar cane?"

He shrugged trim shoulders. "I have talked to the sugar-mill owners. They say that they can get

along without Haitian help. We might import help from some of the other islands."

So we talked and talked, and suavely, smoothly, he minimized the whole incident. I would have believed him—anyone would have—if I hadn't looked into the tortured eyes of mothers who had seen their families wiped out. I would have believed him if I hadn't seen a venerable bishop clutch his golden cross and say calmly, "Nothing in the Dominican Republic is done without the knowledge and consent of President Trujillo." I would have believed him if I hadn't reached out and touched eight-inch machete scars on the head of a nine-year-old boy. I might have believed him had I not listened to the stories told by hundreds of miserable people and read the stories told by thousands more. I might have believed him if I hadn't seen the stricken look in the eyes of President Stenio Vincent and heard him say helplessly, "What can we do? We are not a warlike people."

It all happened in 1937. That isn't so long ago. I read recently that a plan was afoot to send Jewish refugees to Santo Domingo. I read that the invitation had been given by President Trujillo. The refugees who have been living under the hell of National Socialism should feel at home in the Dominican Republic.

S E C O N D D A Y O U T

WE awoke to another one of those days that should be preserved and not allowed to die. It was still calm and our thirty ships nodded drowsily in the sun and ambled along quite happily. Now and then one of our escorting 'planes would come over for a friendly look and then disappear into the sun. They patrol an area of about fifty miles to each side of us. Our corvette had disappeared. So had our destroyer, but we had something new to take care of us—a large armed ex-passenger ship. Just what good she, with her four-inch guns, would be against the *Scharnhorst* I don't know, but then the *Jervis Bay* did pretty well. I trust that the *Laconia* won't have to follow the lead of that gallant ship and commit suicide in order to protect the rest of us.

We had a lifeboat drill this afternoon. It was not the perfunctory affair lifeboat drills usually are. Just before it was scheduled the Chief Steward handed us our "iron rations." He gave us each a flask filled with rum. It was labelled, "To Be Taken In Small Doses." He gave us each a tin of cigarettes on which he had written "Good Luck." He had Players for the others, for me he was thoughtful enough to provide Chesterfields. Bread and biscuits would be in the boats.

"No toast?" I asked him.

"If you have a toaster bring it along. We'll plug it in somewhere."

Our Mr. Challis doesn't mind being kidded a little. Our Mr. Challis is all right, we're finding out. We

had to get our lifebelts and get into them. The officers and crews have the comfortable life-jackets which you slip into as you slip into a coat. Our miserable life-belts are the old-fashioned cork kind which you slip over your head. They are heavy and cumbersome and I would hate to actually have to swim wearing one.

"Must be careful about jumping overboard with them things," Mr. Challis was good enough to remind us. "When you land the front is apt to come up and hit you in the chin. It'll knock you right out I swear."

"Will they float?" I asked.

"Will they float!" Mr. Challis said indignantly. "I should say they would float. Why I've seen 'em pick bodies out of the water that had been in there seven days kept up by them life-belts. We bought 'em in Hong Kong. There's the name stamped on them, Ho-Kai. They'll float you long after you're gone."

"That's nice," venerable Sorensen said. "You are such a tactful fellow, Mr. Challis. You make us all feel better."

"Good man. Good man," Challis said happily. This is his favourite expression. He greets you in the morning with, "Have a good night?" You say, "Yes, a fine night." Then he nods happily and repeats, "Good man, good man." Three days ago these were only names to me; Challis; Kent the captain; Jones the engineer; Youngs the doctor; Sorensen, Gallup, and Birtles, my fellow passengers. Now each is emerging as a personality. I'll bet there's a story in each one of them. Before we reach land I'll have their brains picked and I'll find out. Picking brains isn't as gruesome an occupation as it sounds. It consists merely in asking a question or two and then listening from there on. Every man would rather talk about himself than about anything else; after all, to him he's the most interesting man in the world.

That's what makes our job easier. I've interviewed Presidents, Cabinet Ministers, Hollywood stars, prize fighters, ball players, criminals, war heroes, and very few of them refused to open up once you got on the subject of themselves. To be a good reporter you have to have good feet and receptive ears. If you can write it helps a bit, but that isn't really necessary. One of the best reporters I know is Mike Claffey of the *N.Y. Journal American*. He doesn't give a damn about writing, but if I were a city editor he'd be about the first man I'd go after. I've seen him work (during the Lindbergh kidnapping) twenty-four hour stretches without bothering to sleep, and I know what a blood-hound he is. I'd love to see him in London. He'd run Fleet Street ragged. English foreign correspondents are awfully good, and I think their editorial writers are far superior to ours, but the ordinary Fleet Street reporter would be left miles behind if a Claffey or any one of thirty other New York men were in the race. In fact, I'd like to see Claffey here now. At least I'd have someone to stay up late with me.

I am in Lifeboat No. 3 with Sorensen, which is fine, but there is a catch to it. The Captain is also in our boat. I am very much afraid that Captain Kent is one of those brave souls who might take the absurd tradition of the sea seriously. He wouldn't be fool enough to go down with his ship. Any captain who does that consciously is depriving England of something that is very badly needed—a captain. However, he undoubtedly would insist upon being the last man off.

Being torpedoed is no novelty to him. He got it twice during the last war. He was telling us about it to-night at dinner. Things were so quiet that he actually came to our tiny mess-room and ate with us. Incidentally, the meal we had was as good as you could buy ashore—and I mean in New York not in London. We had a creamed chicken soup, codfish au gratin and chicken fricassee with three vegetables.

We had apple pie and cheese afterwards, and if this Chinese cook wants a job at the end of this trip I can fix him up very easily in London.

"I was third mate on the *Troilus*." The Captain was feeling very genial when we asked him if he had ever been torpedoed. "Like this ship, we had a big Chinese crew. Except when they are gambling, the Chinese are very saving people. They hate to lose anything except when they're gambling. Then they don't care what they lose. We got hit for'ard. Well hit. We knew we had to abandon ship. I had about fifty Chinks in my lifeboat. They'd had strict orders not to bring anything with them if we had to get in the boats. But when I got there and cast off I noticed that every one of them had a handbag. First thing I did was to tell them all to chuck their bags overboard. They didn't yell—not half. But they threw them overboard all right. We pulled away from the ship. Jerry was smart all right. He grabbed two of the lifeboats and tied them up to his submarine, one on either side. Why? Well, we might have left someone on board to take just one good shot at him when he came close. The sub. came up near us and the captain stood on deck and asked me questions. Four of his men stood near him armed with something that looked like sawed-off shot-guns. I suppose they were afraid we might throw a bomb. But how could we, with two of our own lifeboats tied up alongside him?

"The Jerry captain asked me, 'How far from land are you?' and I answered, 'We are about 175 miles from Tiree, in the Hebrides.' He said, 'I make it about 173 miles.' With that he went off and we started pulling the oars. After four days we sighted land and it was a good sight. Then a sort of a trawler came in view and the Chinks were so happy they all got up and started throwing gold coins into the water. 'Good Joss,' they yelled, and kept on throwing the gold into the sea. The Chinks don't like paper money.

They like gold. They all had plenty and kept yelling, 'Good Joss.' They meant their gods had been good to 'em, but I felt like divin' overboard and scooping up some of them gold coins."

I asked the captain if there had been any panic when his ship was hit. Had there been any stampede to the boats?

"No," he said thoughtfully. "You're too busy to be scared for the moment. Then you're mad at Jerry, too. You know what you have to do. All this, mind you, is by way of telling you all not to bring any bags with you if we get hit. Just bring yourselves."

I wonder how we will all react if that whistle gives us the signal. We know what the danger signals are now. Six short blasts and one long one on the ship's whistle means, "We're in danger." They'll play that tune if we sight a raider or a sub, or a group of dive bombers. That means, "Put on your coat, put on your lifebelt, grab your iron rations and be ready to say 'Good morning, St. Peter.'" But one long blast followed by three short ones is the nasty one. That means, "Abandon ship."

Of course we'll all be scared. One consolation found in this war is that fear is a universal commodity. I won't even say it is a weakness. Everyone I know in London has been scared stiff at least once since the nightly bombing began. You see men with V.C.'s on their breast go white when one lands close, and that makes you feel better. Fear is as much a part of one as hunger or courage. Billy Bishop, I guess, was the only man I ever met who was absolutely without fear. I wonder how he would have done in this war. Probably as well as he did in the last, when he was the ace of aces.

It was Eddie Rickenbacker who got me started on Billy Bishop. About three years ago Bill Corum, Steve Hannigan, Rick and I were sitting around killing an hour when the talk turned to Joe Louis.

"There's just about the toughest man in the world," I said.

Corum, the sports writer, has always maintained that Louis was the greatest. He grew enthusiastic in his praise. We all did while Rick just sat there smiling gently. We started talking about what a "killer" Louis was. Finally Rick interrupted.

"Joe Louis a killer? Whom did he ever kill?" he said gently, because Rick is a gentle person. "Joe Louis fearless? What did he ever have to be afraid of? Oh, he's a great fighter all right. But when you talk about killers—there were only two. When you talk about men who were absolutely fearless there were only two. Who were they? Manfred von Richthofen and Billy Bishop. Of the two," he added, "Bishop was the greater. Richthofen was a spider lying in wait for enemies to fly into his net. Bishop was a raider, always flashing into the enemy's territory. Bishop was a man absolutely without fear."

I remembered reading about Billy Bishop when I was a kid. I wondered what he was doing now. He might be worth a story. I went to the morgue of the *World Telegram* and read everything they had there on Bishop. I got a book that had been written about him. I read his official combat reports made when he returned from his fights. I got to know a lot about Bishop in two days. Then I went to Montreal to meet him.

I found myself sitting in the office of the vice-president of one of Canada's largest oil companies. The vice-president was Colonel William Avery Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., and Bar, M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Croix de Guerre with Palm, the most spectacular air fighter the World War produced. I wanted to see what he'd be like twenty years after. It is very disillusioning to meet ex-champions twenty years after. They are fat and dull and they are living in the past—looking at the present through the glamour

of the past. Bishop was different. Bishop lives in the present and the past to him is merely a record in the ledger of Time—a record that he is too busy to look back upon.

In Berlin once I heard Baron von Saxonberg, one of German's greatest war-time pilots, talk of the Canadian as he talked of Richthofen—and Richthofen is the greatest of German heroes; and I heard Eddie Rickenbacker say bluntly, "Bishop was the greatest. None could compare with him."

Bishop's record? He was officially credited with having shot down seventy-two German 'planes. Let's meet Colonel Bishop twenty years after. We're not with him long before he's Billy Bishop, a short man with very blue eyes and a closely-cropped moustache—a man with a great capacity for friendship and laughter.

We walked along a Montreal street and the snow had melted into slush and there was mud in the street. Bishop said anxiously, "You should be wearing rubbers. This mud is nasty."

"You never did like mud, did you, Colonel?"

He looked startled. "Why—why, that's true. I had forgotten. That's all so long ago . . ."

When the bugles sounded in 1914, they put their toys away—those British and Canadian youngsters. Even those who were in the second year at the Royal Military College at Kingston, the Canadian equivalent to West Point. They put away their little guns and their red uniforms and exchanged them for bigger guns and khaki. Billy Bishop was one of these, and naturally he enlisted in the Canadian Mounted Rifles; naturally because Bishop could ride any horse that could be saddled, and he could knock the ear off a gnat at fifty paces with a rifle. They taught kids to ride well and to shoot well at Owen Sound, where Bishop grew up.

He went overseas and they sent his outfit—the

Fourteenth Battalion—to England for a spell of training. They arrived in a rainy season and it rained steadily for five days. They ate mud and they slept in mud, and when they dreamed they dreamed of mud. Bishop was standing in mud one afternoon up to his knees and for the first time he was homesick. At Owen Sound the snow is packed hard and the air is clean and crisp.

Out of the dirty sky a trim little 'plane appeared, circled a few times, swooped down low and then, as though disdaining to soil itself by touching the mud, arose once more with a disapproving buzz-z-z and disappeared into the distance. Bishop looked after it, entranced.

That was the place to fight this war. Here on the ground the army was fighting mud. He wanted to fight Germans. The air, clean as the air of Owen Sound—that was the place to fight. He'd transfer to the air force. In that moment the fate of more than a hundred Germans was sealed.

Three months later this kid who didn't like mud was in France as an observer. Then he was sent back to England to be trained as a fighting pilot, and in 1917 he returned to France as Lieutenant William Bishop of the 60th Squadron. He arrived just as his fellow pilots were beginning to talk of the brilliance of a young German pilot who had been at the front but a few months. This lad's name was Manfred von Richthofen.

* * *

Bishop and I walked along to the street leading to Côtes des Neiges, where the vice-president of the oil company lives with his charming family. He was talking—not of the war, but of mutual friends. Talking of Eddie Rickenbacker, Gene Tunney, Bernard Gimbel, Frank Clarke, Tom Bragg, and he was hungry for news of them, for Bishop is a man capable of great friendship—and so are those men I have mentioned,

I interrupted: "You were a great man with a machine-gun, I hear. They tell me you had the quickest eye of any man in France."

"It was so long ago," he mused. "I've really forgotten. But I guess I could shoot fairly well. You see, I practised a lot."

* * *

The cook said to the dishwasher: "That new lad Bishop we've got here is a bit batty. This morning he comes into my kitchen and he asks—so help me—for all the empty tins I got. Gor blimme, but whatever is the lad goin' to do with a basket of tin cans?"

"Maybe he collects them like people collect stamps," the dishwasher suggested helpfully.

Bishop was flying a little Nieuport Scout, a fast single-seater. He was trying to get the "feel" of it. Like all great instinctive pilots, Bishop always flew "by the seat of his pants," as the flying men say. You didn't have many instruments on those single-seaters. On the upper wing the machine gun was mounted, but it only fired straight ahead. That meant that you had to aim your 'plane at the enemy ship and then pull the trigger.

Bishop took his basket of tin cans up to ten thousand feet. Then he tossed them all over the side. The wind took the light cans and they careered all over the startled sky. Bishop dived at one can and let go a burst of fire. The can flew into a thousand pieces. He zoomed upward and "killed" another. The cans darted in and out of cloud wisps, but Bishop, the relentless hunter, pursued them. One after another he shot and before he had lost five thousand feet of altitude he had "killed" them all.

Practice? I'll say he practised. He wasn't one for believing too much in luck. If you could outfly and outshoot the other fellow you'd win—nine times

out of ten. The tenth time? Well, the dice don't always come seven.

* * *

"It's a fascinating game, you know," Bishop was talking while I was thinking of him up there in the clouds hitting little tin cans.

"Fighting in the air? It must be fascinating," I said.

He frowned. "No. No. Can't you understand, that's all gone? I mean the oil business. Our oil is stored all over. Anything can happen in the field. I sit in the office waiting for things to happen, waiting for new problems to come up; I tell you it's thrilling."

"As thrilling as the first time you shot down an enemy 'plane?"

Bishop tried to throw his mind back to that day. "I don't remember," he said apologetically. "I don't live in the past."

"It was on March 25, 1917, at three in the afternoon," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes . . . let's see. We were on defensive patrol . . ."

Bishop was one of four sent up just to scare enemy observers away. Things were happening on the front and the General Staff didn't want news of whatever was happening to get to German observers. The patrol moved across the lines, going well into enemy territory. But out of nowhere, like streaks of unexpected lightning in a cloudless sky, three German Albatross scouts dived at the patrol. One of them got on the tail of the English 'plane in front of Bishop. Bishop, forgetting that undoubtedly another was diving at him, went for the German. . . .

He lets fifteen rounds from the Lewis go screaming into the Albatross, but the German isn't hit badly. Panicky, he dives to get away from the stream of lead. Bishop has tasted fighting now and he likes it. He

dives right after the German. The two 'planes hurl through the skies. Bishop is only twenty yards behind. The German flattens out, hoping to zoom upward and get away from this terrier that he can't shake off. Bishop flattens, too, and he presses the trigger. Tracer bullets frame the fuselage of the Albatross and then crisscross it. There's a startled cough from the engine of the Albatross and the 'plane goes into a spinning nose dive. Bishop follows. His gun still spits angrily.

The German crashes and Bishop, exulting in his first victory, flattens out. Then—a sudden silence. The dive of nearly 7,000 feet has forced oil into the motor, choking it, smothering it, and he's still behind the German lines with thousands of machine-guns below him, with only 1,500 feet of altitude and with a motor that's as dead as the sole of your shoe.

Bishop aimed toward his lines two miles away and glided. All he could do was sit there holding the useless stick, hoping that his glide wouldn't land him in No Man's Land. Come on, Lady Luck, give the kid a break. Lady Luck perched herself on his upper wing and ran the show.

In his official report Bishop said, "My engine oiled up at 1,500 feet and I just glided over the line."

* * *

We were in Bishop's apartment now and the cocktails were cold and the canapés were hot, and I looked in vain at the etchings on the wall and at the collection of China dogs, a hobby of Mrs. Bishop's, for any evidence that we were in the apartment of the Man without Fear.

Then I saw a thing that looked like a curved windshield. It was, and in the centre of the glass there was a hole—a large hole, perhaps half an inch across.

"What's that?"

"That's the windshield of my Nieuport. I sat

behind that, you know, and it kept the wind out of my eyes. That's a bullet hole there in the middle. Close call that," he laughed. "I had turned my head. . . ."

* * *

He was alone and flying high. He wasn't the inexperienced kid he had been six weeks before that day he "just glided across the line." He was Captain Bishop, now a tried veteran—a veteran of six weeks. And six weeks was a fairly long life on the Western front in those days. He'd spent six weeks of shadowing death, of seeing death reach out ghastly fingers, and of slipping out of the clutch of them. In those six weeks he'd shot down twenty 'planes. He was an old hand now, a hardened ace. His age? He was twenty-three. He turned his head to look over the side and below, and as he turned he heard a "ping," a sharp tinkle of broken glass, and a buzzing in his ears. He turned back, and there in front of him was a bullet hole in his windshield. He put a hand to his helmet. The bullet had crashed it alongside of his left ear. There was a German on his tail. Instinctively he zoomed upward, banking steeply to the right. The German roared past him, so near that he could feel the propeller wash, then disappeared into a cloud.

He climbed. He felt that the German wasn't alone. Now he—Bishop—was the hunter. His eyes were cold and calculating. He wasn't curly-haired Billy Bishop, the kid from Owen Sound, now. He was Bishop, the killer, the man without fear. He never really got blind, raging mad in a fight as others did. Bishop never felt ; he thought. Now he roared through the skies, noting a dozen things at once. He knew his altitude, the wind drift, his speed, and he knew that he was behind the German lines just back of Queant-Drocourt. He played tag with the clouds, using them as flimsy hiding places.

Then below he sighted five enemy 'planes. They were flying at about six thousand feet—two of them flying ahead and the other three a mile or so behind. Five against one? Pretty tough odds, even for a Bishop. He shoved his stick forward and the 'plane nosed down. He was off. High, wide and handsome. All or nothing. Come on, dice, be good to Billy. Let's see a seven. He needs all the luck you can spare.

He screamed down at the rear 'plane of the three, and before the German knew what had happened his 'plane crumpled up like a piece of wet cardboard—wavered for a moment as though surprised—and then fluttered to earth. Bishop straightened out and the second German 'plane came to him.

The German got in the first punch. Before Bishop could turn toward him his bullets had raked Bishop's 'plane—but hadn't hit a vital spot.

"Come on, you fightin' fool," Lady Luck cried. She had to like this kid who was fighting against such odds.

He zoomed up at the German. That was a trick he had learned from Captain Albert Ball, then the leading British pilot. He'd go at a man from any angle. The way Dempsey used to punch. So he zoomed up at the German, aiming at the belly of his 'plane with the precision of a surgeon cutting into an abdomen. The German fell apart like a house of cards in a tornado. No. 22 for Bishop.

He looked up. The three remaining Germans had gathered their wits and they were coming for him. I said Bishop thought ; he never felt. Now he thought he'd better leave this party. It was getting too rough. You can only fight against terrific odds when you have the element of surprise on your side.

He went home and made his report. "Three hostile aircraft being above me, I returned," he wrote laconically. The date, by the way, was May 2nd, 1917, and it was just noon.

Two hours later he was in the air again. He bumped into two enemy craft doing artillery observation just east of Lens and he pumped twenty rounds into them.

He roared east with the wind in his eyes and his throttle wide open. He was red-hot to-day, and he knew it. Before the 1935 Kentucky Derby I watched Omaha. The horse was trembling, just a little on edge, confident, r'arin' to go. The horse knew that he was red-hot that day. Remember how he won? Easy. That horse knew he was going to win that day.

Bishop was like that on May 2nd. He knew he was red-hot. He swung east and saw two more hostile 'planes. He dived at them and pumped round after round at them. They staggered back to talk of this fighting demon of the skies. Now he was over Monchy flying at six thousand feet. He dropped out of a cloud to surprise a two-seater returning from the lines. In his report he says plaintively: "I fired a whole drum into him, but without apparent result."

His ammunition and his fuel were getting low, so he turned for home. Over Peleos he sighted two more Germans. Again he swung into action, but again his report says sadly: "No apparent result."

He had some food while his 'plane was being refueled and then he was in the air again. He was up nearly three hours this time, and he had skirmishes with three 'planes before deciding to call it a day. On his way back he sighted six hostile 'planes after one British 'plane. At long range he fought them, annoyed them, harried them, and then when he saw his colleague scurry away to safety he, too, turned back. It had been quite a day and his 'plane was a sieve. At one time or another during that day he had engaged twenty-three different enemy aircraft.

A few days later the King was pleased to award him the Distinguished Service Order, saying, "his courage and determination have set a fine example to others."

Now he was tops. Even his fellow aviators looked at him in awe. He seemed to bear a charmed life, but actually he was tops because he could fly and shoot better than any of the others. Just as afterwards he made a great success in business because he worked a little harder and thought a little faster than any of his competitors. He worked hard during those after-the-war years—so hard that for thirteen years he never touched the stick of a 'plane. Then one day he felt the urge again, and he went out to the Montreal Airport and asked a friend to lend him one.

"I looked at the 'plane and I sat in the cockpit," Bishop says. "And there on the instrument board were a lot of gadgets I'd never seen before. In thirteen years they'd made new rules in my game—had made flying a science. There was only one thing to do—I had to learn flying all over again."

So Bishop, like any novice, humbly went to a flying instructor and took a few lessons. He found out what the new instruments were all about. Then he took a 'plane up. It was good to feel the rush of wind again and it was good to feel a stick (only 'planes had wheels now like automobile steering wheels) in your hand. In a few minutes he was the old Bishop. Once you've learned to fly "by the seat of your pants," it's easy to master any new flying technique. To-day Bishop flies constantly.

"Do you ski or skate at all?" he asked suddenly. "Great sport, they tell me, and while you're in Canada you ought to take advantage of it. Me? No. I can't skate. It hurts my shins. As for ski-ing—say, I don't know where those fellows get their courage. The falls you take. I shiver every time I see one of them go down. I'd be scared stiff to try it. . . ."

Bishop afraid!

He wasn't afraid one morning when he took off in the grey dusk and flew into the faint crimson tinge of the east which was heralding the sunrise. It wouldn't

be light for another hour, and he had conceived an amazing plan. He would surprise a German aerodrome just as the 'planes were taking off for early morning patrol. He knew they usually took off about at dawn—he'd catch them just a few minutes ahead of time.

His 'plane was a dark streak, its wings touched faintly with gold, as it roared over the enemy aerodrome twelve miles back of the lines. The airfield was just awakening. Seven 'planes were on the ground and their motors were warming up waiting for sleepy pilots to finish breakfast. Then out of the murk came this roaring, snarling devil, spitting death and destruction. Bishop flew low—at fifty feet—and he raked the field from end to end. Pilots came running out to scramble hurriedly into cockpits. One taxied across the field and tried to rise, but Bishop sent him crashing with a hail of lead. Another 'plane rose to fifty feet, and Bishop, one hundred and fifty yards away, sent his bullets unerringly into it. It crashed drunkenly into a tree.

A third pilot had taken the air by now and he managed to get above Bishop. He had a clear shot at him, too, but Bishop wasn't human to-day. He zoomed upward—his old trick—and his thumb pressed the trigger that sent a hundred bullets into the German. It, too, collapsed like a punctured balloon. A fourth arose. Bishop sent the rest of his ammunition into it—and then he waved a cheery good-bye and hurried home for breakfast.

The whole affair hadn't lasted fifteen minutes. His 'plane was completely riddled with bullets but he wasn't scratched. He got the Victoria Cross for that job.

Bishop afraid? Listen. He wasn't afraid on that memorable day when he bid adieu to France. It was in June, 1918, that the General Staff decided that Bishop was too valuable to be allowed to run further

risks. They wanted him back in London to do administrative work and to help with recruiting. They told him that he would have to leave the front in twelve days.

Twelve days left? Well, now. He'd already shot down forty-seven 'planes. That wasn't enough. Twelve days? During those twelve days he went crazy. Never had such flying or such shooting been seen on any front. In eleven days he shot down twenty 'planes.

Then came the final day. For the last time Bishop climbed into the cockpit of his battered 'plane. He flew from sunrise to sunset. Again and again he returned for ammunition and fuel. When he finished the day his gun was hot, his motor was screaming its protest at the way it had been pushed, his wings and fuselage were torn and tattered—but five more Germans had been added to his list. That made twenty-five 'planes in twelve days—more than the whole Royal Air Force had brought down in the first month of the war. It brought his total up to seventy-two.

That ended his fighting career. He had the adulation of the world, more decorations than any man alive and memories such as few are fortunate enough to own.

To-day? To-day he doesn't live in the memory of those days of sudden flight and swift death. Those days formed an interlude, and when they were finished he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Now to the business of living."

He has done the business of living well, and to-day he laughs and works, and the past he sees only through the eyes of the present and nothing that happened in the past seems very important to him. He is an intelligent, cultured gentleman, a *bon vivant*, an extraordinary host, one of the keenest business men in Canada.

I met him again three months ago in London. He

was in the pale blue uniform of the Royal Air Force, and his stripes showed him to be Air Vice-Marshal Bishop. He had survived the past all right, and was now doing as fine an executive job as he had done a fighting job in the last war. He was crisp sharp; the cool, calculating Air-Marshal. Then I met him three weeks ago in New York. He was on leave. He wasn't wearing his uniform now. He was smiling genial Billy Bishop again. We had a drink and talked of this and that, and the war seemed very far away.

But now and then a glint would come into his eye. Now and then he'd say something like, "I'd like to get a crack at Jerry myself," and you'd realise that beneath the genial, smiling face was the real countenance of the twenty-three-year-old Billy Bishop who had shot down seventy-two German 'planes—that underneath that pleasant personality was a man without fear.

THIRD DAY OUT

THE weather continues to be the kind of weather you want to wrap up and take home. Our thirty ships ploughed along happily all day. Our airplanes didn't show up, but late in the afternoon an interesting addition to our little family group did appear. First we heard a bell ring once up in the crow's nest. That meant there was something to starboard. Two rings would have meant something to port, while three rings would have told us to look straight ahead. There was a slight tension among everyone. We looked for our escort. There was no one around but the armed merchant cruiser. A mast stuck a slim head above the horizon to port and we all watched, fascinated. It grew slowly and now we could see that it was a large ship. From the deck the horizon is about fifteen miles away—that's because we're only ten feet above the water. It is about eighteen miles away from the bridge.

"If it was a Jerry he'd be shooting by now," the mate muttered.

"It's a battleship," the Chief said, peering through his glasses. "One of ours."

It was "one of ours," and a lovely sight, too.

She was the *Royal Sovereign*, and her eight fifteen-inch guns looked very comforting with the sun gleaming on them. The ship was spotted with huge splashes of black. The battleship joined us and she's been steaming along ever since, a bit contemptuous, I'm afraid, of our seven-knot speed.

My fellow passengers went to bed about nine once more. They get up earlier and go to bed earlier than any people I ever met. Each morning when I

come down about eleven, they regale me with stories of the wonderful kippers and sausages they had for breakfast. How anyone can look at that much food at eight in the morning is one of life's mysteries to me. Even the great George Lamaze, genius that he was, couldn't make an eight o'clock breakfast look beautiful. I suppose in his time George Lamaze served the best food ever served in gastronomical history. Usually he had charge of the kitchen in gambling houses. The food was merely a lure to bring in the customers. He once told me that the four-dollar dinner he served cost the house six dollars. Lamaze died a year ago and probably by now is serving celestial dishes to appreciative haloed guests.

Lamaze had two passions in life : food and football. When he hired an orchestra he insisted that they should know every college song ever written. George was a lovable and interesting man. Once he and the incredible Wilson Mizner were partners in a Palm Beach venture. It was Mizner who taught him the art of showmanship. I used to sit and listen to Lamaze for hours, talking about Mizner and about people who came into his place. One day, many years ago, when George and Mizner were partners, George had a fight with his cook. He fired him and then broke the news to Mizner.

"So we'll get another cook," Mizner said calmly.

"But the cook took all the kitchen help with him," Lamaze wailed.

"So we'll get some more kitchen help." Mizner was still calm.

"But, Bill," Lamaze said desperately, "there isn't another cook available in Palm Beach, and there is no kitchen help available nearer than New York."

"Well, you can cook, can't you, George?" Mizner said.

"Can I cook?" Lamaze almost screamed. "You know I can cook as well as anyone in the world. But we have one hundred and twenty-five reservations

for dinner. Can I cook for that crowd alone? Can I wash the dishes and prepare the salads and . . ."

"I'll do all that," Mizner soothed him. "I've washed many a dish in my life, George."

"It'll be an awful lot of work for the two of us," Lamaze grumbled.

"Sure, and I hate to work for nothing. We'll make the customers pay for it. Get that blackboard of yours. Double all prices for to-night. Put 'Bread and Butter—\$1.00' right on the top. We'll make them pay, all right."

Lamaze always put the dinner menu on a blackboard, which waiters carried from table to table. He doubled the prices, wincing a bit when he had to put \$3 opposite "Hash."

It was a grand night at the restaurant. The place was crowded. The guests never even noticed the advance in prices. Mizner sweated in the kitchen, washing hundreds of dishes. It was warm that night. Gradually he began to peel off clothes. The work and the heat made him thirsty. He called for champagne cocktails. Now in his underwear, with a dish-cloth in one hand and a champagne cocktail in the other, he manicured dishes cheerfully all night.

That night taught them both a lesson. They were catering to the "best people" in Palm Beach. Money meant very little to those people in those days. They wanted the best food, the best wines, and the best service. If they could get what they wanted, they'd pay anything.

Years later Lamaze was running the Patio Lamaze, also in Palm Beach. You could get a very good second-hand automobile for the price of a modern dinner in the Patio Lamaze. Yet the place was always filled. The outrageous prices appealed to the innate sense of snobbery which seems to be the heritage of a certain class of American. They enjoyed, even boasted, of the prices they paid for food at Lamaze's.

One night he stood just inside the kitchen door and looked over his guests. He couldn't keep a proud little smile from his face. Some of the "best people" in America were dining at the Patio Lamaze that evening. There was Jock Whitney with a party. There was Bernard Gimbel. There was Arthur Brisbane. And there was Al Smith. Wealthy dowagers and their wealthy daughters. Prominent artists—ah, there was Eddie Cantor and there was George Cohan. It was Lamaze's place and it was his food that brought them there. He felt very proud.

Two men walked in and George hurried to the door. He showed them to a table and in silence they sat down to read the menu. He knew who both were. They were, indeed, rather sinister characters but they were worth a great deal of money. Only that afternoon he had heard at the race track that one of them had five thousand dollars down on a nag that had come roaring in at ten to one. The other had cracked the roulette table over at the Embassy Club in Miami the night before, for thirty grand. They should have looked out of place in the distinguished company dining at the Patio Lamaze that night, but unfortunately they didn't. They looked, in fact, a bit better dressed than most and they had just a bit more assurance.

One of them called to Lamaze. He hurried over.

"There must be a mistake here," the man said.
"I read Bread and Butter—\$1.00 on this menu."

"That's quite correct, sir," Lamaze said, smiling but feeling a slight chill of apprehension.

"And here," the other one read, "Celery and olives—\$1.50. And what's this? Hash—\$2.75?"

"It's very good hash, though," Lamaze said smoothly.
"It is chicken hash and we use only the white meat."

"You must feed them chickens on diamonds," one of them grumbled. "And lobster salad—\$3.50. You can go down on the beach and pick up lobsters. What kind of a racket have you got here, anyway?"

"No racket at all," Lamaze said a bit nervously. "This is the most expensive restaurant in the world. It is, furthermore, the best restaurant in the world. People do not have to come here but you will notice that I am doing a good business. We have no other attractions here but the food—and of course our drinks are very fine, although this is not essentially a drinking place."

The two men looked around and they recognized the guests.

"I guess you are doing all right here," one of the men said.

"I do all right. I mind my business," Lamaze said, wetting his lips. He was definitely unhappy now.

"Maybe from now on I will let you mind my business," one of the two said. "Your season here at Palm Beach is very short. Even though you charge high prices you can't make the profits you deserve. You would do better to come in with me. I have a few places around—you know them?"

Lamaze nodded. "I know them—you don't serve the food in them that I serve here."

"That's right. And we don't get the people in my places that you get here. Perhaps if you would run the food end of my places these people and many like them would come to my restaurants. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll build the most beautiful restaurant in the world for you. I have a place in mind. Your salary will be one thousand dollars a week—all the year round. You will have to worry about nothing but food."

Lamaze looked into the quiet eyes of the quiet man and he did some rapid thinking. He knew the reputation of the quiet man—but he knew the reputation which the quiet man enjoyed among his own class of people. He was definitely a "right guy." He might have very little respect for laws which involved the drinking or the selling of liquor during those Prohibition days, but he had a great deal of respect for his

own word. Before he could answer, the quiet man raised his head.

"Now that we are partners," he said, "tell me, what is your secret? Food is food. Why can you charge such outrageous prices and get away with it?"

"I feed the eye as well as the stomach," Lamaze said. "I serve food which tastes attractive, and that is not difficult. But I serve food that looks attractive. That is difficult. Never has anyone complained that I overcharged."

"I think we should get along good," one of the men said.

This seems incredible, perhaps, now, but it was not incredible fifteen years ago, especially in four places: New York, Chicago, Florida and Saratoga. It was the era in which the dingy speakeasy was being supplanted by decent, beautiful establishments which were speakeasies only in that drinks were sold there.

These speakeasies—not so much in New York; in fact, hardly at all in New York—in Palm Beach, Miami, Chicago and Saratoga were run as adjuncts to gambling houses. They were gambling houses that rivalled the gambling houses of Europe. On the whole they were run honestly because, in the long run, the proprietor of a gambling house which is run honestly makes more money than he would from one which is run dishonestly. He does not have to pay his croupiers such high salaries; he pays no blackmail; he pays smaller amounts for "protection" and when a place gets a reputation as an honest gambling house the best people flock to it and keep coming year after year.

From then on Lamaze worked in speakeasies. The Park Avenue in New York where he worked had perhaps the most beautiful dining-room in the world. It was decorated by Joseph Urban at a cost of something like fifty thousand dollars. It was not a fly-by-night, sawdust-covered bar-room. You would never

meet the President of the United States there but you might meet anyone else. It was that kind of place.

It was not long before the place was one of the three best known places in New York. Wealthy people came to dine there for two reasons. First of all, if they ordered a bottle of Château Yquem, 1923, they could be assured of getting Château Yquem, 1923, and not Mulberry Street cider and Vichy. Second, they came there because they felt that the food served was the best food in the United States.

Lamaze himself was as interesting as the food he served. He was born in Rheims but came to America when a child, in 1893. His parents took him to Newton, Massachusetts, and he grew up there and went to Newton High School, where he was interested only in bicycle riding, football and baseball. He used to race bicycles at the Charles River Park in Cambridge and at the Waltham Track against such men as Eddie Ball, Jimmy Michaels, Bobby Nelson, Larry Tobin and Albert Champion. He later went to Brown University, where he hoped to become an All-America football player. He never dreamed that one day he would be an All-America cook.

A football injury ended his All-America dreams and he transferred to Lowell Textile to study—of all things—the texture of cloth. He lost interest, though, and got himself a job in the Crown Hotel in Providence, Rhode Island. From there it was only a step to becoming wine boy at Martin's in New York. It was at Martin's that he learned to have a great respect for wines and to have a great knowledge of them too, which I suppose is much the same thing. As his knowledge of wines grew, so did his disrespect for water grow. His French blood told him that *L'eau n'est pas faite pour rester dans un verre*, which roughly, very roughly translated, means, "Anybody who puts water in a glass is strictly a sucker."

He became captain at Martin's and learned to

cater to the whims of such distinguished guests as Ambassador Jusserand, J. P. Morgan, Theodore Roosevelt and an actor named Cohan. Rector's followed, and then he was given charge of Castle-by-the-Sea at Long Beach, where the incomparable Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle danced. The Holland House followed, and now Lamaze had learned his trade.

"Caruso always used to come to the Holland House," he once told me, "but he never asked for spaghetti. He always wanted chicken—hunter style."

Lamaze liked to see people enjoy their food. He even liked to see them eat the celery, the olives and the radishes he served them. It was seldom that anyone more than nibbled at those relishes and it worried George. An idea came to him. He would make them look so attractive that people just couldn't resist eating them. He took a huge bowl and filled it with crushed ice. He moulded the ice so that it emerged eight inches above the top of the bowl. Then he studded this mass of crushed ice with celery, with radishes and with olives. It did look lovely. The first time he served it this way the diners gave one look of pleased surprise and immediately went to work on the celery, the radishes and the olives.

"So that's it," Lamaze whispered, almost in awe. "The secret is to feed the eye as well as the stomach. I will be a showman as well as a cook."

He conceived a similar idea. Ice was inexpensive. He got even a larger bowl than that he had used with the relishes. He filled it with ice as before and planted five similar bowls in the crushed ice. In one he put shrimps; in another, crab; in a third, lobster; in a fourth, ordinary cocktail sauce, and in a fifth, Sauce Lamaze. He called it Sea Food Lamaze. Lamaze, trained in the best kitchens in the country, emerged not only as a great cook but as a culinary artist, which is something else again. He invaded Florida, running places of his own and going into

partnerships with men like Wilson Mizner, who also had the instincts for food that he himself had. Then—came the war.

He joined the Navy, was put in the commissary department and eventually wound up on the transport *Martha Washington*. This ship carried 3,500 troops, 150 officers and a crew of 600. That was a lot of people to feed. The men complained that the food was terrible. Lamaze went to Captain Shackleford in command and told him that the food was not terrible.

"No food is terrible," he said. "Food is beautiful, lovely—but cooks make it terrible. The food we have here is excellent but shoe clerks are cooking it and serving it. I know food."

"You handle the situation," the captain said.

"We had only the usual soldier rations on board," Lamaze says, "but they were good. I lent showmanship to my culinary ability. I made those soldiers believe that they were eating even finer food than they were eating. I fed their eyes. If we had to serve beans on two successive days I served them differently each time. Eggs? I did everything in the world with eggs. Half the time those boys didn't know whether they were eating eggs or chicken. I worked every day from four o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, but I tell you, when those men got off at Brest they were healthy and happy and well-fed. God knows they deserved the best—and I gave it to them. Once," and a proud note came into Lamaze's voice, "I served 3,500 Spanish omelets at a meal and every one was served piping hot. I was very proud of that. It was the same omelet you'd get in a place of mine now for—maybe three dollars."

The war over, Lamaze returned. He found Prohibition. It was a new world. One couldn't get the proper wines for white sauce. If one did get them they cost terrifically. He returned to Florida and that brings us to the day the two men came into the Patio Lamaze.

Since that time Lamaze worked in such places as The Park Avenue in New York, The Arrowhead Inn in Saratoga, The Beach and Tennis Club in Miami Beach, and the Clover Club in Hollywood. It was at the latter that I last saw him, serving the same food at the same old immoderate prices that he served ten years ago. And, as usual, the place was filled with the very best people—that is, the best people in Hollywood.

"Still fooling them, George?" I asked.

"I am still serving the best food in the world," he smiled. "I am still mixing my food with showmanship. I am still feeding the eye . . ."

"As well as the stomach. I haven't heard you say that for years."

"There's Bill Powell over there," he sat down. "He just asked me for my recipe for Strawberries Romanoff. It is his favourite dessert. Shall I tell you how to make it? It is very simple—even you could make it.

"You take a quart of fresh strawberries and pick them, clean them. Add some sugar—to taste. Then drop in two ounces of curaçao and two of brandy. Now, in a separate bowl, place a pint of vanilla ice cream, and into the bowl put a cup of well-sweetened whipped cream. Mix all this thoroughly and pour over the strawberries. You have, at very small expense, a royal dessert for six people."

"And why," I asked, "is it Strawberries Romanoff?"

"Showmanship, my friend, showmanship," he laughed. "There's Rudy Vallee over there. Do you know what he had for dinner? He had Island Club Lamb Stew, which is absolutely the best stew ever made. I mean, really it is. He always asks for it. So does Jack Dempsey and Ronald Colman."

"How do you make it?"

"Here's how:

"Five pounds of shoulder of spring lamb cut into

three-inch squares, season with salt and pepper and a little garlic, one bay leaf. Place in a saucepan and brown to a golden colour, sprinkle a little flour over the meat, then add enough beef stock to cover the meat. Let simmer for about fifty minutes, then add a few carrots, a few small onions, four sliced parsnips, five ripe tomatoes. When done serve the stew and sprinkle some cooked new peas over the top. Serve new, small, boiled potatoes on the side.

"Winston Churchill came into my New York place the night he landed from England a few years ago. He came back every night thereafter. He was crazy about my dressing for the lobster, shrimp or sea-food cocktail. That takes a bit of making but any house-wife who is careful can put it together with the following ingredients :

One pint of mayonnaise.
One pint chili sauce.
One half-cup India relish.
One chopped hard-boiled egg.
One teaspoon chopped chives.
One half-chopped green pepper.
One chopped pimento.
Two tablespoons chopped celery.
One tablespoon prepared mustard.
Salt. -
Black pepper.
Add one tablespoon A-1 sauce, a dash of paprika,
Mix well together, chill, and serve.

"A grand dessert is hot chocolate soufflé. Champagne goes nicely with it. So does anything else. It looks beautiful, too—almost too beautiful to eat.

"Mix to a paste four ounces of icing sugar, four ounces of flour and four ounces of butter. Stir in yolks of twelve eggs, six ounces of powdered chocolate. Add white of twelve eggs, beaten stiff, pour in baking pan. Bake ten minutes in slow oven and serve at once with a thick vanilla sauce on the side.

"Max Baer always goes for my Chicken Sauté

Clover Club. It's a tasty dish. Gary Cooper and Jock Whitney like it too.

"Here's how to make it :

"Clean and disjoint as for frying one two-and-a-half-pound fresh broiling chicken. Dip, after seasoning, in flour, sauté in saucepan in four ounces of olive oil and butter mixed, cook until golden brown, add two chopped eschalots, six cleaned, large, sliced mushrooms, two cups chicken soup. Cover and cook five minutes more. Before serving add one wine glass of dry white wine, sprinkle with parsley and serve.

"They talk a great deal about Continental cooking," Lamaze continued. "That's the bunk. Every two years I go to Europe and tour the principal dining places. I haven't learned anything new in ten years. New York is the best eating town in the world, I think. Where can you get steaks and chops in Europe like you can at La Hiff's Tavern? Where can you get snails as good as at Jack and Charlie's? Sherman Billingsley, who runs the Stork Club, serves food that compares with that of any place in Europe. And the Colony is the best restaurant in the world. The New York hotels? No. Decidedly no. They are too big. They have to serve too many people. The food is good, but only in the comparatively smaller places like mine and like those I've mentioned is food treated as though it were the raw material out of which masterpieces can be built. But honestly," Lamaze said with little conceit and with much honest pride, "I do serve the best food in the world."

That was five years ago. I've been in plenty of countries since then and I agree with George that New York restaurants are the best in the world. In addition to those mentioned as being outstanding there is Toots Shor's place; the incomparable Luger's in Brooklyn; The Marguery Restaurant on Park Avenue and the Voison. But for the moment I can't complain. There's nothing wrong with our food on this ship.

FOURTH DAY OUT

AT last our luck has changed. That lovely weather was too good to last. Now we are in the midst of the worst fog I ever saw. Fog under any circumstances is tiresome enough, but when you are one of thirty-eight ships it is just a little bit terrifying. Yesterday the ship which trails us kept very close. She was never more than two hundred yards astern. I trust she has dropped back just a bit. It wouldn't be pleasant to have her climb up our back.

Ordinarily convoys don't use fog-horns. The sound of them carries too far. They depend on something they call a fog buoy. This is a funnel-like arrangement secured by a thick steel cable. It is dropped astern and let out to perhaps four hundred feet. The water rushes through the large neck of the fog buoy, and then spurts out. This results in a spraying fountain of water cascading up to perhaps four feet above the surface of the sea. The ship behind keeps her eyes on the spray. However, the fog was too thick last night, and it is still too heavy to penetrate at all. About every twenty minutes the Commodore's ship off to port sounds her fog-horn—two long and three short notes. Then our ship answers. It is an eerie sound on deck. One by one the ships answer. First the ship to starboard, a fine, masculine, heavy note. Then ships further away take it up. Those in the rear sound like the mournful bleating of a lamb. You stand on deck unable to see six feet from you, and you feel very much alone.

All night long this doleful litany kept up. It was

virtually impossible to sleep. It was cold, too. I imagine we are off the Newfoundland banks now. We have no idea of our course. Only the Captain and the Chief Officer know that. We may be heading for Iceland for all we know. Several of our ships are tankers. There are troops in Iceland, and it is quite possible that the tankers will split away from us soon and head for there.

To-night, after the others had gone to bed, the Chief Engineer and I sat up. His name is Jones, and he's a pleasant chap. We have become quite friendly, and inevitably he brought out pictures of his family to show me. He has two daughters—one engaged to a farmer, the other to an R.A.F. pilot. Jones has been with the line thirty-one years. Wouldn't work for any other line he said stoutly.

"We call it the Blue Funnel Line," he explained. "Actually the line is owned, and has been for maybe eighty years, by Alfred Holt and Co., of Liverpool. They're great people to work for. Even the Chinks like working for Holt. They have a great pride in the line and in this ship."

I've noticed that myself. Yesterday the sailors were all busy painting. This freighter is far more immaculate than any passenger ship I have crossed on. There isn't a bit of rust or dirty paint anywhere. Yesterday they were painting the winches. They were giggling happily as they worked.

"Suppose we get torpedoed," I suggested. "All your work for nothing."

They laughed, and one of them looked around with pride.

"Bye bye catchee homeside. Makey look see velly good," one of them giggled. The mate translated that as "When we sail into port we'll look very good." Much to my surprise the Chinese crew does talk the pidgin English of the comic strips. The officers always give orders in the same strange *patois*.

The Blue Funnel Line was founded by Alfred Holt away back in 1852. He bought a 286-ton ship called the *Dumbarton Youth*. She was in good shape except for the fact that her funnel hadn't been painted for a long while. The late owner had left a quantity of blue paint aboard. Holt immediately told his lads to paint the funnel with the blue paint. The *Dumbarton Youth* did well in the West Indian Trade, and gradually Holt acquired other small ships. For eleven years he engaged in the trade and then, successful, he decided to sell all his ships and enter the eastern trade in competition against the famous China Tea Clippers.

He built three ships. His love for things Grecian moved him to name them the *Agamemnon*, the *Ajax* and the *Achilles*, and because he felt that the blue-painted funnel had brought him luck, he used that for his trade mark on the three new ships. In 1866 he inaugurated his new service to the Straits and China via the Cape, and of course after 1870, when the canal opened, via Suez. The line prospered. To-day it is one of the two or three largest in the world. To-day eighty ships, with their funnels blue-tipped, ply their way across the seven seas. In the last war twenty-nine of them were torpedoed, shelled or mined. To date, fourteen have been sunk in this war.

"Our men make a career of the sea," Jones went on. "That, if you'll pardon me, is the difference between American and English merchant shipping. Americans usually sign on for one voyage, and during the trip all they think of is the pay day that'll come when they hit port. Our men, figuratively speaking, sign on for life. Then a company like ours gives you promotion from time to time. You aren't lost in the shuffle. When we get to port we officers have to make reports on all of our men. Those who are efficient seldom spend much time on shore. It's a

good company. Do you know, in thirty-one years I've never heard a complaint from one man about the food!"

I didn't like to ask Jones the obvious question. Why, out of a crew of one hundred, were there seventy-six Chinese? If sea life was so attractive, why didn't more English youngsters take it up? As a matter of fact, we have four young midshipmen with us learning the craft in the old traditional manner. Some day they'll be officers, no doubt.

The Chief talked about the fair-mindedness of Alfred Holt and Company so enthusiastically that I felt like immediately applying for a job with them. Typical of their way of treating men is the fact that as soon as we reach port the Chief will get two weeks' leave. Maybe if some of our big American magnates would take a lesson in fair dealing from Alfred Holt and Co., we would have fewer strikes at home. Two weeks ago everyone in New York that I knew was angry at the men on strike in various defence industries. It might be that the men were taking advantage of stepped-up production to strike for better conditions. But no one (least of all the newspapers) seemed interested in finding out why the men had gone on strike, and for what they were asking. "Labour trouble," that's what it was. "Lousy reds." I wasn't long enough in America to find out the why and wherefore of the various strikes in the industrial plants, but I do know that usually it isn't all "labour trouble." My experience is that more often than not it is "employer trouble." I think that all strikes are good honest strikes until proven otherwise. Plenty of them can be proven otherwise. It was certainly illegal and completely contrary to the American tradition for the C.I.O. to institute the sit-down strikes. It was equally illegal and contrary to the American tradition for companies like Ford to hire thugs to terrorize and actually beat-up strikers.

We talked of that, the Chief Engineer and I, and we talked of many things, and it was mighty pleasant sitting in the mess-room with a bottle of whisky between us. Officers have a pretty hard time of it when they are in convoy. The officers have a schedule of four hours on and four off. They can never get more than three and a half hours sleep at a stretch. Actually they are on call twenty-four hours a day, but they accept it as their part in the war effort.

The Chief lives in Llangollen. In another ten years or so he'll retire on a pension, and he'll live in the country, and he'll be a king. We talked of the country; of Lancashire and Surrey and Kent which we both knew. Kent is my favourite county in England, but much as I like it I must insist that we have country in America that really has it on England. I told the Chief about New Mexico, which is my favourite spot in the world. There is a little place called Carizzozo, in Lincoln County, New Mexico, which has something no county in England has. Arthur Kudner owns a ranch out there, and several times I've gone out and spent a month with him. That's about the best there is. You meet people in the south-west that you don't meet anywhere else in the world. I told the Chief about some of them I've met. Very great gentlemen. Men like Art Rolland and "Doc" Johnson and Will Ed Harriss and Tom James. I told him about a barbecue we once had out at Art Kudner's ranch. It was during the drought three years ago. It was a bad drought, the worst ever to hit the south-west. And I told him about Big Whit.

Now Carizzozo, New Mexico, is quite a bit different from New York or Stamford, Conn. or London or Birmingham, or any other place I've ever lived in. The population of Carizzozo is 1,015, and about 700 of these are Mexicans and Indians. It isn't that so much

which makes Carizzozo different ; it's the fact that you never see a crowd in Carizzozo.

Suppose there are a dozen people standing outside a drug store in New York. You'd pass by and you'd say, "Look at the people standing there." They'd be a group, a merger of individuals. Well, in Carizzozo if you saw a dozen people standing outside Art Rolland's drug store on Alamogordo Street you'd pass by and you'd say, "There's Big Whit and Al Ziegler and Will Ed Harriss and Tom James and Dewey Stokes and M. U. Finley." People who live in Carizzozo and the country around Carizzozo somehow refuse to merge into an impersonal crowd. Each is an individual, and I guess that's the difference between Carizzozo and other places. Now every man you meet in this part of the country has a story of his own, and his story somehow shows in his bearing and in his actions. Maybe it's because the people of the south-west all fight against one very tough enemy—nature. When a drought comes the ranchers watch their cattle sway against barbed wire fences ; watch the helpless bewildered look in their eyes ; watch them die without being able to do a thing about it. When the drought comes the merchants in Carizzozo give credit to anyone who needs it, and everyone needs credit then. It's hell all around when the drought comes to the south-west, and drought is an awfully hard thing to fight. For years the men of Carizzozo (and when I say men of Carizzozo I mean the men who live in a radius of forty miles of the town) have been fighting drought and poison weed and sickness that kills cattle, and maybe it's this that makes each one an individual. Take any man you meet in Carizzozo, listen to his story, and I'll tell you it'll be as good a story as any piece of fiction you ever read. Take, for instance, Big Whit.

His real name is Lindsay Alexander Whitaker, and he's the best barbecue man in this part of the country.

He's a big jovial man, Whit is, who weighs just 258 pounds, though as he says with wide pleased eyes, "By golly, no one'd ever suspect it."

Whit came to Carizzozo when he was twenty-five. He came from Charlotte, North Carolina. Now Whit had asthma very bad, and the doctor told him to go west. So he went to Carizzozo, and he's been there ever since. That was twenty-five years ago.

Whit owns a small ranch about five miles out of town; a nice little ranch with about four hundred head of cattle. He was always a nut on baseball, Big Whit was, so he made a baseball his brand. It's probably the most original brand in the world, and it's quite a sight to see Whit's solemn-eyed cattle grazing, all of them with big baseballs branded on their buttocks. Whit also acts as manager of the Carizzozo Golf Club. The club house is an attractive adobe house, and Big Whit presides behind the bar. He's good on straight drinks, but if you ask him for a Martini or an old fashioned he's apt to get a bit flustered.

Ask Big Whit for a Martini, and he'll look blank for a moment, and then give you a glass of gin with a cherry in it. To him an old fashioned is a slug of bourbon, a piece of ice and a slice of lemon if there happens to be a lemon behind the bar.

But Whit's main source of income is from the government. He was in the war, and he came out of it almost totally disabled, so he gets seventy dollars a month from the government. The draft got him, and he was sent to San Antonio, Texas. Well, it seemed that the low altitude of Santone, as they call it, was bad for Whit, and he wound up with what he refers to as a bronchial condition plus a heart condition.

"They discharged me out of the army," Whit tells, "eighty per cent. disabled I was. Well, I came back home here, but I wasn't home long before they drafted

me again. Guess I was the only man around here that was drafted twice in one war."

Whit suspected that there was something behind that second drafting, and sure enough there was. Seems that his wife had kind of fallen for someone else, and it was she who had him drafted the second time.

"But hell," Big Whit says, "I didn't mind. I says, 'Honey, if that's how you feel, why you go right ahead and get yourself a nice deevorce'."

So Whit returned to Santone for a spell, but once more his bronchial condition and his heart condition came back, and they had to discharge him again, this time with a life pension of seventy dollars a month.

"Yeah man," he says proudly, "eighty per cent. disability, that's me."

He is just about the best barbecue man in this part of the country. Any time that a rancher is going to barbecue a few pounds of beef or a goat, he asks Whit to take care of it.

I remember once during a very bad drought year, Art Kudner decided to have a barbecue. Maybe it would get people's minds off the drought. He invited everyone within fifty miles. And, of course, he got Big Whit to run the barbecue. There were two big pits back of the ranch house; one for beef, the other for kids and spare-ribs. Big Whit started work a little after dark. I stayed with him for a long while. He had fifteen kids there on one grate, and there were five short yearlings on the other. After four hours they were almost done. Big Whit is an artist when he's barbecuing. Now and then he sang under his breath :

"Oh, bury me not on the lone parar-e-e
Where the coyotes howl and the winds blow free-e-e . . .

He watched the meat carefully. He knew how to develop a searing fire that touched the beef and

encased it in a thin unfilterable mask that kept the juices inside.

It was three a.m. by now, and the ranch was asleep. Now and then you'd hear a thin whinnying from the corral where a horse had been disturbed by the distant and almost unheard scream of a mountain lion or the impudent laugh of a coyote. The blue canopy of the sky was sprayed with stars, and the stars looked as though they'd been tossed up there by a careless hand. The dark bulk of the Tucson Mountains loomed to the east, and to the west the sharp outlines of the Carizzozo Mountains etched themselves against the blue and the gold of the New Mexico night, softened by the pale light of a lazy moon.

Big Whit kept one eye on the meat.

"Look at them stars," he said. "More stars up there than there are ants on the earth—and I mean red ants as well as black ants."

Soon a frail and tremulous dawn peeped an apprehensive head over the Tucson. Made bold by the quiet and peace of the valley, it grew stronger and now the cedars on top of the peaks stood out in bold relief. The night crept silently out of the valley, and in a dazzling cascade of golden shafts the sun burst over the mountain—and suddenly it was day. It was five o'clock and Whit looked complacently at his meat. It was about done. He knew that cowboys were even now saddling ponies over in Capitan, in Carizzozo, in Ruidosa, preparing for the long ride to the O-Bar-O ranch. He knew that automobiles were starting from far-off Santa Fe—from El Paso, from Albuquerque, for everyone in Lincoln County was invited to this barbecue, the first big one to be held in years.

The ranch began to stir itself. Mexican girls took possession of the kitchen, made huge pots of coffee, made flapjacks, and looked, too, at the enormous boilers on the stove in which frijoles had been simmering all night. Now in the clear light you could see

cattle moving down the mountain sides, and you could hear the restless stirring of the horses. Tom James, foreman of the ranch, came out to see that everything was ready.

The day before he and his cowboy helpers had built a fifty-foot bar and they had built long tables and benches and had also made a platform for dancing. Far down the valley there sounded the metallic, staccato bark of a motor and soon a huge truck passed the corral and came up to the ranch-house.

"Two hundred gallons of beer," the driver shouted, "and it's all iced."

"That ought to be enough," Tom James laughed, and he helped them unload it and put it behind the bar.

"The meat's ready," Whit reported. "The beans are done," a Mexican girl said. And now the crowd began to come. Automobiles, horse-drawn buckboards, trucks, horses—every possible means of conveyance had been utilized by the men and women of Lincoln County. Ranch owners, cowboys, Mexicans, shopkeepers, State senators—all followed the dusty trail that led to the O-Bar-O ranch.

By eleven o'clock there were five hundred people on the ranch grounds and still they came. Old friends who hadn't met for years greeted each other happily. A group of Mexican vaqueros rode up. One of them rode a small paint and behind him, clasping his waist with thin but sinewy arms, sat his six-year-old daughter. They had ridden thirty miles that way but when he helped the child from the horse she was bright-eyed and untired.

Sheriff McCamant and several of his deputies were there and their guns were at their belts. There were no Indians there, though. It is still an offence against the Law to serve an Indian a drink in New Mexico. Indians apparently have never learned how to drink. Now the barbecue was served. Mexican helpers from

the ranch kitchen stood behind the long tables and filled paper plates with huge helpings of kid and beef and frijoles. Cowboys who had volunteered to act as bartenders kept the cold beer flowing. Children sat on the grass under the trees looking their amazement. Many had never before been away from the ranches on which they had been born. This was a new world to them. Now the orchestra arrived. Four Mexican boys they were, and the leader had been blind since birth—but he could play an accordion. You couldn't name a Mexican or a cowboy song that these boys didn't know.

The sun was high in the heavens now and it poured down a blistering barrage of heat, but there was plenty of beer, and lemonade for the youngsters, and there was shade at the back of the ranch-house. Cowboys mingled with ranch owners and they swapped tales, and if you listened you heard stories that thrilled you. There was Uncle Pete Johnson, for instance. He was sitting there on the grass with Will Ed Harriss and Dewey Stokes.

"In 1885," he was saying, "I drove a herd of cattle right through this valley. I brought them from Texas all the way to Iowa and didn't lose a single head. Yes, sir, started out with 3,500 of them, too. Of course, I gave a few to the Indians on the way. If I hadn't of, I would of lost the whole herd—but the Indians were reasonable, even in those days."

A group of youngsters had surrounded Buck Higgins, looking at him with worship in their eyes. Buck was the world's champion bulldogger, holding the record at two and two-fifths seconds. He hails from the Diamond-A ranch over in Arizona. He talked casually of Breezy Cox, Ed Bowman, Bob Crosby and the other heroes of the rodeos, and the eyes of the youngsters glistened.

The orchestra was playing now. Sometimes the boys played cowboy songs, sometimes ordinary tunes,

and then they'd play Mexican songs. When they played Mexican songs they sang softly.

The crowd, laughing, acquainted now, moved toward the dance floor. Huge tubs of ice-cream had replaced the beer behind the bar and cowboys with guns at their belts were eating large plates of it. Ice-cream is a real delicacy in the ranch country—especially during a drought.

We had square dances and cowboys shot horseshoes at the back of the house, and then there were horse races on the plain down the road a bit. It was a great day and it made people forget the drought and it gave them something to talk about for a long time afterwards. But mostly they talked of Big Whit and his marvellous barbecued meat.

Once Doc Johnson tried to get Whit to reduce.

"He came to me," Big Whit says, "and he says, 'Whit, you're too dam' fat. I'm going to put you on a special diet and I want you to follow it closely.'

"Well, sir," he went on, "it was the damnedest diet you ever see. Bananas and milk. Nothing else. Say, I like to die until I got used to it. Doc made me go in and see him every week and he'd go over me, look at my heart, take a blood count and all that. I lost thirty pounds in a month. I felt great and I said to Doc Johnson, 'You've made a new man outa me, Doc. Now how much do I owe you for all those treatments?'

"What do you think ol' Doc said to me? Ol' Doc said, 'Whit, you don't owe me nothin'. I was reading in a medical book about this here diet and I was thinking of trying it out on myself. But I wasn't sure about it so I thought I'd try it out on you. It worked fine, too, didn't it, Whit? And now, by golly, some day I'm going to try it myself.'"

Some day the asthma and the bronchial condition and the heart condition may get Big Whit. But I doubt it like hell. The air in New Mexico is so good

that you don't notice ordinary ailments. Funny thing about New Mexico—the stars don't twinkle at night as they do in New York or London. There's a reason for that. Actually stars don't twinkle at all, but you take a place like New York, which is near the sea, and there's always a haze up there in the sky. During the day the sun draws up moisture and some dust comes up with the moisture and it all just hangs there in the form of a haze. Well, at night you see the stars through that haze and the haze shimmers a little and you think that the stars are shining or twinkling. That isn't so at all. Now in New Mexico there is no haze. There's nothing between you and the stars but sky; nothing but clear air that has no dust in it at all and that's why you see the stars as they really are—calm, placid, golden things.

Last summer in London I used to sit around doing a lot of wishful thinking; making believe I was back in Carizzozo. During August, Art Kudner always has a bunch of us out. I knew they'd be there and it made me envious; Lee Olwell, and Jack and Ethel LaGorce, and Cleo Black, and June Almy, and Bill Baxter, and I imagined them every morning going into town for the mail. The mail, of course, was an excuse we used. We actually went in to see Art and Sadie Rolland.

The trouble with so many books is the fact that the people who write them haven't got anything much to say. They can say it well all right because ever since Ernest Hemingway discovered the simple declarative sentence writing has been fairly easy. Now there are an awful lot of people around who have really great stories to tell but who don't know it. Take Art Rolland for instance. Art owns the drug store in Carizzozo, and the drug store in Carizzozo is much like the general store in New England or the country pub in Britain. Art's soda counter takes the place of the cracker barrel, and for thirty-five years he has been

listening to the stories told by ranchers, by cowboys; by Mexican labourers.

"You ought to write a book, Art," I told him.

"Hell," he said, "I'm only a country druggist. Nothing much has ever happened to me."

He's wrong, of course. Art Rolland came to the southwest back in 1903 and he went through the turbulent gold rush days; the fruitful days when cattle sold for \$100 a head; the drought days when you couldn't give cattle away. He went through all of this, and his story is the story of the south-west during the last thirty-five years.

Around ten o'clock at night Carizzozo goes to bed, and often Tom James and Art Kudner and Big Whit and Dewey Stokes from the V-Bar ranch and I have sat behind the partition which separates the rest of the store from the prescription department, listening to stories of the early days of Carizzozo. Any smart publisher, after listening to Art, would immediately grab him by the neck, throw him into a cell for three months and make him write a book.

To-day Carizzozo has a population of 1,015. It was a little less than that back in 1903 when Art came to town out of Fenton, Michigan, to open up a drug store. It was a wild town then, because miners from White Oaks and other places where gold lay under the soil would come to town to spend their money. There were plenty of places to spend it in Carizzozo. On Alamogordo Street, which was only four blocks long, there were five saloons, three sporting houses, two gambling houses, and two places which were a combination of all three.

The gold and the high altitude of the country attracted strange people from strange places. Some came in quest of gold; others searching for health. There was a town ordinance passed which ordered that all who came within the town limits must give up their guns to the constable, who would return

them when they left town. The constable was never around much so the miners and the ranchers got into the habit of leaving their guns with Art.

One night a miner, quite drunk, came into Art's place and he was looking for someone. Art couldn't persuade him to give up his gun.

"I'm goin' to find that guy and blow his head off," the drunk yelled. Then he left, but as he left Art slipped the drunk's gun out of the holster and put it behind the soda fountain.

A few minutes later he heard a disturbance out back of the store and he ran out there. There was his drunken pal lying on the ground and another man quite sober levelling his gun at him.

Art yelled, "Stop, that man is unarmed."

The man with the gun stuck his gun into Art's ribs and said coldly, "Get out of here. This isn't your fight."

"You're damn right, it isn't," Art said, and he went right back into the store.

He laughs when he recalls it. "I saved that drunk's life, though, by taking away his gun. Funny thing, even in those days no one would shoot an unarmed man. Why I remember . . ."

We'd sit there behind the partition and listen to Art and he would find a bottle of Old Grandad and a bowl of crackers and he'd say, "Have a little Old Grandpappy, folks. It's as nice a bourbon whiskey as you'll ever see. . . ."

Pretty soon we'd be hearing about Scotty Dean who had a strange fascination for dogs. Scotty came from Australia and he wound up in the southwest trying to cure a bad lung. Finally he was pronounced well and he came into Carizzozo jubilantly.

"I'm off for home," he told Art Rolland. "I've got five hundred dollars and that'll just pay my way home. But to-night I'm going to celebrate a little."

"Better leave your roll with me, Scotty," Art suggested.

He wouldn't though. He went out, got himself good and drunk, was rolled for his money—and he stayed on in Carizzozo for twenty-five more years before he could get five hundred dollars together again.

"Scotty loved dogs," Art says. "Once I gave a friend of mine in El Paso a fine dog as a present. Scotty liked that dog and he went all the way over to El Paso to steal it. They caught him all right and put him on the rock pile. Well, I didn't like to see him breaking rock so I had him paroled in my custody and took care of him. I've seen him walk into the store here with twenty dogs following him. He was kind of a Pied Piper. He whistled and every dog for miles around would come a-runnin'."

In the course of time Art prospered; his was the only drug store for thirty miles around. He married, and now people didn't say, "Let's drop in to see Art"; they'd say, "Let's drop in to see Art and Sadie."

They'd drop in (still do), leave their guns and then they'd have a chocolate soda. Now it's a moot and often-argued question as to which one makes the best soda, Art or Sadie. I think the honours go to Sadie. I honestly believe that she makes the best chocolate soda in the world. For one thing she makes her own syrup and it's heavy and wholesome and thick. In the cattle country whisky is common but a chocolate soda is a real treat.

Once a customer paid his bill in the store by giving Art and Sadie two baby wildcats. They made nice pets and didn't cost anything to feed because they liked jackrabbits and you only had to lift a gun to your shoulder to kill a jack. As they grew older they demanded more and more jacks and now Art had to spend half his day hunting to keep those wildcats happy.

"I swear it got so those jacks would know I was after them," Art says now. "I'd drive along and

maybe a mile in front of me I'd see a cloud of dust. It would be a thousand jackrabbits running like all get out. This is the damnedest jackrabbit country in the world but it got so that I never could get within shooting range of them. So we sent the wildcats down to Clyde Tinghley, he was mayor of Santa Fe then, and now they're down there in the zoo."

Art and Sadie almost sank in 1923. Art was vice-president and director of the local bank. He had every cent he owned in that bank. It was a drought year but the bankers kept lending money to any rancher who needed it. They'd put up their cattle as security. The banks would lend a hundred dollars on a cow. Then the price of cattle fell from a hundred dollars to ten dollars, the security for the loans was practically worthless, and one bank after another fell. Only seventeen out of the one hundred and sixty-eight banks in New Mexico survived. Art's bank wasn't one of them. He went broke, lost everything he had, including the drug store.

He and Sadie just smiled a little and started all over again. They rented their store and started paying off. They're all paid off now and they're on their way to another prosperity; that is if they don't give the store away some day.

One afternoon Tom James and I were in the store when a wrinkled old Mexican hobbled in. Art greeted him effusively. The old Mexican ordered a lot of things, some medicine, some pipe tobacco and a couple of bottles of whisky.

"Better take some ice-cream home with you for the wife," Art suggested, and then he wrapped up a quart of ice cream for the Mexican. Then he made a list of all the things the Mexican had ordered and said, "Let's see now, that comes to \$11.40. I'll just put it on your bill."

Tom James nudged me and he said, "Now watch what happens."

The Mexican grunted his thanks and Art waved a cheerful good-bye. Then the old Mexican hobbled out. Art casually took the piece of paper upon which he had figured the bill and tore it up. Then he tossed it on the floor behind the counter.

"He's been supporting that old man for ten years to my knowledge," Tom James said. "He and Sadie give credit to anybody, and if they don't get paid, well that's all right, they don't mind."

Art Rolland has white hair now but he's very youthful-looking and he was born with a smile in his eyes. Sadie, a few years younger, has black hair and her eyes are large and brown and full of friendliness and Sadie is lovely to look at. They think that they are the luckiest couple in the world.

Well, everyone in this part of the country loves them. A lot of people around Carizzozo think that Art Rolland hung the moon. That's the highest praise you can give a man in these parts. I wouldn't be surprised if he did at that.

You can't talk about Carizzozo without mentioning the late Doc Johnson. He was a very great person. Everyone who lives within forty miles of Carizzozo knows about Doc Johnson.

For twenty-five years Doc brought them into the world and took care of them once he'd brought them in safely. He nursed their 'flu and he took out their gall stones, and sometimes he amputated their limbs, and I guess all in all Doc Johnson was about the best-loved man I ever saw. I never heard an unkind word about Doc. Now Doc was not the hero type. He was fat and he wheezed from his asthma and he'd drink with you and swear with you and if you did something he didn't like I tell you he could raise plenty of hell. But mostly he was just a slow-moving, apparently lazy, good-natured country doctor. That's all you saw on the surface, anyway. But there's a story behind every man you meet in Carizzozo, and I want

to tell you the story of Frank Johnson whom everyone called "Doc."

Frank Johnson was born and educated in Alabama. He stayed there for a while, but the climate wasn't good for his asthma. One day he said to himself, "Hell, I'm a big man. There isn't room enough around here for me. I'm goin' to head west."

Doc Johnson always was a man who had the knack of thinking straight. He bought himself a covered wagon, a couple of horses, packed his blankets and his surgical tools and headed toward the setting sun. You might have called him eccentric—buying that covered wagon. It wasn't eccentric; it was eminently practical. It was the cheapest, the most comfortable, and the most convenient way to travel. He kept on going until he hit El Capitan in New Mexico. He bought himself a small cabin and for one year he did nothing but lie in the sun and read medical books, and fish a little.

He emerged healthy and eager. He climbed back into the covered wagon and moved on. He hit Carizzozo, took one look around and said, "This is for me." It was the greatest break the town ever had. Within ten years Doc Johnson was known to everyone for forty miles around. Well, for one thing he was the only doctor in the region. Every other year he'd disappear for two months. No one ever knew where he went. Then a rancher bumped into him in Chicago and Doc rather shamefacedly confessed that he took a post-graduate course every two years to keep up with the medical times. He had a great respect for his profession. Now let me tell you just one story about Doc.

Art Rolland's drug store is the headquarters for ranchers who come to town for supplies. One day Doc was sitting there at the counter having a chocolate soda. He noticed that about ten ranchers and cowhands came in within twenty minutes, and that each

of them asked for some kind of pill. He noticed, too, that they all looked worried.

Doc turned to Art Rolland. "Art," he said, "things are bad this year. The drought has killed a lot of cattle and it's got all the boys worried to death. They aren't physically sick; there's nothing I can do for them and your pills are only a stop-gap."

"That's right, Doc," Art agreed. "Things are pretty bad."

"What the boys need," Doc drawled, "is something to take their minds off their worries. Now I've been thinking about it, Art, and I've got the idea that a golf course would help a lot."

Art looked incredulous. "Who ever heard of ranchers and cowboys playin' golf, Doc?"

"Nobody up to now," Doc said complacently. "Now there's a powerful lot of land lying around here and"

Within two weeks Doc had the ranchers all het up about the idea. One of them gave a piece of land; others lent their Mexican boys to lay out the course. The first thing you knew they built the nicest little nine-hole course you ever saw. Then they got Tom James to build an adobe club-house with a bar. Mexican boys acted as caddies. Doc suggested that each player always used two caddies; one to take care of the clubs and the other to keep bringing cold beer from the club-house. When the drought years came again the people of the country were mighty glad to have that golf course. They couldn't just sit and watch their cattle die. Instead they went and hit a ball around for an hour or so and had a few beers and then somehow things didn't seem so bad. Of course, they elected Doc Johnson president of the club.

Once the Doc asked me to go trout-fishing with him. I told him I didn't like to fish.

"The only time the fish bite is when you aren't fishing," I told Doc.

"I don't like fishing either," Doc said, "but I like trout a lot. Now I got a cabin and a trout stream up at Eagle Creek and I'm telling you they always bite up there."

Tom James and Belle James and Cleo and June and Madelin Kudner and Lee Olwell and I went up with Doc Johnson, and I saw why the trout always bit. In front of his cabin he had a nice pool about fifty feet long fed at one end by a fresh cold stream. There was a small outlet and each end was screened. Well, Doc had stocked this pond with trout; he put thousands of them in there. He kept a boy there at the cabin whose only job was to feed the trout once a day. He fed them with bread and bits of bacon and liver and they thrived on it.

Doc took a small branch, tied a piece of twine on it, attached a hook to the end of the twine, slapped a piece of bacon rind on the hook and handed it to me.

"G'wan and fish," he said.

I tossed in the line and it seemed as if a hundred trout leaped over each other to get at that bit of bacon. Within four minutes I had pulled in eleven trout—all good-sized fish.

"It ain't quite as easy as shooting fish in a barrel," Doc said apologetically, "but it's almost as easy."

They were mighty tasty—these mountain trout—and we had them for lunch, washed down with fried chicken. Doc liked to live well.

Everybody in Carizzozo loved Doc. Yes, sir. For a long time Doc saved every penny he made. He wouldn't tell anyone for what he was saving. Then one day Carizzozo woke up to find that it owned a hospital. The Doc had bought a big house right opposite the court-house and had converted it into a hospital. Operating room and everything. Carizzozo was mighty proud of that hospital. I guess people in Carizzozo and the country around got as

good medical and surgical attention as people anywhere in the world.

One night a lot of us, Art Kudner, Tom and Belle James, Art Rolland, Big Whit and Billy MacDonald were in the club-house having a drink. Doc was with us, too, and he was in good form. He was half-way through a glass of beer when his nurse came in and talked to him urgently. He nodded.

"Got to run along for a little while," he said. "Don't no one touch that glass of beer."

Then he ambled out, fat, wheezing a little, humming "Put your little foot, put your little foot, put your little foot right there." That's the Varsuviana, a popular dance in this country.

He came back in about an hour and stepped up to the bar. "Where's that drink of mine?" he asked.

"Right there," Big Whit said. "What was the matter?"

"Some Mexican woman was over to the hospital with a busted appendix," Doc said, reaching for the pretzel bowl. "Had to work fast, but she's all right now. Hell, she'll be out making tortillas in another eight or nine days. Now, as I was telling you when I got called away . . ."

That was the Doc, casual over what to the rest of us was a miracle. He'd saved a life during that brief hour he was gone, but it was just an incident to him.

About nine years ago they elected Doc Johnson Mayor of Carizzozo. First thing he did was to slap a one-cent-a-gallon petrol tax on the town, and with the proceeds widened the streets and installed a sewer system, something which the town had lacked. He was a good mayor. They re-elected him when his term was up; re-elected him by a five-to-one vote. Of course they always knew that Doc was a good doctor, but Carizzozo was sure proud when the Governor of New Mexico appointed him chairman of the State Medical Board.

Well, they had planned a barbecue at the country club one day about five years ago. They got Big Whit to take care of it, and it was going to be a hell of a party. Doc Johnson planned it all, but a few days before he caught a little chill and went to bed.

"I'll be all right for the barbecue," he growled when Big Whit suggested postponing the party.

There were about two hundred and fifty people there at the club late that afternoon. They were all there laughing and dancing and listening to the Mexican boys play, and they were drinking a little, too. Then a man came and whispered something to Big Whit.

Big Whit went white and said, "My God!"

Someone said, "What's the matter?"

Big Whit said, "The Doc's dead."

The music stopped, the laughing stopped and leathery-skinned ranchers and cowboys turned their faces away. Doc Johnson dead? Hell, that couldn't be. But it was. He was dead all right. The crowd didn't know what to do. Everyone stayed there drinking grimly, sadly, talking in whispers about Doc Johnson.

They still talk about Doc around Carizzozo. I'm certainly glad I knew Doc Johnson. That was a man, that big, fat, drinking, wheezing son of a gun. Yes, sir, that was a man.

FIFTH DAY OUT

ALL night long our fog-horn sounded. All night long ghostly echoes came from out of the thick white darkness which surrounded us. If the fog had only held off until we were in the real danger zone—thirty west longitude—we all would have been grateful. Fog is a good defence against dive bombers. It is a much better defence than guns. It's pretty difficult for a gun to get a bomber diving at four hundred miles an hour.

For five days my fellow passengers have all been playing a game one of them taught the others ; the ancient game of Patience. I learned it to-day and became a victim. It's the best-one-handed card game I ever played. There isn't much else to do on board. We can't even do much walking ; beside, who wants to walk around the uninteresting deck of a freighter ? So we read detective stories, play Patience and talk.

The first time I played Patience I "went out." All fifty-two of the cards lay there, and it was a very satisfactory feeling.

" You'll be an addict for life now," Gallup laughed. " It's like having the misfortune to win your first bet at a race track. You can never stop after that."

We talked of race tracks ; compared the tracks of England, Ireland, France and America. Inevitably we got to talking of horses. Gallup has seen a lot of American racing. Talking of horses made me vaguely homesick. My pet track, Empire, opens this week, and it would be great to be there. Heywood Broun and I used to practically live there. We both bet

entirely by ear; neither of us ever bothered with form sheets. Before mutuals came to New York tracks Broun and I always bet with Tom Mara. Broun practically never won, but as he never bet more than two dollars it didn't matter much. Mara used to work harder trying to find a winner for Broun than he did running his book. He loved to see Heywood win. Broun only bet on long shots, and when one of them came in he'd live in a pleasant daze of satisfied complacency for a week. I remember once when he told Tim he wished to bet on a horse that obviously was out of its class.

"Mr. B"—Mara retained the old-fashioned gambling house and race-track custom of calling his customers merely by the letter of their surname—"that horse hasn't a chance," he pleaded. "Don't waste your money on it. He's had a bad leg and they're just putting him there for the exercise."

"He's got four legs like the rest of them," Heywood said mildly. "I like him, Tim. I like his price, too—fifty to one."

"All right," Tim said in disgust. "I'll take your bet and I'll let you name your odds. What odds do you want, Mr. B.?"

"A hundred to one," Broun said brightly.

"You got it," Mara said gravely. "Two dollars at a hundred to one."

It would be nice to say that the horse won. It didn't. It finished where it was supposed to finish, a bad last. But Broun was tickled to death.

"I beat the price on that horse," he chuckled. "No other bookie would give me better than fifty to one. Well, I got a hundred to one, didn't I?"

When horsemen gather they always end up arguing as to which was the greatest horse of all time.

To me there was only one great horse; a horse I never saw run. Bill Corum, the sports writer, told me a little about the horse. He told me enough to

get me excited. I looked up the newspaper files on the horse. They didn't have an awful lot. I looked up the Jockey Club Records; I talked to people in Kentucky who knew the owner of the horse, and the trainer of the horse. I finally wound up by knowing that horse as well as I ever knew a human being.

If it's a story of courage you want, glorious unreasoning courage, the kind that almost transcends human understanding—then listen to the tale of Black Gold, the one they called the little black horse. It's the story of a gallant heart. It's been written before, and it'll be written again, and it'll be told and retold wherever horsemen gather, for it forms one of the most glamorous pages in the saga of the horse world. It begins . . .

Useeit was a wispy mare; she wasn't very big and she didn't look like much of a horse at all. Her father, Bonnie Joe, had been a good horse, but somewhere back of him there had been a break in the thoroughbred chain, so Useeit had a streak of "cold blood" in her. It may have been that cold blood which gave Useeit and later her son Black Gold a certain toughness and hardiness not usually given to thoroughbreds.

Al Hoots owned Useeit, and Al used to ride the mare through the canyons and across the mesas of Oklahoma. Al was a true son of the plains. He was at home when he led Useeit over the sandstone ledges north of the Okmulgee River. He was at home trotting Useeit over the big plain of the Cimarron, and the trackless prairies north of the Arkansas were open books to Al.

But most of all he was at home in the country of the Osage, the Pawnee and the Choctaw, and it may have been because, as many claimed, Al was part Indian himself. Certainly he and Useeit were adopted children of the Osage tribe, for the Indians love a fast horse and a good rider—and Useeit and Al were that.

Now in the Indian country of Oklahoma they have

horse races that are unlike any other horse races in the world. Usually they are short races and held on the flatness of the nearest plain. They throw a blanket on the ground, and that is the starting post. They throw another blanket on the ground perhaps half a mile away, and the horse that reaches there first wins the race. The braves always ride their own horses and there is no such thing as a handicap of weight. Al Hoots was not very heavy and he could ride like the devil. Many a time in his travels Al and Useeit would come to an Indian settlement, and always they'd a new horse there which they thought would beat Useeit. Al would grin, lead Useeit to the starting blanket and then ride the eyeballs out of those mustangs. This was back in 1916.

They couldn't beat Useeit—so they adopted the little mare with the sleepy eyes and the twinkling hoofs. So it was that Useeit became known as an Osage horse, and to this day the tribe claims her and her son as its own.

Then Al would take Useeit from county fair to county fair; from small race track to small race track, and Al and the mare became known all over Oklahoma. Useeit was Al's one-horse stable, his meal ticket and his life. One day he entered Useeit in a claiming race, but when the race was over and a bidder appeared, Al couldn't part with the mare. He led Useeit away from the track and, according to the tenets of the horse world, Al was in disgrace, and he and the mare were ruled off the Oklahoma turf. You see, in a claiming race if a bidder appears you are forced to sell. The Osage tribe still insists that Al was framed in that race. In any case, he couldn't part with Useeit.

There was a great bond between these two for each was everything to the other. They had bunked together in the tall grass of the prairies and had watched the miracle of a cool, dark night extinguish the mad redness of a late afternoon sun. Oh, but

these two were friends indeed—the solemn-eyed wisp of a pony and the laughing-eyed Al Hoots.

And that's why he couldn't give up Useit to the bidder who had appeared. That's why he led Useit home to the small house and a bit of property which he and his wife Rosa owned. That's why Al Hoots ceased to be a wanderer, ceased to be a laughing caballero of the plains. Useit grew older and suddenly the thought came to Al that some day the mare would die. She should not die, he decided, without leaving some tangible monument to her greatness. A son or daughter should carry on after her.

He took the mare to Colonel Bradley's farm over in Kentucky and bred the mare to a great stallion—Black Tony.

Now Al had a new interest in life. He talked of nothing but the foal that was to be born to Useit. Things weren't going very well with the Hoots family, and then, to make it worse, Al fell ill. That strange intuition given to the dying told him that he would never rise from his bed. But he did want to live until the foal was born.

"If I die before it comes," he'd whisper to Rosa, "never sell it. That foal will bring you luck."

"Hush, Al," Rosa would soothe, "you're not going to die."

Al would smile weakly and then murmur, "The foal will bring you luck, Rosa." Then one day his smile became fixed and Rosa knew that he was dead.

Despair gripped her and the future looked black. All she had was the ageing Useit and her expected foal. Then the youngster was born, a tiny black mite of horseflesh with spindly legs, and the heart of Rosa must have been heavy. This looked to be a sorry luck piece. But still it was a lovable thing which lacked the shyness of most foals, and it seemed sturdy enough despite the thin stems on which it stood. Rosa wondered what to name it

Then a kindly fate, thinking perhaps that Rosa Hoots had known enough poverty, enough heartaches, enough misfortune, decided to take a hand in the game. An oil prospector appeared from nowhere, did mysterious things with mysterious instruments to the land which was owned by Rosa Hoots, and then stepped back as a roaring black cascade gushed forth from the dark red loam of the Oklahoma earth.

They call oil black gold in Oklahoma. As Rosa Hoots watched the gusher springing forth, she wasn't seeing oil; she was seeing gold. This was in 1920, and it was easy to translate oil into gold. There was so little of the former and so much of the latter. Rosa Hoots watched them harness this stream of oil, tame it so that it flowed more gently into tanks, and she remembered the dying words of her husband, "The foal will bring you luck."

She named it Black Gold.

Mrs. Hoots was wealthy now, and she bedecked herself with jewels, and she sent to Paris for her frocks. Mrs. Hoots was wealthy now, and she could have hired the best-known horse trainers in the land to care for the spindly foal. But she was the wife of Al Hoots and she hired, instead, Harry Webb, an old friend of Al's, who, like him, was part Indian. Now Harry knew horses as only Indians and gypsies and the Irish know horses. Harry didn't believe in coddling a horse. A horse, Harry thought, was like a child. First you've got to make a horse (or a child) obey you. Then it respects you, and if you have been wise in its rearing it finally gets to love you.

Black Gold grew up in the Oklahoma pastures just as the Indian horses did. Black Gold shuddered in the cold and the rain of winter nights, and Black Gold thrived under the burning sun of summer days. Even as a youngster the little black horse galloped long miles over rough pasture land and over uneven country roads.

In 1923 Black Gold was two years old, and it was time for him to enter the lists. His first start in fast company was the Bashford Manor Stakes at Churchill Downs, and it was fitting that he should win that one, for later he was to write his name indelibly in the history of that lovely old Louisville track. Yes, he won that one all right, and the experts were a bit surprised. You see, Black Gold then didn't look so much. He was so small and he didn't have that well-groomed, sleek appearance which characterized the youngsters which ran for the Whitneys, for Colonel Bradley, for Widener or the Vanderbilts. But they pay off on speed once that barrier is sprung—not on looks.

Black Gold did all right as a two-year-old, but of course the test didn't come until a year later. Then Webb shipped him to the Louisiana Derby. It was a rainy day, and the mud was fetlock deep as the horses went to the post. The rain slanted into the eyes of the horses, and the high-strung thoroughbreds were jittery. The wind was cold, and it sent sharp chills up their legs, and the chills made them the more nervous. Black Gold just stood there. This sort of weather was an old story to him. He'd slept in open pastures many a night when the weather was worse than this. He stood there—and then the barrier was sprung, and he was a black phantom. He won as a great horse should win—going away.

Harry Webb was now satisfied that he had a great race horse in his care. The greatness of the little black horse began to be bruited about the land. Wherever horsemen gathered they discussed Black Gold and his chances of winning the Kentucky Derby, but most of all they discussed the little black horse in the Osage country.

Now in many respects the Kentucky Derby is the greatest horse race. There are other America's which pay the winner more but none has the colour, the

tradition and the carnival air of America's greatest classic. The race is as American as the bourbon whisky they put in the mint juleps which Colonel Matt Winn and Colonel Phil Chinn serve to favoured visitors at a Derby breakfast. There are those who say that it is only an imitation of the English Derby, but that is nonsense. It isn't even pronounced "Darby," as is the English classic, except by a few teacup-balancing, racing dilettantes who attend just because they know that the photographers from the Sunday papers will be on hand. To your Kentuckian it's the Derby and it's called Derby, and a few years ago when Lord Derby, sponsor of the English event, attended they taught him to call it Derby—just like that, just as it's spelled.

The Derby is more than a horse race: it's the story of Kentucky and of the blue grass country. It's *My Old Kentucky Home* acted out before your eyes. It started back in 1875 with Aristides galloping the mile and a quarter in $2:37\frac{3}{4}$ to be the forerunner of the thoroughbreds whose names are posted back of the sprawling wooden stands at Churchill Downs.

The Derby is a race that can't be bought. The wealthiest men in the country have bred horses for years and years hoping to get a Derby winner, and only a few have succeeded. Back in 1902 Mrs. Lasca Durnell bought a yearling for \$700. It won the 1904 Derby for her. Worth, the 1912 winner, was a \$425 yearling. The immortal Rosebud—whom Kentuckians still stoutly declare to be the greatest of them all—was bought by his owner, Ham Applegate, for \$600 as a baby. But it doesn't matter—we're talking of a little black horse and of a bright sunny day—May 15th, 1924.

White clouds hang lazily in a deep blue sky. Hardly a wisp of breeze ruffles the big American flag that hangs atop the gabled tower over the grandstand at Churchill Downs. Ninety-five thousand

people have come to pay homage to the thoroughbreds and to help Kentucky celebrate the golden anniversary of its great race.

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, bedecked with jewels and with orchids on her shoulder, sits in her box, and not a sign of emotion shows on her face.

Nineteen beautiful bundles of nerves and sinews prance out to the track, and the crowd roars a welcome. Garner, Fator, Sande, A. Johnson, Pony McAtee, McDermott, Mooney—the best jockeys in the land—are crouching over the necks of their horses, whispering into the ears of their horses, calming the nerves of their horses.

The crowd has been roaring, but now a band leader lifts his baton, and an overpowering silence settles over the stands. Then the almost unbearably sweet strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" hang in the still air, and you find that your hands are trembling, and you feel a lump in your throat. This lovely lament should never be played anywhere but in Kentucky, and it should be borne to you only on a blue-grass-scented Kentucky breeze. It is more than a song—it is a prayer and an expression of pride by Kentuckians who love their native soil.

"The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay . . ."

The ghosts of other Derby winners hover about us. Who was the greatest? The black gelding Old Rosebud won it all in 1914, and his record of 2:03 still stands. Seven years from now Twenty Grand will beat it. When Old Rosebud was racing he was as much a part of this Kentucky country as is the song that is hanging in the soft air now. His sire Uncle was bred in Bourbon County, Kentucky. Now it is a peculiarity that a strange kinship exists between good horses and good Bourbon whisky. In the days

of the past the Indian fighting pioneers brought their English thoroughbreds through mountain passes into Kentucky, and they watched their horses grow, and they noted the satiny sleekness of their coats—sure sign of good health in a horse. They made good whisky, too, and they didn't know it then, but the strength of the horses and the strength of the whisky both came from the limestone soil which in turn gave phosphate of lime to the blue grass on which the horses fed and to the water from which the whisky was made. Blue grass, by the way, is like any grass until it is in seed. Then it has a bluish tinge.

“The corn top's ripe and the meadows are in bloom
And the boys make music all the day——”

Rosa Hoots is standing with the rest. Her eyes are riveted on the little black hunk of honesty prancing just a bit nervously. The ghosts of other Derby winners come on the wings of the music. There was Exterminator who won his Derby in 1918. There was Buchanan the 1884 winner. His spirit is here somewhere, and he's probably looking at the jockeys with the patronizing air of a horse who has known the best. He's probably saying, “If old Isaac Murphy were here we'd probably lick this field, old as we are.” Black Isaac Murphy won three Derbies.

“Weep no more, my ladies,
Oh, weep no more to-day . . .”

Back in 1903 Judge Himes paid fifteen to one. So did Pink Star in 1907. In 1913 Donerail, a sleepy-eyed bay colt, long legged and thin in the belly, paid \$184.90 for a two dollar ticket. The horses are almost at the post. A soft breeze blows over the infield, and the blue grass rustles and the dogwood sways and the goldenrod nods. The breeze brings to life the two American flags that have been hanging limply from

atop the gabled towers that crown the huge gingerbread-like stands. Rosa Hoots stands with her gaze riveted on the little black horse. Chilhowee dances daintily; Klondike prances gaily; Bracadale rears suddenly only to subside when he feels the intelligent hands of Sande sending him a message. In a few moments a king will be crowned on that golden bracelet of shining sand.

Many a tear is trembling on quivering eyelids. The song creeps into your blood; it twists your heart, but withal you feel a strange pride that you are at least for the moment a part of Kentucky. You can only understand if you've been there. And now the voices raise, and you find that you, too, are singing the last proud notes of this litany of Kentucky.

*"We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home . . . far . . . away."*

The horses are at the post. Black Gold is on the rail and, strange to say, he's nervous. Jockey Mooney growls, "Easy, easy, boy." Altawood, Klondike, Baffling, Mr. Mutt, Transmute, Bracadale, Thorndale, the light-footed Chilhowee, the well-thought-of Beau Butler, and nine others are finally ready.

Then, "Now—come on," Starter Billy Snyder roars, and his cry is echoed by a mighty "They're off" from the packed stands and the infield crowd. As though by pre-arrangement, a brisk wind springs out of the east and whips the flag over the grandstand into a dancing frenzy. It is a good start, but the astute Sande has Bracadale of the Rancocas Stable out in front. We know his strategy. He wants to kill off the field so that Mad Play, the No. 1 Rancocas entry, can breeze in. They pass the stand, and Albert Johnson on Chilhowee goes after Bracadale. Black Gold is fifth, well placed inside, ready for anything but not making his bid yet.

They're around the turn now and running in the far stretch opposite the stands. Through your glasses you see Sande going to his whip. Bracadale is feeling the pace. Through your glasses you see the old rose silks which Useeit once raced under moving up as Jockey Mooney gives Black Gold his head. He's outside where he won't be interfered with, but Mooney isn't making his real bid even yet.

They reach the far turn, and Sande looks back for a moment out of desperate eyes hoping to see the brown nose of Mad Play. Instead he sees Chilhowee and Beau Butler. Now they're half-way around the turn, and through your glasses you see Jockey Mooney raise his whip, then bring it down smartly. That's no ordinary whip. Black Gold wouldn't feel the lash of an ordinary whip. This is a leather thong weighted with buckshot—an Indian whip which calls to the blood of the Indian horse Useeit, and that blood is coursing through the veins of this little black horse.

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, bedecked with jewels and with orchids on her shoulder, sits in her box—and now her face is white.

They're in the stretch, and again Mooney raises his whip. That whip sends the little black horse a message. It's a message from the dead Al Hoots and from Useeit. It says to Black Gold: "This is the destiny toward which you have been advancing. This is the moment for which you were born. Are you equal to your destiny?"

Does Black Gold answer the question?

Good Lord, how he answers it! He surges past Chilhowee, and now you could put a blanket over the first four horses. He lunges in front of Altawood, and he's even with Bracadale and destiny is just one furlong away. He must be tired, but you'd never know it—he's running truly, steadily, as a great horse should run. His heart is pounding, for the pace has been fast, but it's a heart that can stand plenty of

pounding. "Black Gold!" the roar comes from ninety-five thousand throats, and it tempers the thunder of the pounding hoofs.

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, bedecked with jewels and with orchids on her shoulder, sits in her box. She sits in her box, and her right hand is clenched and perhaps she's clasping the ghostly hand of Al Hoots. And tears are rolling unashamed down the white face of Rosa Hoots, and perhaps it's because she—and she alone—is hearing a celestial murmur, faint but proud, calling "Black Gold," and the voice is the voice of the man in whose mind this little black horse was conceived nearly four years before.

Then the black phantom flashes across the line with the other horses chasing him. Al's baby has pounded home in front. He trots back to the stewards' stand; Mooney twirls his whip and tosses it to Harry Weber; the crowd is still roaring its adulation of the little horse. They lead the little black horse into that sacred green-blanketed enclosure in front of the stands—the enclosure that is entered only by Derby winners.

Maybe Black Gold is thinking: "So you ruled my mother off the track, hey? You stewards, with your high and mighty airs. She was an Indian pony, was she? Well, what's wrong with being an Indian pony? There's cold blood in me, is there? Well, I've licked all your hot-blooded horses. I've . . ."

Rosa Hoots has her right arm around the neck of the little black horse. Rosa Hoots kisses the soft sheen of the neck of the little horse. Black Gold turns his head and rests it on her shoulder. Is he whispering, "Wouldn't Al be proud of us if he were here now?"

But Rosa Hoots is weeping, and something is clutching at the hearts of those who watch. You feel as though you have lived through a perfect moment—that one matchless note has emerged from the usually discordant symphony of life. Then they

lead Black Gold away. They lead him away still wearing that horseshoe of roses around his neck.

Shortly after the Kentucky race Black Gold went on further to establish his greatness by winning both the Ohio and Chicago Derbies. Then Mrs. Hoots retired him, and again he roamed in the open pastures of Oklahoma. It was as though his retirement was a signal for fate to withdraw the kindly hand which had guided the Hoots' destinies since the death of Al. The roses of that horseshoe had hardly turned to dust when the blow fell. The details are unimportant. Perhaps the magic spring of black gold that had been gushing forth from the red loam in a seemingly inexhaustible stream spent itself. Bad investments, bad luck, helped and Mrs. Hoots no longer wore orchids on her shoulder. With the same miraculous swiftness that her fortune had come, it was swept away. Black Gold and Rosa Hoots were alone now, and the friends of the glorious days were nowhere to be found.

It was 1927, and Black Gold was almost seven years old. He was still sturdy, steel-sinewed. Rosa Hoots looked at him prancing in the pasture, looked at the sturdiness of him, and looked into the honest eyes of him. She made her decision. Black Gold had brought her luck once. Perhaps he would do it again.

Faithful Harry Webb was again called for. He shipped the little horse to New Orleans, scene of his first great triumph. There was great interest in the comeback of Black Gold. Webb, pointing for the rich Coffroth Handicap, intended starting Black Gold in a few tune-up races. The public was dubious. It was shown when Black Gold was quoted at 200 to 1 for the Coffroth event in the winter books.

Black Gold was to open his campaign in the fifth race at the New Orleans Fair Grounds on January 18th, 1928. There was much shaking of heads among the horsemen at the track. "Black Gold doesn't

work right . . . The black horse limps a bit . . .
Seems to have a sore left foreleg . . ."

Nine horses were at the barrier that day ready to race for the Salome Purse. Black Gold would have run this field dizzy four years before—but now? He was seven years old, middle age on the track.

Then they were off. The crowd arose instinctively as Black Gold flung himself from the barrier a stride ahead of the field. He still had his early speed, anyway. But they had to go a mile. Jockey Emory steadied him. Around the track they went, closely bunched, with Black Gold running easily. They rounded the far turn, and then they were at the post which told the jockeys they had one more furlong to go.

Jockey Emory went to his whip. A single lash of that same heavily weighted whip, and Black Gold trembled. He was being asked the question again just as he had been asked before, in the Kentucky Derby. Polygamia was leading, and the little black horse was in sixth place only a length behind the leader.

He plunged forward as the field passed the grandstand. Every nerve and sinew and muscle of him was being urged ahead by the heart of him. More speed. Another lash of that whip. Then—there was a shocked cry from the crowd. Black Gold had stumbled, had almost gone down, had recovered himself. His left foreleg had seemed to buckle for a moment. It had thrown him off stride, but now he was after the leaders again.

From the grandstand you only saw that his stride was uncertain. You couldn't see the agonized look in his eyes, nor could you hear the mighty beat of the greatest heart they ever put in the body of a horse. You couldn't see him quiver under Jockey Emory—you couldn't see him surge forward, stumbling a bit now, swaying a bit now, but surging forward none the

less. He would finish. That was his destiny, to finish as best he could. The crowd, sensing tragedy, was silent. Black Gold faltered across the line and for the moment no one knew that he had gained immortality.

Then he swayed. His left foreleg slowly gave way. He fell and then as the heart of him screamed to his nerves and his muscles to rise he tried to struggle to his feet. Harry Webb rushed to him, looked at the left foreleg and his face went white and in his eyes there was a look of disbelief. Black Gold had run that last furlong with a broken leg. The crowd realized it now. It knew it had seen such courage as it is the privilege of few to see.

Harry Webb looked into the eyes of the little black horse. There was faint bewilderment in them. They were asking Harry, "I tried but I failed you. Why? What has happened to me?"

Webb had to steel himself. Webb couldn't break down now. He had a duty toward this horse which he had seen as a foal, had raised as a yearling, had trained to greatness. A single shot rang out.

The racing papers carry the results of the races in simple, terse language. The racing papers of May 18, 1928, told the story of the fifth race at New Orleans. The last paragraph read, "Black Gold showed early speed. Was in fifth place when broke left foreleg in final furlong. Was destroyed."

That was his epitaph. They buried Black Gold there in the infield of the track at the Fair Grounds. That's a long way from Oklahoma.

Well, that's the story of the little black horse.

SIXTH DAY OUT

WE have run out of the fog and into a storm. It's a grand storm and the waves are lashing angrily at the steel sides of this sturdy ship. The *Talihybius* ploughs on steadily, proudly disdainful of an Atlantic gale. She's ridden out the worst gales the Pacific have to offer. This little ocean doesn't bother her a bit. Some of our companions don't seem to take so kindly to the storm. The tanker to our port is three-quarters hidden every time a wave breaks over it. Tankers ride low anyhow, and this one is heavily loaded.

The men manning the guns aft are happy about the rough weather. "We can see a sub. now," one of them told me. "In calm weather only their periscope shows and that's hard to spot. In this weather they have to come up further and we can see the bloody things."

"You're not much worried about subs., are you?"

He laughed. "No. If we can spot a Jerry sub. we can hit him. We have three men on the bridge and one in each crow's nest all the time. They only work two hour shifts so they can keep their eyes peeled. Usually they can spot a torpedo coming at us. If you see 'em in time you can duck all right. What you do is to swing toward it so it doesn't have such a big target."

We four passengers have got to be good friends. Jones, the Chief Engineer, spends a lot of time with us. We've all grown to like gentle Sorensen a lot. He is an amazing man who has more faith than anyone I ever knew—except my mother. Just what his religion

is I don't know. I do know that he is a member of the British Israel World Federation. Despite its name this is not a Jewish movement. It is a non-denominational group which firmly believes in the prophecies of the Bible. Sorensen knows with a calm conviction that England will win the war. He also thinks that the theatre of final battle will be Palestine. It was all foretold, Sorensen believes, four thousand years ago when God gave a covenant to Abraham which was later amplified by the prophet Ezekiel.

I tried hard to follow Sorensen's train of thought. Finally we got the ship's Bible and he explained it all to me. The British Israelites start with the Lord appearing to Abram in 2,005 B.C. and saying to him, "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great ; and thou shalt be a blessing ; and I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee ; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." (Genesis xii, 2, 3.)

The Lord appeared to Abram many times. After Abram separated from Lot he was told, "Lift up thine eyes and look from the place where thou art northward and southward and eastward and westward ; for all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it and to thy seed forever." (Genesis xiii, 14-16.)

When Abram was ninety-nine years old the Lord appeared again. He told Abram that he was making a covenant with him and that he would be a "father of many nations." His name henceforth would be Abraham, which means "father of nations." He said, "Kings shall come out of thee . . . thy wife Sarah shall be a mother of nations ; Sarah thy wife shall bear thee a son indeed ; and thou shalt call his name Isaac." (Genesis xvii, 1-19.)

Isaac was born and the British Israelites argue that this inheritance of promise descended to Abraham's posterity through Isaac. Now Isaac had two sons, Esau (who sold his birthright and was therefore

excluded from the covenant) and Jacob. The Lord appeared to Jacob and told him that his name henceforth should be Israel, and He said, "Be fruitful and multiply; a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee and kings shall come out of thy loins." (Genesis xxxv, 10, 11.)

Later God made a covenant with the house of Israel, in which He said, "I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts; and be their God and they shall be my people." (Jeremiah xxxi, 33.)

Time after time in the Bible one comes across the expression "the isles far off" where the Lord said, "I will appoint a place for my people Israel." (II. Samuel vii, 10.) The British Israelites claim that the British Isles were meant. More than once the expression "isles to the west and to the north" is used in the prophecies. Draw a line due west from Palestine and it is true that the only islands found north and west are the British Isles.

Now the Israelites say that the descendants of the children of Israel found their way to Ireland and England. The English of to-day (and the Americans because of our original English stock) are, they insist, the real chosen people of the Lord. They head the "company of nations" of whom the Lord spoke when he appeared to Jacob. If we can assume this to be true the rest is fairly easy to accept.

Now we come to a young aristocrat of Jerusalem named Ezekiel. Ezekiel was a prophet. In the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel we find the war predicted and (if we are Israelites) we find the ultimate outcome predicted. Ezekiel tells of the people of Israel who will one day dwell peacefully in the land of Promise.

"Who is it that covets that land, and seeing it unprotected like a land of unwalled villages, decides to descend upon the prey and take the spoil? It is the Prince of Rosh and all his hordes; Gog (Russia),

the chief Prince of Meshech (Moscow), Persia, Ethiopia, Libya and with them Gomer (Germany) and all its bands ; Togarmah (Tartar) and all his hordes, even many people with them. (Ezekiel xxxviii, 1) Revised Version.

To meet this onslaught of the whirlwind powers of the north the Biblical records give, " Sheba (Arabia) and the Merchants of Tarshish (The Anglo-Saxon people, England and America) with all the young lions thereof " (the colonies of England).

The whole series of prophecies fall down unless the Russians eventually join with Germany and unless they occupy Jerusalem. Once they occupy Jerusalem, " Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against these nations as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand upon the mount of Olives." Zachariah, Chap. xiv, 2-4. Ezekiel quotes the Lord, " I will send a fire on Magog (Russia) and among them that dwell carelessly in the isles."

There are a dozen other passages in the Bible foretelling the war, which shall be terminated in Palestine if you accept the Israelite interpretation of the passages. Sorensen believes this implicitly and his calm faith is rather beautiful.

" The Germans will break suddenly," he says with assurance. " There will be little warning. They will seem as strong as ever and then suddenly they will crumble."

I wish I could believe the involved Biblical reasoning of the Israelites. I am afraid that if the Germans are to be beaten it will have to be with tanks and guns and 'planes—not prophecies. Nor will they suddenly crumble. One reason why Churchill hasn't ordered an all-out attack against Berlin, the kind of air raids London has been subject to, is the fact that he doesn't believe that such raids would break their spirit. The Germans can undoubtedly take it as well as the English. They have been trained to take it.

Back in 1933 and 1934 I watched them being trained. The youngsters who were being moulded then are the fighting forces of to-day.

I remember going to Heidelberg once to do a series of stories for the International News Service. It was fascinating to watch the way the college students were trained. Every emphasis was placed on physical fitness. And duels had come back into fashion. I was lucky enough to see one. Imagine for a few moments that you are in Heidelberg with me. It is almost six a.m. . . .

A blood-red sun rises over Koenigstuhl across the river and a lazy breeze sweeps up the Neckar and chases away the early morning heat haze. Heidelberg turns a thousand moss-dappled, bright red roofs to an azure sky. One hundred college students wearing coloured caps, plus-fours and shirts open at the neck, walk across the old bridge over the Neckar, which divides the city into two parts.

They leave the bridge and turn right. They pass a grey statue of St. Nepomuk. Two of the youths gravely lift their caps and although we don't see their lips move we know they are murmuring prayers. St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of duellists.

Now they start to ascend a steep hill. They talk quietly among themselves and suddenly they break into a clearing.

They have arrived at the Hirschgasse, an old inn which nestles on the steep slope of the hill, half hidden by the foliage of pine trees. Here duels have been fought since 1640, and here to-day Fritz Schmidt and Karl von Gruendel are to fight with sabres—the outcome of an insult which Fritz thinks von Gruendel paid him.

For five years and a half duelling had been banned at Heidelberg, but now once again the resounding clash of sabre and rapier is heard in the hills.

This is to be no mere friendly *Mensur*, with steel

goggles protecting the eyes and with heavy leather pads swathing the body from chin to ankle. This is to be a fight for blood, and if an ear is sliced off, an artery opened or a skull laid bare—well, what of it?

The duellists are attended by members of their corps, which incidentally corresponds in every way to American college fraternities. They all march silently into the huge hall adjoining the inn. It is high-ceilinged, high-windowed and from its mouldy rafters hang tattered and dusty-looking flags, the colours of the five oldest Heidelberg corps.

A surgeon dons a white smock while the two contestants strip to the waist. The surgeon opens a medical bag and lays instruments on a bare wooden table—a table which has served this purpose for a hundred years. He hums softly as he lays scalpels, cotton, needles, catgut, plaster and basins on the table. Bottles of iodine, Mercurochrome, chloroform, follow. The faint aromatic smell of the hospital rises and spreads.

The two contestants are ready now. The hundred or so student spectators form a half circle round them. Seconds place heavy bandages round the necks of the duellists. This is to prevent a sword reaching the jugular vein. It is the only concession they make. The only other padding worn is a heavy leather sleeve into which the duellist puts his arm.

Schmidt and von Gruendel are given heavy sabres. The sabres have strong steel baskets close to the handle. The men face each other. Both are bronzed and the sun which streams through the open windows plays on the rippling muscles of their shoulders.

The referee, the president of another corps, is swathed with padding and his face is covered with a steel-meshed mask. He speaks briefly to the men and, although he talks quietly, his words seem to drop sharply into the hall, for everywhere else there is quiet.

The duellists step back, salute each other. The referee cries "*Los!*" The duel is on. My watch says 6.05. A sabre *Mensur* is not the graceful thrust, feint and parry duel of the French and Italian schools. The duellists use only overhead strokes. Each slashes downward, trying to reach the unprotected head and face of his opponent. The sabres are dull at the point but their two edges are razor-sharp. Usually these downward slashes land on the sabre of the other man. When four such clashes occur a round is declared and the men rest for thirty seconds. An ordinary friendly student *Mensur* may take thirty or forty rounds. But this is no friendly affair; this is a grudge fight.

It is still quiet within the hall except for the sharp clashing of the sabres. Now and then one hears an involuntary exclamation from a student as a sabre just misses a vital spot. Through the open window there comes the sound of an awakening day. An impudent bird perches on the window sill and chirps cheerfully.

Now the tension is increasing. Both men are tired. My watch says 6.45. The perspiration flows down their bodies. Again and again they almost literally throw steel at one another. Schmidt seems stronger. A dozen times his sabre just misses the head of his opponent. In a *Mensur* a man must not move his head. If a blow come he may parry it—but not duck. If he does that his corps colours are taken from him and he is looked on with contempt.

Suddenly Schmidt, with a terrific downward slash, breaks through von Gruendel's guard. His sabre catches for a split second in the flesh on von Gruendel's chest and then comes away. Von Gruendel looks down at a thin red line on his body. It grows broader. The blood trickles slowly from the wound. He sneers at it as though reproaching his body for not being as strong as his spirit. The surgeon hurriedly

sticks a bit of plaster over the wound—it is not serious—and the duel goes on.

Time stands still. Both men are breathing in choking gasps. They are tired. We all watch, fascinated. The blood continues to trickle down lazily from that wound. The students lean forward, tense and quiet, watching this unreal, almost unbelievable scene. It is 7.20 now. They have been duelling for seventy-five minutes. Then, as suddenly as an unexpected flash of lightning and almost as quickly, Schmidt's sabre flashes down. It finds flesh above and to the side of von Gruendel's left eye. There is an involuntary "Ah!" from the watchers. A crimson cascade of blood spurts forth from the wound, seems to dance merrily in the sunlight for a moment, and then drops exhausted to von Gruendel's neck.

He sways, leans against his second for support, the referee nods to Schmidt—the duel is over. It is 7.28. They help von Gruendel to a chair in front of the surgeon's table. The surgeon hums softly. He pours iodine into that open wound. He reaches for a needle and threads it with catgut. Von Gruendel clutches the arm of his chair. His hands are white. This is hurting him. A white-coated waiter from the inn hurries in with a bottle of cognac and a glass. He pours the cognac into the glass. He offers it to von Gruendel. Von Gruendel shakes his head.

The waiter stands there a moment uncertainly, wondering what to do with the cognac.

"Please," I say. I needed that cognac. It isn't fun to watch a man being sewn up without anæsthetics.

Twenty minutes later the two duellists are sitting together amiably in the inn at a much initialed table, drinking huge glasses of beer. The insult avenged, they are friends again. Both have come out of the duel with honour. The winner has shown exceptional skill. The loser has shown exceptional fortitude, ability to withstand what must have been terrific pain

without flinching, and a stoicism which, in the Germany of Hitler, is considered a highly meritorious trait.

Thus German youth—in 1934.

Thus Heidelberg—in the reign of Hitler. Germany must be a nation of warriors. German youth is training itself for the future. Well, German youth did train itself. Perhaps Von Gruendel and Schmidt are in the Balkans now; perhaps they are roaring over London at the controls of bombing 'planes. Wherever they are, I am sure they are good soldiers. After all, they were trained to be good soldiers.

In 1933 even the smallest children were being moulded to the militaristic pattern. Youngsters who were ten then are eighteen now, and they are no doubt perfect military robots. They have heard nothing but discipline, obedience, courage, loyalty to Hitler since those impressionable years of their childhood.

In 1933 I used to see them marching in the Tiergarten. They wore brown uniforms, miniature replicas of the uniforms worn by their fathers and older brothers. They wore swastika arm bands. When Christmas came the large department stores had their windows filled with tinsel cuirasses, spiked helmets, toy guns, drums, bugles. Instead of playing games, the youngsters went on long marches every Saturday and Sunday. They were always led by an older party member who would teach them the National Socialist songs and gradually efface from their minds the catechism of Luther and replace it with the commandments of Hitler. With that training, I am afraid that the Germans won't suddenly come apart.

Ludwig Diehls was typical of the new order. I imagine that thousands of those youngsters have grown up into Ludwig Diehls. Diehls was one of the most hated men in Germany in 1933. He was then head of the German Cheka—the Prussian secret political police. In this capacity he was responsible

for the arrest and incarceration in concentration camps of more than eighteen thousand political prisoners. Diehls was thirty-three then, slim, his face scarred with honourable duelling marks, his eyes as cold as death. A thousand men in Germany would have considered themselves deified if they could have killed Diehls. He walked about the streets of Berlin alone, unarmed and unaccompanied by a bodyguard.

He was in his office one day. The 'phone rang. It was Lieutenant Ernst Bruckner, Hitler's adjutant.

"There is a group of Nationalists demonstrating in front of the Chancellor's office," Bruckner said. "The Chancellor doesn't like it. Have it stopped, and arrest them."

Diehls hesitated. As head of the Prussian police he was technically under the command of Herman Goering, Prime Minister of Prussia.

"Perhaps I had better telephone Minister Goering," he said. "This seems to be a major political move, and would it not be better if I received the order direct from Minister Goering?"

"One moment, Herr Diehls," Bruckner said. A new voice spoke into the 'phone.

"Diehls, arrest those demonstrators!" it snapped. The voice belonged to Hitler.

Diehls took a few of his plain-clothes men with him and in five minutes was at the scene of the trouble. Two hundred agitated members of the Nationalistic Front, a semi-military organization belonging to the Nationalist Party, headed by Alfred Hugenberg, were voicing their protests against the Hitler régime.

Now, a great many of these men were former Socialists and Communists who were driven into the Nationalist Party by the enforced collapse of their own. Communists in Germany were not the luke-warm, parlour-pink type one sees in America. They were not the blatant, loud-mouthed type of long-haired

orator who runs away at the frown of a New York cop. They were, on the other hand, idealists, sincere, quite willing to die or to kill for their ideals. They were just as sincere in their own way as the Nazis were in theirs. Many of them were cultured gentlemen who, had the balance swung toward their party, would now be world figures.

Diehls, unarmed, slouch hat pulled over one eye, walked up to their leader.

"Fall into line and follow that policeman," he said curtly.

There was silence for a moment. The slim Diehls lit a cigarette and waited. Would they go peaceably or would they fight? Knowing Diehls, I am sure he was disappointed when they decided to go peaceably. It was those cold eyes of his, probably.

They followed the uniformed policeman down the broad Unter den Linden. It was a humiliating experience. They marched to the Alexander Polizei Praesidium, which roughly corresponds to police headquarters. The next day they were on their way to concentration camps.

Two days later, Diehls was in his office when a Baron von Flotow was announced.

"I am acting for Herr von Prittwitz," the baron said stiffly. "He is anxious to meet you—the weapons to be pistols."

Von Prittwitz is a relative of the former Ambassador to the United States.

Diehls concealed his surprise, bowed politely, and said: "Of course, I will be delighted to meet Herr von Prittwitz whenever it is convenient for him. But—if you will pardon me asking—in what manner have I insulted Herr von Prittwitz? I do not recall any incident."

"When you arrested him two days ago," Baron von Flotow said, "you did not observe the code due from one corps member to another."

Diehls told the story a few days later at a *Bierabend* in the house of Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl.

A year later genial Putsey Hanfstaengl fell into disfavour. He made a propaganda film, and did such a good job of it that he incurred the jealousy of Dr. Goebbels. Goebbels had never liked him, anyway. It isn't good to have Goebbels for an enemy if you live in Germany. Putsey had to make a very hurried exit from Berlin. He wound up in London, where he made a career of suing the newspapers for libel. He made a fairly good living at it, too. Then came the war, and he was collected by His Majesty's forces and regretfully sent to Canada as a guest of the government. But back in 1933 Hanfstaengl was the white-haired boy of the party. He had taught Hitler an appreciation of music, and the Fuehrer was grateful. Hanfstaengl's parties were famous.

Bierabende are popular in Berlin. The host serves beer and huge quantities of cold cuts and salads. Later there is champagne. This was a typical gathering of diplomats, stage and film stars, writers, and what newspaper men in Berlin call "men around Hitler."

All listened with amusement to Diehls's story.

"In addition," he added with a look of mock gloom on his face, "four others have challenged me to sabre duels. I really expect to be quite busy from now on."

"And when does your first engagement take place?" someone asked.

Diehls frowned ruefully. "My own student corps—the Rhenania—constantly asks me that. The challenges all have to go through the corps. I must reply—alas!—that although I am ready, my opponents are at the present in no position to meet me. They're all, unfortunately, in concentration camps. But we will fight when they are released."

There was a howl of laughter from the dinner-jacketed men. It was an amusing jest. Here was

Diehls, who dearly loved a fight—any kind of a fight—unable to meet his prospective opponents because they were in jail. The fact that any of those duels might, and probably would, end fatally was never given a thought.

I asked Diehls a stupid question—it was more of a verbal reflection than a question—"But, Diehls, suppose you are killed?"

He looked amazed, and it was obvious that this was the first time he had even considered that possibility. "What of it?" he laughed. "That would be fate."

"You seem to look forward to these duels."

"Ah," and a look of anticipation shone out of his cold eyes, "there is no greater feeling of satisfaction than that of cutting your man down in a fair fight!"

In Sparta, men worshipped the lad who allowed a fox to gnaw at his vitals. In Germany—listen to the story of Heinrich Dittmar, a young storm trooper from Saxony.

Dittmar was entered in the annual two thousand kilometre around-Germany race. Both automobiles and motor-cycles lined up at the start to begin the long grind that was to start and finish at Baden-Baden.

The race neared its finish. Automobiles and motor-cycles, manned by weary drivers, roared into Leipzig, sixty miles from Berlin. Dittmar, on a motor-cycle, was near the head of the procession. Whirling into Leipzig at seventy miles an hour his machine struck a wet patch of road, skidded, and hurled him fifty feet into a ditch. He was picked up unconscious—his right arm broken and his body a mass of cuts and bruises.

The next morning, bandaged heavily, suffering horrible pain, he appeared at the starting line. Physicians and race officials pleaded with him to retire. He insisted upon going on.

The next objective was Berlin. The grandstands

of the Avus, the Berlin speedway, was crowded. Dittmar came roaring into view well up with the leaders. He was driving with one hand. His right arm was strapped to his chest. His face was etched with lines of pain. Suddenly the crowd was horrified to see his machine slow down, wobble uncertainly, and then topple over. Dittmar had collapsed. Nature had conquered him. This time they took him to the hospital and kept him there.

The next day the newspapers carried editorials praising the young storm trooper. This was what the Nazis were aiming for—complete, virile manhood which would not compromise with pain or broken limbs, and which, if beaten, would be beaten only by the forces of nature. Young Dittmar became a national hero.

No other incident so typifies the new Germany. We may say that the boy showed little sense in continuing—yet one can't help but admire his spirit.

A few days after this, another incident occurred which also reflected the new Germany. Max Schmeling, former heavyweight champion of the world, was married in a Berlin registry office. Less than a dozen spectators were present and the event received but scant notice in the papers. Germany was not interested in professional boxers. Boxing, yes—Hitler has exhorted the storm troopers to make boxing a regular part of their training, but merely as a means toward producing healthy bodies, not an end in itself.

Healthy bodies—and healthy minds—that was the aim of the Third Reich.

Health was a fetish in Germany in those days. One must keep healthy not because of any benefit which the individual will derive, but because the aim of every man should be to serve the State, and the healthier a man is, the better he can serve. Dissipation, self-indulgence—these are virtually unknown in the Germany of Hitler.

There is a German word, *Stubenhocker*. Literally, it means a man who stays indoors. A more liberal and more accurate translation of the word can be found in the word "grind," given by American college students to their mates who neglect all college activities except study. The government decided that it wanted no "grinds" in Germany.

Now, before a prospective lawyer or doctor enters the university, he must spend six months in *Arbeitsdienst*, in a working camp. Here he labours like a Trojan, toiling in the fields under a broiling sun, forcing aching muscles to the unaccustomed task of chopping wood. He works side by side with unemployed men of all walks of life.

He learns things here that his medical or law school will never teach him. He learns, if he has not learned it already, that his first service is to the State. For six months he lives under military discipline. He marches and drills with his mates. He sings the martial songs of the party, and these songs will ring in his ears for all time.

German women, too, were being trained to take it during those early days of the Hitler régime. One of the most interesting phases of their training was the establishment of labour camps, *Arbeitsdienst*, for girls. In 1934 there were three hundred and ninety-nine of them scattered all over the country. Any girl between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five was eligible for admission. At that time there were thousands of girls unemployed in Germany. Hitler replaced women workers with men as soon as he took over. These girls had nothing to do; most of them were of peasant stock and most were poor. The *Arbeitsdienst* was the answer. Those girls are now women. Would their spirit be broken by the kind of bombing we've been getting in London? Consider the training they have had and answer that question yourself.

I spent a couple of days at one of these labour camps. This one, which was typical, was at Spandau, not very far from Berlin. There were one hundred and eighty girls quartered here in charge of two splendid women—Fräulein Lotte Streit and Fräulein Erna Will. Many of the girls had been domestic servants; many had been farm hands, factory workers, stenographers; and three of them had actually been university students before it became virtually impossible for girls to continue at college.

They were all dressed in attractive blue uniforms, and they were a sun-bronzed, healthy, happy-looking lot, well satisfied with life.

Each day they arose at five-forty-five, and, after fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises, were given a "small breakfast." After making their beds and cleaning their rooms—they slept in dormitories each holding about twenty girls—they were divided into three groups which worked alternately in kitchen, laundry and field.

Each group vied with the others in friendly competition, and if Group No. 1 cleared two acres of ground one week, Group No. 2 would attempt to clear three acres when its turn came to go into the fields. If Group No. 3 did an exceptionally good job in the kitchen one week, Group No. 1 would plan culinary surprises to put its rival group to shame.

The most interesting group to watch was the field group. In blue smocks and shorts they looked as though they had all been born to the land as they wielded rake and hoe, pickaxe and spade. They perspired under a warm sun, but it was a friendly sun and they loved it. Occasionally they broke into song, and the sight of forty clear-eyed girls laughing, singing, tanned to a golden brown, bending their backs over stones, wheelbarrows, harrows, was something to see.

Each group was given its orders in the morning.

Thereafter they worked without supervision. If a girl tired she threw herself on the ground and rested. I watched them for an hour. If those girls weren't enjoying every minute of this they were giving a fine imitation of it.

Two months ago this soil where the girls were working was a jumble of rocks, tree stumps, weeds. Now the late crop was thrusting green heads above the brown soil in regular rows and the girls pointed with pride to the result of their labours.

So they worked until ten-thirty, and then they were given a substantial breakfast. They resumed work at eleven and kept at it until two. A good dinner, and now there was nothing to do until four. They never worked to the point of exhaustion. At four they engaged, on alternate days, in sport, swimming, listening to lectures on citizenship, the care of children, the duties of a wife, proper speech and manners—all given by qualified lecturers from Berlin or Munich. At seven they had supper and at nine-thirty they retired.

These girls made their own clothes and did everything for themselves except mend their own shoes. There was a similar camp for men near by, and the girls made a reciprocal arrangement whereby they mended the clothes of the boys and the boys mended their shoes.

The building where they lived was formerly a poor-house. It was given by the city of Spandau to the government for use as an *Arbeitsdienst*. The girls themselves replastered the walls and ceilings. They painted the house, inside and out. They made cupboards and cabinets, chairs and tables—in short, they made a home out of a house. They made curtains, draperies, and the house is as clean and comfortable as any girls' school in the United States.

In the largest dormitory there hung a huge picture of Adolph Hitler. "The girls," Fräulein Streit

explained, "are each given thirty pfennigs (sixpence) a day for spending money. They saved their pfennigs and bought this picture of the Chancellor. They feel that they owe a lot to him. He has saved them from want, perhaps from starvation, and has given them new hope for the future."

This camp and the other three hundred and ninety-nine like it cost the government, roughly, two shillings a day per girl. This included administration expenses as well as food and lodging. Was it worth it? It was worth many times more than that.

A girl came disheartened, a bit ill in body and mind, facing nothing but a precarious future. After six months at Spandau she is healthy, bright-eyed, eager to find a place for herself in the Third Reich, convinced that the clean, healthy, outdoor life she has been leading is the best of all lives. Propaganda? You bet it was—and good propaganda that is paying dividends to-day.

In every way she was an asset to her community and her country. She learned a great deal about cooking, about farming, about housekeeping, about her country, and she was taught a smattering of political science, geography, grammar and literature. And of course most important of all—Nazi philosophy. In any case it was up to her now. The government took a half-starved, hopeless girl who might have been on the verge of a rather horrible existence and after six months replaced her with a girl who would do credit to your kitchen or your shop or to the fireside of a farmer.

With that training in the back of them; with the worship that has been instilled into them for Hitler, it does not seem likely that they will now break under the strain. It must be remembered that Hitler is even more popular with women in Germany than he is with the men. I remember a Berlin doctor once saying, "Every woman in Germany sleeps with Hitler in her

dreams. They dream about him as your American girls dream about film-stars."

To us in America Hitler may seem rather a comic figure as far as his personal appearance goes. German women look at him through different eyes. He is still their God. Now their food is scarce and unattractive. Now their living conditions are intolerable. Now their sons and husbands are fighting and thousands are being killed on one front or another each month. But they still worship der Fuehrer. I can't see them cracking under the strain any more than the citizens of London will crack.

The German nation was trained in another direction too. Her people were treated in cruelty. Hitler threw them the Jews as whipping boys. They went after the Jews rather timorously at first. Then they found that they liked whipping someone. Economic measures and verbal measures were too tame and of course inevitably they began to take physical measures. It was great sport—beating up Jews. I saw one exhibition of crowd sadism in Nuremberg which for sheer unwanton cruelty tops anything that the war has brought forth. If you happen to have an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* handy, look up Nuremberg. Nuremberg you'll learn is famous for two things. First of all its toy factories. And then—

"Nuremberg is one of the few cities in Europe that has maintained its mediæval aspect unimpaired."

I had been in Nuremberg before. It is a city about the size of Bristol. Usually by eleven at night the main street of Nuremberg is empty. There are two night clubs in Nuremberg and at eleven you can hear the music from them and now and then a bus rumbles over the cobblestones of the main street, but that is all.

It was different this night. I drove into Nuremberg about eleven and I couldn't enter König Strasse, which is the main street. It was crowded as Fifth Avenue is crowded on the day of a parade, and I had

to detour and park in a garage two blocks from the main street. I walked to my hotel and when I registered I asked a clerk, "What is it, a parade?"

He was a pleasant-looking fellow and he laughed until the tips of his moustache quivered and then he said, "It is a sort of a parade. They are teaching someone a lesson."

I walked out into the street and mingled with the crowd. Everyone was in a happy holiday mood. The principal industry in Nuremberg is the manufacture of toys. During the day these people who were now so jovial would be in factories making toys, painting toys, chuckling, perhaps, over the fun children the world over would have playing with these toys. It was a nice friendly-looking crowd and when someone stumbled against you in the crush of bodies he would smile and say "Vcrseihcn" very politely.

There was the sound of music a few blocks away, loud brassy music. As it came closer people pressed to the kerb laughing with anticipatory pleasure. You could hear the roar of the crowd three blocks away, a laughing roar and it kept pace with the progress of the parade as though the parade and the roaring were marching together. Then it reached us.

The musicians all wore the brown uniform of the storm troopers. Behind them marched two gigantic storm troopers half supporting something that marched stumbling between them. At the sight of this thing, it didn't look human, the crowd shrieked with laughter. Whether it was a boy, a girl, a man or a woman you couldn't tell. I pressed through the crowd and joined the marchers who followed the band and the three figures. There were about two thousand men marching, about half of whom wore the brown shirt of the storm trooper. No one stopped me. The Mardi Gras spirit prevailed; everyone was good natured as people are who have had a few drinks and who are enjoying themselves and who want you to enjoy yourself too.

I pressed close to the front and noticed that the figure being supported by the two big storm troopers had a placard round its neck. The placard said: "Ich wollte mit ein Jude einbieten," which means, "I wanted to live with a Jew." The head of the thing was close shaven and its face covered with heavy white powder, the kind clowns use. It wore a dress and all in all was a truly comic sight—if this had been a Mardi Gras parade.

"Who is it?" I asked a fellow marchier, because by now I had joined in the parade.

"Girl named Anna Suess, serves her right," he said with a quick smile.

A bus lumbered up the street and the crowd swarmed around it stopping it. The driver of the bus good naturedly held up both hands. The bus had an upper deck. Those who were up there looked down laughing hysterically at the sight of the comic figure. The two big men who were on the other side of the thing suddenly lifted it up so those on the top of the bus could see better. The thing—you couldn't somehow conceive of this as a human being—made no resistance, of course. You could see that all resistance and most life had left it by now.

Those on the sidewalks wanting to get closer swarmed into the street and the parade was now just a jostling mass of shouting, laughing, happy people. There are two principal hotels in Nuremberg. Someone got the idea of marching the thing into the lobbies of both hotels and then into the two night clubs. They did, but in their eagerness they went too fast and several times the thing stumbled and fell. Each time the two big storm troopers pulled it to its feet.

Then suddenly everyone tired a little of the fun. It was getting late and there were toys for children to be made to-morrow. The band began to play the Horst Wessell song and everyone stood at attention, with right arm thrust out. They sang it and it is a

mighty stirring song, far more martial than our Star Spangled Banner. It is more quickly paced and when ten thousand people sing it, it is a little frightening. It came to an end. The party was over. The main body of marchers led by the two big storm troopers and the now almost inanimate thing they supported between them disappeared up the street.

People stayed around for a little while talking about it and laughing a little but the gaiety had gone. In the saloon attached to my hotel the crowd gradually thinned out and I had one more beer with the bartender, and when I bought him one he told me about Anna Suess.

She was in love with a Jew; had been engaged to him when Hitler came into power. Despite her name, she was Bavarian, not Jewish at all, the bartender assured me. But she wouldn't give him up. She loved him and in spite of the ban on Aryan-Jewish marriages had wanted to marry him. He was in a bad spot. If he married her, both concievably would have been killed. Nuremberg, home of Julius Streicher and *Der Sturmer*, was the hotbed of anti-semitism in Germany, and Streicher has always been an advocate of direct action. Long before Hitler, he had been tried for the crime of killing another man with an axe. A friendly jury had acquitted him. Streicher is like that. Murder had been one of the by-products of his trade of publishing the paper, *Der Sturmer*. He's out of favour now, but he was king of the walk in those days.

The local storm troopers heard about Anna's infatuation for the Jew. They decided to teach her a lesson. They shaved her head, put white powder on her face and marched her through the streets of Nuremberg. I was very lucky to have accidentally stumbled into the midst of the lesson. In Berlin, where I lived then, the people seldom laughed happily, heartily, as I saw them laugh in Nuremberg that

night. Streicher was smart. Every now and then he'd put on a circus for his people. In Berlin they tortured Jews in the basement of the huge police building just behind St. Hedwig's Church, near the beautiful tomb of the Unknown Soldier. No one ever heard them or saw them being tortured, and so no one had any fun out of it. Streicher was smarter. He gave the people of Nuremberg a real show every now and then.

Well, that's all there is to the story. I sent it to the papers I worked for, but it didn't get much space because that afternoon (this was in 1933) a midget sat on the lap of J. P. Morgan and that story crowded most foreign news out of the papers. The English papers picked it up and made quite a thing out of it though. Three weeks after it happened I was having a drink with Norman Ebbutt of *The Times*. We got talking about it.

"I wonder whatever happened to Anna Suess?" I said.

"I sent one of my men down there the other day to find out," Ebbutt said. "He found her all right. She is in the Erlangen Hospital."

"What kind of a hospital is that?" I asked.

Ebbutt always smoked a pipe. He lit the pipe very slowly and then he took a deep puff.

"The Erlangen Hospital," he said tonelessly, "is a hospital for the hopelessly insane."

Nuremberg is one of the few cities in Europe that has maintained its medieval aspect unimpaired—Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. XVII.

SEVENTH DAY OUT

THE storm has had a lot of fun with us. Yesterday it blew so hard that it was impossible to stand up on deck without hanging on to something. This morning we awoke to a heavy rainstorm which soon changed to sleet. Then hailstones started to pop down on our steel decks with the sharp "ping" of machine-gun bullets. About noon that stopped and a thick snow started to whirl down. The north Atlantic apparently doesn't know that this is April. When the snow let up you could see that our thirty-six ships were still in line.

This afternoon I went aft to talk with the gun crews, and to see if they had any detective stories with them. I rationed my eighteen but find that my usual lack of will-power completely frustrated the rationing programme. I've already read them all. Among those I've read were *Clung*, *Devil's Work*, *Below the Belt*, *Halfway to Horror*, *Dumb Witness*, *Last Will and Testament*, *Where There's a Will*, *Trial and Error*, *The Mendlip Mystery*, *The Odelist Flies*, *The Gold Bag*, *The Crime in the Crypt*, *Anything But The Truth* and *Horror House*.

By far the best of them was *Dumb Witness* by Agatha Christie. Agatha Christie is such a good craftsman. There are never any loose ends left over. It is nice to know that someone who can write as well as Agatha Christie does not waste her talents on serious novels. There should be a law against anyone but John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway being allowed to write serious novels.

I brought half a dozen of my detective stories back to the gun crew aft in the hopes of doing a bit of barter. It worked very well. They had a few dirty,

mildewed paper-covered detective stories which I gladly took in exchange for mine. While I was aft I learned about our guns.

The big four-inch gun is a lovely thing. Its range is seven miles and it shoots a thirty-five pound shell. One of them, the boys say, will destroy a submarine if it lands in the right place. Freshly painted a light grey the gun looked brand new. Its brass was brightly polished. But the date on its barrel was 1917.

Twenty feet to the rear of it, on our aft deck, was the anti-aircraft gun. It was a Bofors, by far the best of all anti-aircraft guns. This baby throws a three pound shell and it can throw it up about eighteen thousand feet.

"At nine thousand feet I can hit a bloody seagull," one of the crew said happily.

"Can you hit a dive bomber?"

"Well now," he was a little hurt at the question, "ye know 'ow it is with dive bombers."

They put eight shells into the Bofors at once. They can be fired automatically or singly. If the loader does his job properly the gun can fire one hundred and twenty shells a minute. The gun crew is hoping desperately to get a crack at some German 'planes. Most of our gunners are Cockneys. One of them had been a professional fighter in pre-war life. The sun did us the honour of showing itself and we sat there and talked about fighters. It seemed quite natural to sit in a small steel seat behind a gun and talk about Joe Louis and Dempsey and Tunney.

"But that Mickey Walker was a fighter," the little gunner said. "Gor' blimey, how he could fight. I see him whip Tommy Milligan in London. Did ye know 'im?"

I told him I knew Mickey Walker well. I told him about Tony Canzoneri, too, who will always be my favourite fighter until someone better comes along. He liked Canzoneri too. He'd once fought in a

preliminary at the St. Nick arena where Tony was fighting the main bout. He wanted to know everything I knew about them both. I could talk about Mickey Walker and Tony Canzoneri for ever. I liked them both. I still like them both.

When Mickey Walker retired from the ring he was pretty nearly broke. Bill Duffy, who during Prohibition days owned night clubs and sold things in bottles, always liked Walker. I've known Duffy a long while and I've known him to do a lot of very fine, decent things. One of the things he did was to back Mickey Walker when Mickey wanted to open a bar-room. This was about four years ago when every retired fighter was opening a restaurant or a bar-room. Jack Dempsey did it. Lew Tendler did it in Philadelphia. Pete Herman did it in New Orleans. Even Benny Leonard tried it. So Duffy put up the money and Walker opened up a place on Eighth Avenue and Forty-Ninth Street in New York; across the street from Madison Square Garden. I remember sitting there one night with Mickey. I'd been at the Garden but the fights were dull and I'd walked out and gone over to Mickey's place. He and I sat there and talked for hours. Mike did most of the talking. I told the young gunner some of the things Mickey told me that night. He relived the glorious days when he and Jack Kearns, his manager, swaggered all over the country fighting anyone, making big money, spending it all and laughing at life.

We sat there at a table in a booth and a pudgy little man with a soiled shirt on weaved over and said, "Mickey, you was the best. You was the best I ever see. You coulda licked any of them."

Mickey looked up. "Thanks, pal. Have a drink, Frank," Mickey called to the bartender, "give my pal a drink."

The pudgy man rolled over to the bar and when the bartender drew him a glass of beer the pudgy man

kept on saying, "Yes, suh, Mickey was the best, the grandes' lil fighter I ever see." But the bartender only said, "Yeah, I know," because he had to listen to that night after night and he knew that it was just the prelude to a bite. The bite, on Eighth Avenue, is what is known in more intellectual circles as the touch or the grab. It is well known on Eighth Avenue that Mickey and also his neighbour, another tavern-keeper named Jack Dempsey, are both easy marks for a bite and that's why, although there is a big sign outside Mickey's place which says "Mickey Walker's Tavern," the place is more familiarly known as the Tavern of the Bite.

It is a very comfortable tavern and it is patronized by the more prominent as well as the less prominent members of Cauliflower Row and many a match is made there and many a fight dissected by the fancy after the lights have gone out in the Garden. Mickey Walker, short, with slight traces of warfare on his face, but with friendly and usually laughing blue Irish eyes, sat there, and Mickey and I talked about some of his hard fights and about the glorious era which ended when Mickey Walker put up his gloves. Mickey was the last of the gladiators who loved to fight because he had a heart and a brain that were happy only when he was fighting. If he got paid for it, so much the better, but if the fight happened to be in a night club or on a street or in a hotel room, why that was all right too, because the sheer joy of engaging in battle was reward enough for Mickey.

Because of that fact Mickey Walker was always loved by fighting men and he was loved, too, by the men who write about fighting and I have heard such ordinarily taciturn men as Hype Igoe, Bill Corum, Joe Williams, Tom Laird, Trevor Wignall and Tommy Webster, and a host of others grow lyrical on the subject of the fighting heart which rested under the shaggy chest of Mickey Walker.

I remember once being in a newspaper office and hearing Ed Frayne, then sports editor of the *New York American*, send a young writer up to interview Walker. The youngster started out of the door and then Frayne called after him.

"Listen, kid," he growled, "when you meet Walker take your hat off."

That was all he said, but it was typical of the esteem in which Mickey Walker was—and is—held, and if this seems like a flowery panegyric—why, ask any fight writer from Los Angeles to London what he thinks of Mickey, who was a fighting man all the way. Anyhow, Mickey and I sat there fanning and talking of this fight and that, and I asked him if his fight with Harry Greb hadn't been his hardest fight.

"Sure," Mickey nodded, "the second fight with Greb. I think I won that one."

Well, I had never heard of any second fight that Greb and Walker had engaged in, and I remembered too that in the record book under the heading Mickey (Edward) Walker there is just one mention of Greb. The line reads "Lost—1925, Greb, 15," and means that Greb beat Walker in a fifteen-round bout to a decision in 1925. But then Walker explained. The first fight . . .

Greb was middleweight champion then, and Walker held the welter title. Before the fight Greb was a 7 to 5 favourite, but something happened the night before to scare the gamblers. The something was this: At 2 a.m. Murray Lewin, the fight writer, was standing in front of Lindy's restaurant on Broadway with a group of the biggest gamblers in the country, most of whom were wagering heavily on Greb. There were Arnold Rothstein and Sam Boston and his brother Meyer, and there were Mike Best and Frankie Marlowe.

A cab drew up in front of Lindy's, and out stumbled Greb. Greb waved a drunken greeting to the gamblers, and then collapsed. There were two girls with him, and they helped him back into the cab. The

gamblers looked at each other, white-faced. "That's what we're betting on, hey?" Rothstein said. Then they rushed to 'phones. They 'phoned all over the country, betting everything they had on Walker, whom they knew to be in perfect condition. They didn't figure Greb had a chance. You couldn't drink all night and then go into the ring with Walker twenty-four hours later without getting murdered.

The next night at the Polo Grounds, Greb—debonair, clear-eyed—climbed through the ropes. The gamblers were laying three to one against him—and he had bet his end of the purse on himself.

"How do you feel?" a sports writer asked, looking up at him as he sat in his corner.

"How did those gamblers like that act I put on for them last night?" Greb laughed.

Oh, but Greb was a cutie. He knew all the angles. The fight was fairly even until the seventh, when Referee Ed Purdy sprained his ankle. This was great for Greb's style of fighting. He kept bulling Walker away from Purdy, and he did everything to Mike but kick him in the head. The referee, white with agony, couldn't get close enough to separate them, and Greb in close was a murderer. But Mickey was all right, too, at the Pier Eight style of milling, and he was putting up a great fight until the fourteenth.

They'd been slashing and powdering each other plenty, for Greb too was a fighting man who loved to fight. Half-way through the fourteenth Greb bulled Walker to the ropes, and he threw a hard right hand. The blow missed Mickey's chin, but Greb always was a one for waving a careless thumb. The thumb dropped savagely into Mickey's right eye.

Walker snarled, "You Dutch rat," and then Greb measured him with a right hook. Because of the blood and the water which filled his right eye, Walker didn't see the punch coming. It landed squarely, and knocked Walker out. It knocked him out, and

his legs were rubbery things that buckled and acted crazily, and in his head there was a roaring that grew louder and louder, but Mickey stayed on his feet. He finished the round somehow, and then Teddy Hayes, his trainer, threw water on him, held ammonia under his nose, put ice on his spine and with a few seconds left Mickey came to. He had to go through three more minutes of torture. He stayed all right because he had a heart that was strong and that was contemptuous of the weakness in his legs. But they gave the decision to Greb, and then Walker went to his dressing-room. He got under a cold shower, and he stood there for a while and soon the cobwebs cleared away and he remembered something very important.

Doc Kearns, his manager, had been suspended by the N.Y. Athletic Commission, and had been barred from entering the Polo Grounds. So he sat at a table in Billy Lahiff's Tavern waiting anxiously for Mickey to return. Before the fight Mickey had made a date with a girl, and he had told her to meet him in the Tavern. He'd told her to sit with Kearns until he arrived.

Walker hurried dressing. Sure, Doc Kearns was his best friend, but it would be just like Doc to try to grab his girl. More than once he'd grabbed girls from Kearns. So Walker hurried, and then he went over to the Tavern, and as he went in he saw Greb sitting there near the door. He had to pass Greb's table to get to Kearns, whom he saw far in the back with the girl Mike had the date with. Billy Lahiff—bless his memory—stood there, and he was a bit nervous. He knew Mike and he knew Greb, and he knew that they'd both rather fight than eat.

Walker looked at Greb, and Greb looked back at Walker, and then Greb got up and smiled. "Sit down and have a drink, Mike," he said, sticking out his hand.

Walker grinned through his swollen lips, and he said: "Sure, Harry. I'd love one. I been working all night, and need a drink."

" You don't need one more than I do," Greb laughed. " Toughest night I ever spent in my life."

So he sat down and had a drink, and they talked about everything but the fight. They talked about this movie or that, and they talked about the stock market and about how much longer Babe Ruth could last.

Jack Spooner, now the dignified *maitre* of the Cub Room at the Stork Club, was a waiter at the tavern then. He was a waiter at the Tavern so long that he belonged there like a table or a check-room. He brought two more, and Greb and Walker—who an hour before had been doing everything to each other but murder—sipped their ale companionably.

Then Greb said, " Mike, I hear Billy Duffy has quite a place in that Silver Slipper. What do you say we give it a play ? "

" That's for me," Walker said, and then they left arm in arm. They got into a cab and went around to the Silver Slipper, and then they got out of the cab. Walker suddenly turned to Greb and said, pleasantly enough, " I just wanted you to know, you Dutch rat, that you wouldn't have licked me to-night if you hadn't stuck your thumb in my eye in the fourteenth."

Greb growled, " Why, you Irish lug, I could lick you the best day you ever saw. Right now I'll lick you."

Walker said to me at that point in the story, " Harry made one mistake." Then Walker chuckled, " He started to take off his coat. I waited until he had it half-way off, and then let him have it. That punch would've knocked anyone out except Greb. It was a good punch, and it dropped him and slammed his head up against a cab that was parked there, but he got up roaring. Then we went."

They went, all right. People came out of the Silver Slipper to watch. Cabs stopped, and delighted hack drivers watched the continuation of a fight which men had paid fifteen dollars to see a short

time before. Everything went, and these two were masters of the forbidden punches. Happily, joyously, they gouged and back-handed and elbowed and punched, and then a burly cop roared up and laid heavy hands on them. It was a cop named Pat Casey.

"He was a real right guy, that Pat Casey," Walker told me. "He knew us both, and he grabbed us and threw me in one cab and Harry in another, and told the drivers to take us to our separate hotels."

Walker got back to his hotel still burned up. So he ordered some ale to cool off. He sat there, and as he sipped a glass of ale a sudden thought hit him that almost made him choke. What about Kearns? Where was Doc? He was out somewhere with his—Mickey's—girl.

Walker grabbed the 'phone, and started calling the night clubs. He called every place in town, and finally he called the Silver Slipper. Bill Duffy—then and now Walker's best friend—answered the 'phone.

"Doc isn't here, Mike," Duffy chuckled. "But there's a pal of yours here who wants to say 'Hello'."

Walker listened, and then he heard: "I can lick any Irishman who ever lived. You yellow rat, why don't you come up here now, and I'll lick you again."

Walker was speechless for a moment. "Greb," he screamed into the 'phone, "you come up here to the hotel, and I'll flatten you in two minutes."

For five minutes they hurled invectives at each other. Then the door of Mickey's room opened and Doc Kearns walked in. He caught on immediately. Then he grappled the 'phone.

"Listen, Greb! We'll fight you anywhere, anytime, but not in a hotel room or a night club. We'll fight you anywhere, anytime, for fifty grand." Then Kearns hung up.

"Where's my girl?" Walker stormed.

"She got tired of waiting for you," Doc told him

coolly. "Besides, she wouldn't be seen with a common street fighter—a bar-room fighter like you."

"Why, I'll . . ."

Kearns looked at him coldly. "You'll get to bed before I go to work on you. I'll give you more than Greb did to-night. Hit that hay, sucker, I got some ice coming up."

Walker beamed, "Fine, we'll have another drink."

"The ice," Kearns said, "is for your eye. I forgot to tell you your eye is closed."

Well, that's the story of the second Greb-Walker fight, the fight that Walker thinks he won.

The pudgy man with the soiled shirt and the tie awry wheeled up again. "You was the best man of your weight that ever lived," he growled aggressively. "You could lick anyone I ever saw. Listen, Mike! I gotta get back to Allentown to-night, and I ain't got bus fare. Could you spare . . .?"

"Here's a sawbuck," Mike said, tossing him a ten-spot. "Have another drink. Frank, give the gentleman a drink."

Frank poured the drink to the accompaniment of "Best l'il feller—grandes' guy ever was. I'll lick anyone . . ."

"You're a soft touch for a bite," I told Mike.

"There's no pockets in your shroud," Mickey grinned. "Now, where were we?"

"About Greb. We were talking about Greb," I reminded him. "You two must have hated each other."

"Hated each other?" Mickey exploded. "Why, we loved each other. Say, when Harry died I felt that I'd lost one of my best friends. Sure we'd fight maybe, but so what? We were both fighting guys."

"You made many a buck in the ring?"

"Yeah," Mike said, thoughtfully. "I wonder how much I did make. Let's figure up some of those good purses. I guess I made close to two million dollars."

Well, there was the \$120,000 bit Mike got for

fighting and beating Tommy Milligan in London. There was \$100,000 for the Dave Shade fight. Two fights with Ace Hudkins brought \$160,000. He got fifty thousand for fighting Tommy Loughran, and fifty more for boxing Jack Sharkey.

"I still think I won that fight," Mike interrupted.

The one with Lew Tendler brought \$25,000 and bouts with Mike McTigue, Jack Britton—from whom he won the welterweight title—and Tiger Flowers, whom he defeated for the middleweight title, adding another \$100,000. Then there were plenty of fifteen- and ten-thousand-dollar purses. It added up well over a million.

"Which of them gave you that cauliflower ear?" I asked Mike.

He rubbed his one thick ear reflectively. "None of 'em. I got that in a hard fight I had in Los Angeles. It happened this way. Doc and I . . ."

Well, it was one of Mike's last fights. He didn't have much left except 170 pounds of fighting heart and a spirit that was never happy unless Mike was throwing leather. He got a shot with a pretty fair fighter named Tom Patrick in Los Angeles, and after the fight Kearns collected the loot. It was \$2,200.

"That ain't much, Mike," Kearns said, "but it'll buy groceries for a while. Listen, Mike! Let's not split this until to-morrow. I'll keep it in my pocket, so we won't blow it to-night."

Mike nodded. "That's swell. Now, Mark Kelly and Doc Martin said to meet them for a tall one or two. Let's get going."

They met Mark Kelly, who then conducted the most widely read sports column on the Pacific Coast, and Doc Martin, of the boxing commission, and a few other kindred spirits, and they went bouncing around and around. As always when Kearns became expansive, he started looking for checks to grab. There was never a faster man with a dollar than

Kearns. Not long ago he opened a place in Chicago. He had two fights there the first week. That happened when a couple of suckers tried to pay their checks. When Kearns is in a buying mood, he can make a dollar go very fast.

Well, Kearns was in a buying mood that night. Then, following in the wake of people like Kearns and Walker there are always a lot of gentlemen who are known to the trade as "bite guys." They began to make their gallant appearance, and Kearns was easy for a touch that night. The wine was flowing fast and Mickey, who was only drinking ale—he never drank much else and now he doesn't drink much of that—began to get a bit nervous. Maybe he'd better grab some of that \$2,200.

So he asked Kearns for four hundred dollars.

"For what?" Kearns barked.

"I want to send a boy out for the morning papers," Mike said, and Kearns gravely handed him the four C notes. That seemed a reasonable excuse to Doc. An hour later Mike touched Kearns for four more, and he put the eight hundred away.

"At least we got our getaway money now," Mike told himself, and then he relaxed. Kearns still kept calling for more wine, and he'd break any man's arm who reached for a check. They went to Hobo Dougherty's, and then gave Ray Hallor's a whirl, and they wound up in some joint a cab-driver had taken them to, and then the fun began. Somebody said something that Doc didn't like, so Doc swung on him. The only trouble was that the man happened to be a detective. He had several pals in the place, and they all went to work on Doc. So with a joyous shout Mickey came roaring in and was all set to polish them off one after another, when a big cop took out a gun and tapped Mickey very hard on the ear and the lights went out. The coppers were all right, though. They didn't arrest either Doc or

Mike. They threw them into a cab and told them to go home.

Arrived at the hotel, they hopped from the cab. Kearns said, "Catch this cab fare, Mike. I find I got no dough."

Walker, telling me the story, said, "So I reached in my pocket and found that I had no dough, too. During the past couple of hours I'd been buying the grape. Sure, I even blew the eight hundred that I'd grabbed from Doc so it would be safe. Anyhow, that's how I got the cauliflower ear—from getting hit by that copper."

A great pair, Doc Kearns and Mickey Walker. They roared through Cauliflower Row laughing and fighting and making big money and then tossing it away lightheartedly. Kearns was a tough man to do business with. He'd drive a hard bargain with any fight promoter, and then he'd go a-celebrating. Yeah, Kearns and Walker added a lot of colour and glamour to the drab, stupid, larcenous business of professional fighting. Kearns and Walker. Kearns and Walker—inseparable pals, constantly engaged in amiable argument, growling at one another, but each willing to fight a regiment if the other wished.

Walker looked down the length of the tavern to the door, and there was a grim smile on his face. He'd love to fight the Dutchman just once more, and then go out with him and maybe pick up Kearns and show the present-day crop of nickel nursers just how fast a buck could travel if a man put his mind to it.

But Greb didn't walk in. Instead the pudgy man walked over and said petulantly:

"Mike, that bartender won't gimme a drink. Wassa matter? You high-hattin' me?"

"You had enough, pally," Mike soothed. "Better catch that bus to Allentown. It goes in ten minutes."

"You mean you won't gimme another drink?" the pudgy man stormed.

"No," Mike said softly, "you've had enough, pal. Get that bus."

The pudgy man drew himself up, and he stood there a bit unsteadily for a moment and then he snarled, "Why, you bum, you. You could never fight. You wasn't ever good enough to tie Stanley Ketchell's shoe laces."

The lines around Mickey's jaw tightened and his hands, which had been lying loosely on the table, clenched and then slowly unclenched as Mickey relaxed and Mickey said, "Maybe you're right, pal. Anyhow, run and get that bus."

So the pudgy man with the soiled shirt and the tie awry stalked out with unsteady dignity. He'd called Mickey Walker a bum and had got away with it. Probably he's still telling the boys in Allentown about it. But Mickey's no bum. Mickey is a gentleman of the old school, and the pudgy man who'd put the bite on him should have taken off his hat when he spoke to him. The rest of us who spend a lot of time along Cauliflower Row do.

We sat there, the gunner and I, and I found that I had taken one of the shells for the Bofors out of the case. I was holding it and bouncing it from hand to hand while I was telling the young gunner about Mickey Walker. I put it back into its case.

"I wish he was 'ere with us," the gunner said. "Mickey Walker, I mean. We could do with a bit of fun on this ship. Then we're getting near thirty west and once you're there you need men who can fight. That was a man who could fight, hey, mate? Aye, he could fight. I see him go with Milligan and Milligan was a clever lad too. That Walker, though, 'e made 'im look silly. But Tony Canzoneri, now what was he like? He had a rare left hand, I remember. I only see 'im go once. That was at the St. Nick arena . . ."

"There is a quiet ecstasy about the feel of old shoes, the smoke in a well-coloured meerschaum pipe, a slow drink from a cobwebbed bottle, and it's somehow the same when Tony Canzoneri comes through the ropes with his hands dressed in fighting leather."

Walter Stewart, the Memphis newspaperman, who writes about fights and fighters so much better than the fights and fighters usually deserve, once penned that about Canzoneri and he put into words what many of us have always felt about the little former lightweight champion of the world. Canzoneri is a gallant little man who carries across his face the blunt tracery of honourable scars acquired in the exercise of a profession to which he brought an honesty and dignity not usually associated with the tawdry business of leather-throwing.

If these introductory remarks would seem to hint that I am possessed of an unbounded admiration for Tony Canzoneri, it might be well to add quickly that I am highly prejudiced in his favour. I know him and I have seen him fight. Anyone who knows Tony and who has seen him fight is bound to be prejudiced in his favour.

One night about six years ago a group of us were holding up Jack Dempsey's bar and talking of this and that, but mostly of Tony Canzoneri. Tony was due to fight Lou Ambers, the Herkimer Hurricane.

"Ambers is a good, strong young fellow," someone said. "I figure he'll knock Tony off in a couple of rounds."

"Has any good, strong young fellow ever knocked Tony off in a couple of rounds?" a voice broke in. The voice was owned by Gus Wilson, a fight manager favourably known in cauliflower circles. "For several years I have been hearing that some good, strong young fellow is due to knock Tony off in a couple of rounds, but so far I have not seen it done. Not long ago I managed a good, strong young fellow named

Jack Gouley. He was going great guns, too, and then I matched him with Canzoneri."

"What happened?" a stooge asked, taking advantage of the bartender's lack of attention to snatch a bit of free lunch.

"Tony made my good, strong young fellow look silly," Gus Wilson said gloomily.

"But that was a year ago. Tony is older now," the stooge said, blowing the foam off his beer.

"A couple of months ago I had another good, strong young fellow," Wilson went on. "He was so strong he could have spotted Popeye two pounds of spinach and knocked him out. I brought him to the St. Nick to fight Tony. They were telling me that Tony looked very bad in training, that bantamweights were slapping him around. I felt very confident and, in fact, I ordered myself a new suit of clothes."

"So what happened?" the stooge asked, dipping into the pretzel bowl.

"So I haven't paid for that suit yet," Gus Wilson told us. "This time Tony knocked my pay check right into the third row. So listen, you guys, stop telling me about that good, strong young fellow who is going to flatten Tony. Sure it'll happen some day—but not in our time."

That is what the Eighth Avenue fancy thought of Canzoneri. Tony was as mature and mellow as a Stradivarius, and as honest. When I say that Tony was an honest fighter I say it in the sense that you say a racehorse is an honest horse. It means a horse that runs consistently, true to form. Tony fought that way. Like a thoroughbred, Tony ran true to form.

As a fighter Canzoneri had only one fault. He got hit too often. His quarled face gives testimony of that. Tony acknowledges the indictment, but he explains that the best way to bring a fighter into you is to open up a bit, give him a target, and then when he comes into you slap him dizzy. This is a fine system if

you are boxing cream-puff hitters. Tony has taken many a punch to land one, and often Tony has been hurt.

That naturally brings up the McLarnin-Canzoneri fight in 1936. For sheer brilliance, for thrills and for excitement, that was one of the greatest fights ever held anywhere. Two clean, fast, honest fighters gave everything they had—but Tony had just a little bit more. Two weeks before the fight I went to Marlborough to watch Tony train. He looked great, but he only weighed his usual one hundred and thirty-three pounds. McLarnin would weigh about one hundred and forty-five the night of the fight. Tony's manager, Sammy Goldman, looked worried.

"Goldman didn't want to make this match," Canzoneri said to me. "Goldman thinks McLarnin will beat me. But I don't. This is one fight I've wanted for five years. I know I can beat Jimmy. Sure he's bigger than I am and he can hit harder, but I know how to beat Jimmy." Tony sat there, bronzed and sturdy, and he looked at me steadily and he said slowly, "After the fight, drop into my dressing-room and let me say, 'I told you so.'"

One of the largest crowds ever to see a fight indoors jammed Madison Square Garden that night to see two of the most popular fighters of our time. In the lobby of the Garden where the gamblers gather you heard, "Nine to five on McLarnin," then, just before ring time, you heard, "Two to one on McLarnin."

McLarnin looked like a cinch. Practically all of the sports writers had picked Jimmy, many of them saying that Jimmy would knock Tony out. Jimmy himself was so confident that he allowed his bride to come and see the bout. Jimmy in the ring looked much younger than Tony. Jimmy is tall and he exudes confidence and his arms are long and there's steel in them too.

Then Tony slipped off his bathrobe and Tony looked around and you couldn't help but think of what Walter Stewart had written.

Two minutes later he was staggering around the ring under the impetus of McLarnin's furious attack. Two minutes later McLarnin's punches had deadened his brain, and his legs were uncertain supports which were acting strangely. It was halfway through the first round that McLarnin had caught him with a terrific left hook to the chin and it looked like curtains for Canzoneri.

"It looks bad for Tony," I said to Jimmy Wood, the fight writer.

"Jimmy will have to knock him out, though," Wood said grimly. "Tony won't fold up. And he'll get up, too, if he's knocked down."

They were working desperately on Tony in his corner. "Are you all right, Tony?" Goldman was anxious.

"No, but I will be in a minute," Tony said calmly.

He was all right in a minute. We all expected that he'd try to cover up to evade McLarnin and get back some of his strength. But Tony never fought that way. When Tony was stung he fought the harder. He came out in the second round with a rush, swinging leather, and the crowd rose with a roar of approval. For a minute Tony and McLarnin fought as men must have fought a thousand years ago. For a moment these two consummate ring masters forgot their craft and their cunning.

From that moment on Tony had full command of the fight. In the ninth he almost knocked McLarnin out. Jimmy was on Queer Street, and now it was his legs which were rubbery and treacherous and there was a screaming in his brain. Only the great heart of him kept him up.

As he staggered to his corner, unsteady but sturdily, a man two seats away leaned over and said a bit shakily, "I never saw courage like that. I wish I had him and a hundred like him working for me."

The man was J. Edgar Hoover, head of the G-men.

Even a G-man doesn't see the kind of courage we were looking at that night.

"Heart," I told him and he nodded.

The tenth and last round was another three minutes of savage leather-swinging, and then it was over and Joe Humphries held up Tony's hand and the crowd roared its approval and adulation for the little man with the blunt, scarred face.

Five minutes later Tony was stretched on a table and they were putting ice on the cut above his nose. Papa Canzoneri was there, beaming proudly, and Sammy Goldman was there too.

Tony looked at me and grinned through his cut lips.

"I don't like to rub it in, but I told you so," he said gently.

That was Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion of the world, and if I seem unduly enthusiastic it is because in the world of professional sport one seldom, very seldom, meets anything that is wholly fine and entirely honest and clean, and when one does one is apt to awake the silence with loud cries of admiration. And Tony was wholly fine and entirely honest and clean and those are three qualities seldom found in the fighting game, or for that matter in any other game.

Canzoneri was one of the few legitimate lightweight champions we have had. By that I mean that his normal weight was under one hundred and thirty-three pounds, the lightweight limit. In his street clothes and after having had a large meal of *pasta fagioli* and *lassagne ripiene* and having washed it down with a glass of *barbera rosso* Tony never weighed more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

When he was a kid on the streets of New Orleans he weighed less than one hundred pounds, and that's how he happened to become a fighter. At that time (he was eleven) Tony was engaged in a profession once glorified by Horatio Alger—Tony was a bootblack. In those days in New Orleans a bootblack

had to fight or have no shoes but his own to shine. Since Tony didn't wear shoes he learned to fight. He had to fight when some huskier kid would nab a customer on whom Tony had his eye. He had to fight sometimes on his way home when the jingle of coins in his pocket would attract the larcenous attention of some strong-armed colleague. Because Tony was smaller than an exclamation point, he had to fight a little bit better than his larger confrères or get his ears punched off.

Tony got into the habit of hanging around the Gayosa Gymnasium, which was owned by an ex-fighter named Kid Gage. Night after night the spaghetti would get cold on the Canzoneri table and Papa Canzoneri would grumble, "Where is that Tony of mine?"

Then Tony would come in and Mamma Canzoneri's keen, maternal eye would detect a bruise on his cheek or a mouse under his eye.

"Oh, that?" Tony would declare innocently. "Oh, I slipped and fell. What's for supper, Mom?"

Papa Canzoneri would peer suspiciously at his son, but he wouldn't say anything because he'd heard of what his son was doing with his late afternoons and maybe he was secretly a bit proud. For Tony was learning to box at Kid Gage's and he was using as his model the idol of all New Orleans, Pete Herman, who was then bantamweight champion of the world. By the time Tony was thirteen he had already won seventeen amateur bouts. When he was fourteen he was the proud holder of the one-hundred-pound city championship. Then Papa Canzoneri knew that he had raised his boy to be a boxer.

"Did you bawl Tony out when you discovered that he'd been boxing secretly?" I asked Papa Canzoneri the day I visited Tony at his training camp.

"No, Tony was always a good boy," Pop Canzoneri said sturdily. "I never bawl him out."

One day Pete Herman strolled into the gymnasium in New Orleans and his casual attention focused on Tony, who was boxing with another kid. The champion was impressed. He gave Tony a few pointers and a few more, and then a year later he sent him to New York with a letter to Sammy Goldman, who was Herman's manager. Herman's career was about over. He was having trouble with his eyes.

Tony was fourteen when he landed in New York, and Goldman thought that Herman was playing a joke on him when he saw the kid. He was still wearing short trousers. Then Goldman watched him box and he realized that Herman hadn't been joking. By advancing his age three years Goldman got Tony in a few amateur bouts. Within two years Tony had won three amateur titles and he was ready to turn professional.

To go through Canzoneri's career would be merely to detail incidents well known to boxing fans. He won the featherweight title and went on to win the lightweight title. More interesting is the fact that a dozen times they sung Tony's swan song, wrote his pugilistic obituary. Back as far as 1929 Bud Taylor, against whom Tony fought three desperate battles, predicted that Tony couldn't last much longer.

"When Tony is stung," Taylor said, "he insists upon fighting his way out of trouble instead of boxing his way out. He comes at you fast and wide open. That makes him easy to hit. He's a fighting fool but he's taking too many punches. The trouble with Tony is that his heart is too big for him."

A little while later Tony was overwhelmed by the fierce whirlwind attack of the Englishman, Jackie (Kid) Berg, and once more the boxing Boswells turned out sad copy and again buried Tony pugilistically. But Tony never read the obituaries. Instead, he signed for a return match with Berg and not only beat him but knocked him out.

Barney Ross defeated him for the lightweight title and then again beat him in a return bout. Now surely Tony was through. But when Ross, grown too heavy to make the lightweight limit, decided to rest on his welterweight championship laurels, Tony again bobbed up. The New York State Boxing Commission named several good, strong young fellows and Tony as the leading lightweights, and they fought it out for the title. Tony met Lou Ambers, young, strong as a bull, and Tony defeated him handily.

Oh well, Tony is through now. Tony is an old man, pugilistically speaking. He must be thirty-three. In this business of being a reporter you meet so many shoddy people; it is nice to have met and known someone like Tony Canzoneri. When a man can walk through the muddy gutters of professional pugilism without wetting his feet he is a great person. Tony did that. It was a privilege to know someone like Tony Canzoneri.

"Ayc, mate, you're right," the young gunner said when I finished telling him about Canzoneri. "It's the great game, the fightin' game. Well now, it isn't always a great game. I was doin' all right m'self until I got hurt and had to quit."

"It wasn't your eyes, was it?" I asked alarmed.

"No," he said hastily, "I had a double hernia. Mind you, not from any fight. I was working as a docker for a while and I guess I lifted too many heavy cases. I wasn't heavy enough. I never went more than ten stone. That's about 140 pounds in America."

"Well," I told him, relieved, "I'm glad it wasn't your eyes. We may need them these next few days."

"Let a Jerry 'plane come along," he said darkly, "and I'll show ye whether me eyes are all right or not."

Well, we'll see.

EIGHTH DAY OUT

ON a long trip like this very small things assume an importance which at any other time they would lack. To-day we saw a school of porpoise and we stood on deck like idiots watching them for an hour. The sea had abated a bit for the moment and the look-out on the port side had rung his bell, telling us that there was something on the horizon that needed explaining. All he had seen was spray flying. That might mean the wake of a submarine—actually it meant this school of porpoise. They came right for us and then veered off to stay in front of us. They seem vain creatures. It was as if they knew that the eyes of the convoy were on them.

They leaped and squirmed and cut fancy capers for an hour or so, always staying just ahead of us. I don't imagine that there is much future in being a porpoise. They are no good for eating, so no one tries to catch them, and thus they are deprived of that slight uncertainty of existence which (taken in small doses) adds so much flavour to living. The Atlantic is so big that it must be seldom that they can find an audience for their piscatorial playfulness.

Most fish can at least justify their existence by being targets for either tired business men armed with hooks and line, or equally tired business men armed with knife and fork. As for me, I have always been much more interested in the eating part of fish than in the catching part of fish.

My sense of research was aroused along these lines once by the late Heywood Broun. Broun and I lived together in his house near Stamford, Connecticut, then. It was a hot summer. We usually went to New York

for week-ends. We found, for one thing, that it was usually much warmer at the week-end than it was during the week. Why this should be neither of us ever knew. Then we found out that New York, or that part of it which interested us, was so much cooler than the country. Nearly all the good restaurants were air-cooled, and we'd swim (Broun at his Racquet Club and I at my University Club) in much greater comfort than we could in Broun's muddy lake in Connecticut. New York is never crowded on Saturdays and Sundays during the hot weather. All in all, New York is about the most pleasant place in the world to be in a week-end during a heatwave, although London is awfully nice, too, on hot week-ends. You don't meet the awful bores who infest the Stork Club and "21" during the week. They all follow the usual pattern of rushing to the hot countryside.

One evening Broun and I were dining at "21," which is a very good restaurant. At that time a group of us in Connecticut had started a weekly paper called the *Connecticut Nutmeg*. Ten of us put up two hundred dollars each and the paper came into existence. We were all editors, and it was a fairly high-priced, if greatly undisciplined staff, which we gathered from our own countryside. The other eight editors were George Bye, Deems Taylor, Ursula Parrot, Jack Pegler, John Erskine, Stanley High, Colvin Broun and Gene Tunney. We had no rejection slips on the *Nutmeg* and every one of us could write anything he wished. It was a lot of fun for a summer, and it only cost us our original two hundred dollars, which was reasonable enough.

Broun and I sat in "21" one Saturday night, cooled by the air-conditioning and drinks in tall glasses, and then we thought of food.

"I would love to have a dozen oysters," Broun said gloomily. "But of course, after those drinks, I can't."

Oysters and alcohol don't mix. That, at least, is

one of the old food-and-drink axioms one has heard all one's life. I remembered that on more than one occasion I had followed cocktails with oysters quite unthinkingly and nothing had happened.

"That may be an old wives' tale," I suggested to Broun. "Propaganda started by some anti-drink society. I wonder if it is medically sound? Maybe oysters and whisky mix like ham and eggs."

"Why don't you find out and do a piece for the *Nutmeg* on it?" Broun suggested. I did. At the cost of consulting a few books on drugs and chemicals and a few talks with eminent restaurant keepers, I became within a few hours an expert on the subject of alcohol and sea food. I found out that it is not true that sea food and alcohol only need the battleground of one's stomach to unloosen a reciprocal hate.

The Bible, of course, gave me the first hint. Thumb through the Old Testament and you will be amazed at the frequent references made to wine. Everyone drank wine then. They had to, because the water in the Holy Land was so bad. It still is bad, and the water supply remains a big problem to the troops who are stationed in that part of the world.

Then there are any number of references to sea food. There was no refrigeration in those days and obviously meat could not be kept long without spoiling. Fresh meat was not only very expensive, but very scarce. Fish which could be had by dropping a net into the Lake of Galilee was the staple food. The Disciples never went fishing for the sport of the thing. Several of them were in the fish trade. Fishing to them was a business, not a relaxation. It was also a necessity because of the meat shortage.

There is the passage which deals with the embarrassment of Peter and his fellows one afternoon when the nets kept coming up empty. The Master sat in the back of the boat smiling gently as the nets arose again and again, innocent of fish. The hour

was growing late and the lake hadn't yielded even a nibble. There were hungry men to be fed. The Master pointed wordlessly to the right side of the boat. Peter dropped his net overboard and a few minutes later he pulled it up laden with fish. This was not trophy-room fish—it was eating fish.

The Master performed another miracle with loaves and fishes. He might just as well have summoned loaves and pork chops. But fish was the staple food and the healthiest food of the day. And you can bet it was always washed down by the wine which so mellowly flavours Biblical literature. If the Bible says that alcohol and sea food may wed—the authority should be sufficient.

By interviewing some of our more prominent restaurateurs I found more recent and perhaps more concrete evidence that the old taboo was a ridiculous one. First I talked to Billy the Oysterman. There was an old Billy the Oysterman, and now he is dead and young Billy the Oysterman runs one of the best and most famous sea-food emporiums in the world. He was scornful of the old taboo.

"I have eaten sea food since I was a child," he said heatedly. "I have drunk beer and cocktails and occasionally Scotch ever since I can remember. Never once have I been sick from the combination. I have seen hundreds of my customers sit around drinking for a long time before dinner, and then I've seen them eat oysters, broiled lobsters, and may be top that off with a soft-shelled crab or two. I never yet had to send for an ambulance to take anyone home."

Toots Shor is the owner of a place at 51, West Fifty-first Street, in New York, which rejoices in the mere name of "Toots Shors." Toots is not a girl by any means. Instead, Toots is a very large and friendly man who is in the restaurant business chiefly because he is a gregarious soul. It is easy to have a lot of friends around you if you own a first-class restaurant

and have that happy faculty of saying every now and then, "This one is on me." I dropped into Toot's place one evening to ask his professional advice on the subject.

"Sea food and alcohol don't mix?" Toots roared. "What crackpot said that? Take a look inside. There's Gabby Hartnett and Paul Danning of the New York Giants eating now. What are they having? Ersters and beer. When the Detroit team is in town Hank Greenberg always has clams and a glass or two of beer. They're the healthiest men in the world—ball players. Many a time I've washed down oysters with Scotch, and it's a tasty combination. And my missus? Listen, you know that other one about ice cream and lobster? That's the bunk, too. My missus loves ice cream. A hundred times I've seen her eat a lobster and after that have two plates of ice cream. And there's nothing wrong with her, is there?"

"I should say not," I said enthusiastically.

My research was not done. Jack Kreindler is one of the owners of "21." It is a good restaurant, one of the finest in the world, and Kreindler knows food.

"I used to wonder about that taboo," he said when I asked him, "so I thought I'd find out for myself. The theory is that the alcohol in a drink will immediately harden the oyster, turn it into stone. One night I put half a dozen oysters in a glass of Scotch whisky. I left them there overnight. In the morning they were as soft as when I'd dropped them in the glass. Most people who come here have a couple of cocktails or Scotch and sodas before dinner, and most of them eat oysters or clams. No one ever got sick from it that I know."

I delved into the medical encyclopaedias, the pharmacopoeia, and other books about drugs. I never found one warning about sea food and alcohol. Quite the contrary, in fact. Claudius Galenus (commonly called Galen) lives because he was the first to discover that

the arteries carried blood. He also believed that conditions of health and sickness depended upon the relative proportions of solids and liquids in the body. He believed in the therapeutic value of wine and recommended it for indigestion. The Greeks, you'll remember, were great fish and shell-food eaters.

Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, in the sixteenth century, recommended the raspings of the human skull as a cure for hypochondria, a remedy since discredited, I believe. However, he was sounder when it came to gout. He prescribed wine of colchicum corn, and I might add that the price of it was what would now be twenty shillings a bottle—getting on for the price of whisky. John Huxham was awarded the Copley Medal by the Royal Society in 1755 for a treatise in which he recommended metallic antimony with wine for digestive ills.

The physicians of antiquity all used wine in curing digestive ailments, and the ancient wine was about as strong and as high in alcoholic content as the whisky of to-day. Scribonius, Damocrates, Nicholas of Salerno, Paul of *Ægina*, Baptista Porta, Alexander of Tralles, all recommend that for digestive ills certain drugs be mixed with wine, boiled, strained and then “frequenter percolato.” In 1650 the London Pharmacopœia was adopted by England as its official registry of drugs. For digestive disorders it recommends “*Aqua Vitæ Hibernorum, sive Usquebaugh*,” which is nothing but the forerunner of our modern whisky. In fact, even then whisky as we know it was being made in Ireland, and it was called in the Gaelic, *Uisquebeatha*, the literal translation of which is “water of life.”

What I mean is that wines and whiskies have always been regarded by physicians as aids to digestion. There is no evidence that they aid the digestion of meat and hinder the digestion of sea food. In short, there is no reason for keeping alcohol and sea food apart.

I trust I have laid to rest an old superstition which belongs to such other early folklore as "All Snakes Die at Sundown" and "If you touch a toad you'll get a wart." Because of the two days I dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge you may now safely enter a restaurant and cry happily, "Waiter, a beaker of gin, a dozen oysters and twenty-four steamed clams on the side."

Having discussed the fish family as food at undoubtedly too great length, we might while away this stormy night (we're rolling too much to even think of sleeping) by now investigating the fish as the godhead of sport. I have many other wise, well-balanced friends to whom fishing is a fine art and as such must be spoken of in soft, respectful tones. For the most part I have found fishing to be a terrific bore which at its worst compares quite favourably with golf and bridge as anti-social institutions.

Izaak Walton always claimed to be a meditative sort of fellow. I have visited the famous inn near Maidenhead where it is said that he wrote his famous angling treatise. It is a lovely inn, and the Thames flows by it with turgid and dreary patience. There are pictures of the master and letters and articles which were written by him hang framed on the walls. For a meditative fellow Mr. Walton did plenty of writing and talking. He said that fishing was an aid to the quiet, meditative life. This, of course, is absurd. Fishermen talk more, yell more, yarn more, lie more than any other group of men in the world.

Broun was the only completely sensible fisherman I ever knew. He had this muddy, moth-eaten lake at the back of his house, and sometimes he would spend hours lying on the float with a fishing-line overboard. He was a man who honestly enjoyed fishing for its own sake and not for the trophies he could bring home. I came upon him once stretched out on the flat float. He had been at it four hours

"How is the fishing?" I asked.

"Terrible." He frowned. "It was all right during the first three hours and I had a good sleep. But twice during the past hour I've had bites, and each time the rod was jerked from my hand and woke me up. I think," he added, "that I'll have a lake drained, get rid of whatever fish are there and then I can enjoy the sport without being awakened every hour or so."

One of the most amiable men I know is Ernest Hemingway. He lived in Key West then, and he had, and still has, one blind spot—fishing. I have fished the Gulf Stream with Mr. Hemingway, and I have seen him transferred from a smiling, gentle, genial companion into a blustering, swearing, hot-tempered, vicious devil. He gave me very full and intricate instructions as to the catching of the sailfish in case we were lucky enough to find one.

"When the sailfish strikes let your line run out," he said. "The sailfish will think that he has killed the bait. He will back away and then rush for it and swallow it. You count ten and then jerk your rod high to hook him good. Then reel in. You will probably lose the first few," he added complacently, "but after that you should get the hang of it."

We were about fifteen miles off Key West and mighty rough it was too when a fish struck my line. I forgot everything that Ernest had told me. I just reeled in and in a couple of minutes there was a sailfish six feet long lying in the boat.

Later I found that catching that sailfish was sheer accident.

Hemingway frowned ominously and all his good nature disappeared.

"That's no way to catch a sail," he said.

"Well, I caught him," I defended stoutly. "There he is. Can we have him for dinner?"

"You don't eat sailfish," he said.

"What the hell do you do with sailfish?" I asked.

" You can have it mounted," he said sourly. " It'll cost ten dollars a foot."

By now one of Ernest's crew had rebaited my hook and tossed it into the blue waters of that ol' debbil Gulf Stream. There was a tug at the line and Hemingway screamed, "A barracuda, a big one! Take it easy—don't get excited—play him—play him!"

I didn't know what he was talking about when he said, "Play him," so I just reeled him in, an operation that took all of thirty seconds. . . . This kept on all morning. We ended up with ten barracuda, several kingfish, six mackerel, a dozen other assorted fish and one wahoo. Finally we went in to Key West and Ernest was very excited about the wahoo.

" You don't get them often," he said. " They're great eating."

" We'll have them for dinner then?" I asked.

" Oh," he said easily, " I always give the fish to the crew."

I will admit that it was fun, but then it is always fun being with Hemingway, whether it's on a boat, in a pub or in his own home. But it all seemed so one-sided. They use big sharp hooks, and once a fish is hooked I can't see how he can ever get away. If he does it's a cinch he will leave half his profile and all his bridge work behind him.

I fished with Hemingway for a whole week. He was just finishing up *Who Have and Have Not*. After a day's fishing he'd work for a couple of hours. If we had caught a lot of fish he was happy and in a good mood for writing. If we had had a bad day he was morose and savage-tempered. This accounts, I am sure, for the unevenness of the last chapter in the book. Those superb passages which flash across those pages like brilliant metaphorical meteors were written on good days. The dull, drab passages were written on days when we caught nothing but groupers or mackerel.

I must admit, however, that Ernest made me

curious about fishing. My curiosity, of course, was quickened by the thought that I might do an article about deep-sea fishing and sell it. I'm afraid most of my enthusiasms spring from the same mercenary source. I left Hemingway in Key West and went to Miami because Hileah Park had just opened, and why anyone should be in Key West when the horses were running at Miami was, of course, quite incomprehensible to me. The horses were not very friendly horses, however, and I found that I soon needed some quick walking around money, not to mention hotel money. So I investigated the sailfish just as I'd investigate anyone else to learn as much about him as possible before interviewing him. I looked up the clips in the morgue of the *Miami Herald* and actually became interested. I talked to a couple of fishing captains and then spent two days bouncing about the Gulf looking for the elusive sail. It wasn't nearly as much fun as fishing with Hemingway, but then hardly anything is as much fun as that. But it was more profitable. I did get a story out of it and *Collier's* did print it, all of which justified an expense account and an excuse to stay in Florida another couple of weeks.

I traced the genealogy of the sailfish back to 1904. No one knew that such a fish existed before that time. Maybe it didn't. Maybe a few million years of development culminated in 1904 and the fish jumped full-fledged, sail and all, right out of the past.

In 1904 two men were bobbing about in a thirty-foot fishing-boat, twelve miles off Miami Beach, in the indigo blue waters of the Gulf Stream. They were trolling for barracuda, Martin the amateur sportsman, Thompson the guide. Suddenly a fish leaped out of the water some fifty feet astern—a big fish which had what looked to be a sail on his back. A moment later Martin felt what he thought to be a tug on his line.

"I've got a strike," he called to Thompson, and he gave his line a sharp jerk the better to implant the

hook. But there was nothing there. The same thing happened a moment later.

"This fish, whatever it is, is playing with me," Martin growled, and pulled in his line. The strip of dolphin belly he had been using for bait was slashed in two places, but there were no teeth marks on it. This had happened a dozen times that season to Martin and Thompson, and it happened to other fishermen, too. Fishing was good in the Gulf Stream that year, and you couldn't stick your foot overboard without kicking a shark, a barracuda or a mackerel. But Martin and Thompson were after this impudent stranger who taunted them by leaping out of the water, by playing with their bait—and then refusing to swallow their hooks.

Thompson said, "I think I've a way to get this fish. I think he has no teeth—this fish with the sail on his back. I think that he first stalks the bait and then jabs it with his bill. He seems to have a bill almost like a swordfish. He stuns it, waits for a moment and then rushes at it. Now we are trolling and he hits our bait. The boat keeps right on and he figures that the bait isn't dead, so he doesn't rush in to grab it. He sees it moving along and he's smart—he's waiting for it to die; he won't go after it while it's alive. Suppose now that you take the brake off your reel as soon as you feel that first pull, which is merely the fish stunning the bait, which he thinks is alive. The boat will keep on, but your line will run out and the bait will remain where it was when he stunned it. This crazy fish with the sail on his back will then think that the bait is dead and he'll swallow it. Then reel in, and we'll see what kind of fighter he is."

So Martin put another strip of dolphin belly on his hook and threw it overboard. Once more they sighted the elusive fish with the sail and again Martin felt a tug on his line.

"Take off the brake and let the line run for about ten seconds," Thompson almost whispered.

Martin did. Then he began to reel in. Suddenly there was a flash and ninety pounds of surprised sailfish danced in the air, wondering what it was all about. He put up a fight that lasted two hours, but Martin brought him in. It was the first time that a sailfish had ever been caught. This was the winter of 1904.

Now sailfishing is the king of all game-fish sport. Sailfishing to the big-game fisherman is what trout-fishing is to the stream fisherman. It may be exciting to catch shark, barracuda or bonefish, but sailfishing is the ultimate refinement of the sport. A sailfish is an opponent for whom you can have only the greatest respect. It ranks with the bonefish as a great fighter. No one in Florida waters ever dragged a live bonefish over the side of the boat. They fight until they die, and thus, of course, ultimately get the last laugh. A barracuda with his rows of gleaming teeth and with his face scarred by a constant ugly leer is a dangerous killer, but a barracuda gives up when he's tired. He can't take it.

But a sailfish? Ah, there's a lad for you. He is in there, thinking all the time. You can't toss a line overboard and say, "Come, pretty sailfish, climb on that hook." No, indeed. You have to stalk a sailfish as a hunter stalks a deer. You have to think faster than the fish; you have to have steel muscles, iron nerves and a sense of humour to catch a sailfish. You also have to have luck.

John Mahony of Miami is generally acknowledged (by everyone except himself) to be the greatest living sailfisherman. In all he has caught more than four hundred of them—but in the National Anglers' Tournament, sponsored in December by the Florida Year-Round Clubs at Key Largo, Florida, he didn't get one. And he's the champion of champions at this sport, according to the guides, the amateur fishermen and the men who sit on the edge of docks waiting for the fishermen to come in.

They hunt sailfish (and hunt is the word to use) off Fort Lauderdale, Palm Beach, Miami Beach and Key Largo, headquarters of the Key Largo Anglers' Club, which is about thirty-five miles from Miami. If you'd like to spend a day sailfishing come on along.

You begin by getting up at the crack of dawn, and in February the dawn cracks early in Florida. You ride the thirty-five miles to Key Largo through a soft and silent morning. Only the day seems to be awake.

Your boat, a twenty-foot cruiser which can go sixteen knots, is waiting; and your guide, Captain Bob (or Captain Bill or Captain Tom), is waiting, impatient to be off.

"Do you know anything about sailfishing?" he asks hopefully.

"I know how to put the worm on the hook," you answer modestly.

He looks at you coldly and explains that you use flying fish or strips from almost any larger fish as bait. He explains the technique of sailfishing to you, the same technique devised by Charlie Thompson exactly thirty-seven years ago.

You are off now. The water is shallow and light green. You look over the side and you see several insignificant-looking fish apparently hiding their heads in the sand of the bottom.

"Them is bonefish," Captain Bob explains, "and they're looking for mussels."

Bonefish, those terrible fighters, these dull-looking, peaceful fish? Now to the right a school of flying fish, probably three hundred of them, leap from the water. You are out in Hawks Channel and the water is a deeper green, an off-shore wind is kicking up a bit and the boat rolls and pitches gently. A huge brown shape emerges from the deep and comes near the surface. It turns over lazily and you see a white belly and an ugly row of teeth.

"A hammerhead shark," Captain Bob says dryly.
"Don't fall overboard."

We're in the jungle now. It's a jungle of dark green water peopled with killers of the deep. In its way it is as much of a jungle as the heart of Africa. There they are, even though you can't see them. There they are, issuing a challenge to you. You pound out to sea and you have to hang on, for this is a rough day. You look back and a thin brown line marks the shore. Then :

"We're in the Gulf Stream," Captain Bob says.

"How do you know?" you ask, if you are a tyro in the big-game jungle.

"Look at the water," he says. The water is blue now—indigo blue. A moment before it had been green. We are right on the edge of the Gulf Stream and at this point off the coast the sailfish gather. Fifty feet below the surface of the water there is a coral reef. Small fish live here and the smart sailfish use that coral reef as a restaurant.

In the stern of the boat two comfortable arm-chairs are rigged and lashed to stanchions. Beside each, standing in a holder, is a rod. It is a short, stout pole and it carries heavy line. Captain Bob attaches a slice of bait to the ugly-looking hook and you sit down to await developments.

Your line jerks and a wild surge of exultation runs through you, but Captain Bob says, "It's probably only a dolphin. Bring him in."

He doesn't put up much of a fight but then he weighs only ten pounds. You reel in, relax as he shoots off spasmodically, reel in some more and then you pull him over the side of the boat. The death of a dolphin justifies his life. You pull him into the boat and two minutes later he is dead. But, in those two minutes he shows you beauty. The sun gleams on the silvery blue of his body and, almost as you look, golden flecks appear. He lies there gasping

and a shimmering green seems to glaze him for a moment. Then—he dies, his colour fades and he is only another ten-pound dead fish.

Next it's a barracuda. He gives you a merry battle, and then a maekerel wanders into the wake of your boat and snaps at the bait. This is all part of the prelude; you're after a sailfish. The sun is high now and it blisters you. The waves have increased and you brace yourself to keep from bouning overboard. You've been out for six hours and not a sign of a sailfish have you seen. An untidy tramp bound for Mexeo moves by lazily a hundred yards away and a grimy fireman leans over the rail, thinking undoubtedly, "Look at that fool."

You begin to think so yourself. You drowsie a bit and wonder if there is such a thing as a sailfish in the Gulf Stream. Then you feel a grip on your arm.

"A sail," Captain Bob whispers, and he points thirty yards astern. You peer intently, and then a shape flashes through the air. It's the fish with the sail on his baek, and he leaps seven feet in the air and sails serenely for perhaps fifteen feet. He leaves a spray of silver in his wake. You're not drowsy now. Your bait is fifty feet astern, flicking over the surface of the water. Some fishermen use a kite attached to the line. The kite earries the bait out of the wake of the boat and makes the bait jump and dart and careen crazily—the better to catch the eye of a sailfish.

The fish has disappeared and then you feel that pull on your line. He has slashed your bait with his long bill.

"Release your drag . . . count ten," Captain Bob says sternly.

A flick of your thumb and the line goes whining out of the reel—"One-two-three. . . ." Sheer mental agony this is. What is happening back there just under the surfaee of the water? You can visualize that wary sailfish cireling the bait, peering at it

suspiciously, and then lunging forward to swallow it if he thinks everything is on the up and up.

"Eight . . . nine . . . ten." And then you "strike." That is, you throw on the brake and jerk your rod upwards. If your prey has swallowed the bait (and incidentally the hook) this "striking" will set the hook firmly in him. You can tell by the feel of your rod that you've hooked him. And now the battle is on.

At first you let him do the work. He leaps from the water, a silver flash against the pale blue of the sky. He dives and streaks fifty yards to the right so near the surface that you can follow the swift flight of his body.

He flashes above the surface again and literally stands on his tail. He is a whirling *adagio* dancer now, an acrobatic dervish. More than half of the time he is out of the water and you pray that neither his bill nor his sail will slash your line and thus end this glorious fight.

"Reel in when you feel slack," Captain Bob says.

You reel in twenty feet and the muscles of your lower right arm shriek their protest. Then this trickster of the sea exerts his strength, the line burns out of the reel, and you've lost that twenty feet and a hundred more. But he's well hooked. Gradually, inexorably, you draw him nearer to the boat. He's tried a thousand tricks. You've tried but one—reeling in when you felt slack. He's a hundred feet from the boat now and suddenly he changes tactics. He aims right for you and he looks like a torpedo coming at you with a white bubble of foam in his wake. You reel in desperately. If he fouls your line he'll cut it.

But he doesn't. Again he shoots off to the right. You lose track of time. You forget the blistering rays of the sun and the pitching and rolling of a boat not made for such a sea as this. You are conscious only of one fact—you are fighting a worthy opponent who will neither give nor ask any quarter. Your right

arm is a leaden ache now—you're not accustomed to this kind of work. Your arm, like mine, may be accustomed to nothing more strenuous than the fairly easy task of pounding a typewriter. But he's coming nearer. He is getting weaker and weaker. Forty—thirty—then twenty feet away. Again he leaps through the air and he is so close that you imagine you see a sneering expression on his face. Oh, probably you're a little touched by that sun.

Now Captain Bob puts on a pair of gloves. He leans over the stern. You reel in a bit more—a bit more and now you've got him. Captain Bob reaches down, there is a swirling commotion of water, Captain Bob and sailfish, and then Captain Bob straightens up to fling sixty pounds of defeated warrior on the floor of the boat.

His eyes are shining. He has seen this five hundred times, but he's as excited as though it were his first glimpse of a sailfish.

"Nice going!" he shouts at you, and you swell with pride. You've landed a sailfish. You've conquered the wariest, cleverest, fightingest son of a gun in the Gulf Stream. There he lies, seven foot two inches, with the sail on his back and a long bill protruding from what you might call his forehead. You are surprised when you look at your watch to discover that the fight lasted two hours.

Captain Bob puts him away and heads for home. He chatters excitedly, telling you what a great fisherman you are. It is late afternoon now and you are riding into a purpling sky. The blue of the Gulf Stream changes into deep green and far ahead you see the brown line of the shore. People will be waiting there at the dock. You will have your picture taken with this sailfish. You are a warrior home from the wars.

Yes, you should feel happy, lighthearted, proud—a swaggering, conquering hero. But do you? No, indeed you don't. For you, alas, are seasick. As I was.

NINTH DAY OUT

THIS has been a long, dreary day. It was so rough that we couldn't go on deck without getting soaked. The deck is only ten feet above the water, we're so heavily loaded. We spent most of the day in our small mess-room. We're all a bit tired of the buffeting we've been getting. At meals the Chinese boys put 'fiddles' on the table. These are upright two-inch boards made in sections to keep plates from rolling into your lap. Eating under such circumstances comes under the head of juggling and legerdemain.

The Captain told us to-night that it looks as though our trip would take about nineteen days. The bombers they fly over from Newfoundland do it in eight hours. The *Queen Mary* used to make the longer trip from New York in three and a half days. The *Great Western*, a hundred years ago, the first ship to make the Atlantic crossing under steam, did it in eighteen days.

We can't complain. The food is better than we'll be getting in England when we land. There are heaping bowls of golden butter on the table at each meal. Our chef hasn't repeated himself once. We can get a drink any time we want it up to nine o'clock, which is curfew. The only way I can think of killing time from that point on is to continue with this book. It started off as rather a nebulous idea nine days ago that I never expected to take on concrete form. But I find I've done about thirty thousand words and have had a lot of fun remembering back; remembering stories I covered and people I've met.

If I were in New York to-day I'd probably be at the Polo Grounds watching the Giants play. My

affections are divided between the Giants and the Dodgers, a rare and dangerous state of emotional tension in which to find oneself. I like the Polo Grounds. If the game is dull there are always other things to do. I often go up into Section 33 where the real Giants' fans sit. There is a group of perhaps a hundred men who sit there in the upper stands every day. If any of them misses a game the rest of them worry about him. When he appears they question him. If he has been mortally sick or if his wife has died they excuse him. No other reason is held to be a valid excuse for non-support of the Giants. Many of the gang in Section 33 are bartenders who work only at night. Others are printers and, strangely, three or four are brokers. They give the Giants collectively and individually, not only their physical but their all out verbal support. They are experts in invective and they turn it on beautifully when the other team is at bat. They love to rattle pitchers and more than one enemy hurler has cast baleful eyes up at Section 33 just before walking off the mound.

If a game is dull, one can always go under the stands and then walk to the Ninth Avenue part of the park and get an elevator up to Owner Horace Stoncham's office. This is far up above the score board in centre field, and from the windows of his office the players look like miniature mechanical men on a toy diamond. And there is always Alfred there to make a drink or get a Coca Cola. When the Giants are losing, the office of the President of the Giants is a doleful place, for none come in here except dyed-in-the-wool Giant fans.

Another little-known spot in the Polo Grounds is the office of the Stevens brothers. This is under the stands in back of home plate. If it gets chilly you can always drop in there for hot coffee or a drink. Either Joe or Hal or Frank Stevens will be there, and even if you don't want a drink it's an excuse to stop in and say hello to them. The Stevens family is by

far the most popular group in the sport world to-day. They do the catering at the ball parks and at the race tracks. Broun and I never took much money to the track with us when we went together. We'd always start off by putting a limit on what we'd lose. Invariably of course we'd lose that about the fifth race and then start looking for one of the Stevens brothers. Anyone of them would do as would Harry Stevens, son of Frank. To borrow money gracefully is easy; to lend it gracefully is an art. Any of the Stevens family will lend you money and do it in such a way that you end up thinking you are doing them a favour accepting it.

Not, God knows, that they're in the business of lending money. It just happens that at race tracks one is always apt to go short and it is always difficult to cash a cheque at a race track. Broun and I and a lot of others always looked for a Stevens when we were broke.

I once asked Joe Stevens if he didn't have a lot of bad debts.

Silver thatched Joe laughed, "Race track people always pay back," he said.

The Stevens family, the largest outdoor caterers in the world, is a wealthy one, but the three brothers still work as hard as they did years ago when they were started in the business which their father had founded. They have fun working too; more fun than anyone I ever saw. To begin with, all of their friends are regular attendants at ball games and race tracks. They all have a great veneration for their father, who died in 1933. His story is one of the greatest sagas of success I know—and it all started because one cold day Harry Stevens, Senr., invented the hot dog.

That was back about the turn of the century. The old Polo Grounds was packed and Harry Stevens, Senr., should have been very happy—instead he was miserable.

Harry Stevens stood there in the back of the grandstand and looked very, very unhappy. Usually a crowd of fifty thousand fans at a ball game was reason enough to make Harry beam, but to-day the crowd brought no smile to the Stevens face, because of the weather. It was so cold that the Giant infielders going through their pre-game practice were trying vainly to get the numbness out of their hands and the crowd sat huddled miserably with coat collars turned up.

The game really should have been called off, but baseball magnates hate to disappoint a crowd of fifty thousand—especially when those fifty thousand have already laid their dough on the line and bought tickets. At that time Harry Stevens was a purveyor of score-cards, ice cream and soda pop. The crowd had bought the score-cards all right, but who would buy ice cream and ice-cold soda on a day like this? He had stocked up heavily with ice cream, anticipating a warm day, and ice cream doesn't keep for ever.

Harry Stevens stood there for a moment thinking very, very fast and when he got down to thinking fast he could think very fast indeed. He was a salesman. Here was a crowd. Somehow the two had to get together. Then . . .

"Hey, you," he called to one of his men. "Get the boys up here. Hurry up. I've got an idea."

He had an idea that was going to make him five million dollars within the next few years—though he didn't know it at the time. His son Frank had bobbed up with it only a few days before, but then he hadn't thought much of it. Now was a good time to try it out.

"Send around to all the butchers in the neighbourhood," Stevens barked at his assistant. "Buy up all of those German sausages you can, those long dachshund sausages—what do they call 'em, frankfurters? Then hustle around to the bakers in the neighbourhood and buy up all the rolls you can find.

These people want something hot. We'll give them something hot. And get some mustard. Yes, mustard—and hurry up."

"The boss has gone nuts," his men grumbled, but they hustled out to the butchers and they came back with yards of the "dachshund" sausages Stevens had ordered.

They had a small kitchen under the stands and under Harry's direction they heated the frankfurters and then Harry himself smeared them with mustard (later the mustard became optional) and stuck them between the sliced halves of the rolls.

"Take 'em out and sell 'em," Harry barked to his astonished men. "Call out that they're 'red-hot.' Remember that, 'red-hot.' Those people are freezing. They'll want something hot."

"Red-hot," the boys called as they went up and down the aisles. "Get a red-hot dachshund sausage in a roll. Dachshund sandwiches . . . red-hot . . ."

The crowd bought them through curiosity at first—then with enthusiasm. The incomparable Tad, greatest of newspaper sports cartoonists and phrase-maker extraordinary, was sitting in the press box watching the game. Always on the alert for something new, he watched the crowd devouring the new delicacy.

"Dachshund—that means dog. Why not call them hot dogs?" Tad mused, and not long after, in a cartoon, he immortalized the frankfurter which Stevens had naturalized, under the name of "hot dog." The implication that stray mongrel dogs sneaking optimistically into butcher shops to wangle a bit of free beef came out in the form of frankfurters, or "hot dogs," did not detract from the tremendous popularity of the German-born tit-bit. This was in the early part of the century and ever since then hot dogs have been an integral adjunct of ball games, race tracks, six-day bike events and fights. That cold day which had begun so dolefully really made the Stevens fortune

and helped considerably in making Harry M. Stevens, Incorporated, the largest firm of outdoor caterers in the world.

Harry Stevens died about eight years ago. A personality while he lived, he is on his way to becoming a legend. There is seldom anything as dull as the story of a self-made man who went on to become wealthy, but there is nothing dull about the story of Harry Stevens, and besides, Stevens really isn't dead at all.

His three sons now run the business he founded and they run it exactly as he did, and when they get into difficulties they get together and say, "What would Father have done in a situation like this?" And they figure out what he would have done and they do it—so you really can't say that Harry Stevens is dead.

No brothers were ever closer than Hal, Joe and Frank Stevens, and perhaps it's because old Harry left a bit of his spirit to each so that each is necessary to the others and the three together are a composite mind which was once Harry Stevens. And they talk of Harry Stevens—not as sons usually do of fathers—not sadly or in a reminiscent vein, but cheerfully and proudly, as though he still lived; and I tell you when you hear them talking of him in their New York offices, or at Hileah, or at the Polo Grounds, or at Saratoga, or at Madison Square Gardens, you feel that old Harry is very, very much alive. Well, anyhow, here's the story of Harry Stevens, the story which within a few years will be a legend.

When Harry Stevens was twenty-one he took a look around his native London and decided that it was too crowded with old men. A young man had to wait until an old man died before he could get a chance to show his wares, and, even at twenty-one, Harry felt that he had something. If nothing else he had a questioning mind—but he couldn't find the answers in London. So he married and brought his bride to that land called America for her honeymoon. He

landed in New York with five dollars and a high heart. The five dollars didn't last long, but the high heart did.

He worked at odd jobs around New York for a while, but they were hard dollars he was making. Someone told him about a steel mill at a place called Niles where there were plenty of jobs—steady jobs, too, at good salaries. He didn't quite know where Niles was, but that didn't matter. He and his bride saved and scrimped and soon raised the necessary get-away money. When he went to the ticket office to ask for two tickets to Niles the ticket seller asked, "What Niles? Niles, Michigan, or Niles, Ohio?"

"It's the place that has a steel mill," Harry suggested helpfully.

"Well," the ticket agent said doubtfully, "I never heard of no steel mills at Niles, Michigan, so maybe it's Niles, Ohio, you're looking for."

His guess was right, and lucky it was both for Harry and for Niles, Ohio, for many years afterwards Niles became the recipient of some of his charities. For a few years he worked in Niles as a steel puddler. It was good, steady work, and if occasionally he saw visions and had restless dreams which told him that he was capable of conquering greater worlds, he brushed such aside, for he had children now, and responsibilities, and he couldn't afford to fool around with those wildcat schemes that sometimes took possession of his mind.

One day Harry found himself with an idle afternoon, and destiny led his footsteps into the Columbus baseball park. It must have been destiny because he had never seen a baseball game and had no interest in seeing one. Something just led his steps into that ball park. He bought a score-card, hoping to be enlightened as to just what this rather silly-looking performance was all about, but the score-card was only a printed slip of paper with the names of the players

on it. There were no advertisements and it developed that the line-up as printed was hopelessly inaccurate.

Stevens sat there looking at the score-card and something began to stir in his consciousness. Perhaps you'd call it the instinct of the born salesman, or of the born showman, for he was always both.

"This score-card is ridiculous," he told himself. "It could be improved. It could be made to make money. It could . . ."

He arose and went to the office of the owner of the club. He said he'd like to handle the score-card concession for the Columbus ball park on a fifty-fifty basis. The owner said he'd sell the concession for the season outright for five hundred dollars. Stevens airily agreed to the terms (he didn't have three dollars in his pocket) and left the office.

He found a printer who would work for a short time on credit. He went to every merchant in Columbus, soliciting advertisements, and the next day he turned up at the ball park with seven hundred dollars, the proceeds of this super-salesmanship. He gave the owner of the club his five hundred dollars and proceeded to print and sell the score-cards.

Stevens was one of the greatest practical psychologists of his time. I suppose any great salesman is a great psychologist. He was right so often and wrong so seldom that he must have had an instinct for salesmanship, and for understanding the wants of crowds, that transcended mere brilliancy. Until he began selling his score-cards no one really thought it necessary to have one. He educated the fans to the point where they felt that they couldn't enjoy the game without one of his cards. And he did it with a sentence.

"You can't tell the players without a score-card," he'd cry as he stood before the entrance of the ball park while the crowd poured in. They couldn't miss him. He wore a bright red coat, a tall battered hat,

and his voice was booming Jovian thunder that couldn't be ignored.

Harry was on his way now, but he didn't make enough to do much for his family, which had been increased by another son. He branched out and got the score-card concession at Toledo and Milwaukee, and he exhibited a fine stroke of genius by printing the Milwaukee score-cards in German.

Then he took a great stride forward. He tackled the big-league parks. First it was Pittsburgh, then Boston and then Washington, and he was known as the Score-Card King. There wasn't much profit in score-cards, though, and a couple of rained-out games would set him back two or three weeks' profit.

He still maintained his method of personal salesmanship. At Washington, for instance, he'd announce important personages as they entered the park.

"Here's Senator Smith coming in now," his voice would boom. "Of course the senator is going to buy a programme. He knows you can't tell the players without a programme. And here's Senator Jones. Here's your box, Senator. Let me brush off that chair. And of course you want a programme; you can't . . ."

Harry Stevens became a character with his red coat and his battered hat. People would point at him as he went up and down the aisles and they'd say, "That's Harry Stevens." They'd enjoy his patter whether they bought or not.

Vaguely he realized that there were great possibilities which he hadn't as yet touched in this business of being a concessionaire. Where would he find the biggest opportunities? New York, of course. At that time—this was in the early 1890's—New York was the goal of every young man. Harry decided that he'd have to conquer New York next.

He met John Montgomery Ward at the Pittsburgh ball park one day. Ward was then manager of the New York Giants.

"I'd like to sell score-cards in your ball park," he told Ward.

"Sure—why not?" Ward replied. "I like to hear you sell 'em."

Stevens liquidated his assets, found that the results would pay his fare to New York and allow him to live for a week or two, and then he headed for Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. The New York of the nineties—loud, blustering, rowdy, vital—was just suited to Stevens. He could speak the language of New York. And he could out-shout New York.

He became a fixture at the entrance to the Polo Grounds. He introduced a new bit of patter. The Giants would be playing Pittsburgh. Late-comers, hurrying into the park, would be stopped by Harry.

"Pittsburgh is leading 3 to 2," he'd cry. "George Gore is at bat and Danny Richardson on first. . . . Here you are . . . you can't tell the players without a programme."

He was doing all right but only all right, for these were lean years for the Giants. In 1901 the Giants finished last in the then twelve-team league. Then, in the middle of the 1902 season, there came a scrappy little man named John McGraw to manage the club. In 1903 he got the team up to a point where it finished in second place. New York began to take an interest in the team—and come to the games. This all helped Stevens and he put in a sideline of ice cream and soda pop. In 1904 McGraw won the pennant—and the Giants became a New York institution. Fans stormed the ball park and there was Harry in his red coat waiting for them. He had to hire assistants but he kept on hawking score-cards himself. Why, he sold twice as many as the best man he ever hired.

He added peanuts to his stock and a few years later he was to be known as the man who parlayed a peanut into a million dollars. One thing worried him a bit these days. He wasn't selling much soda pop. He

reasoned that the peanuts should make the customers thirsty—but still he didn't sell much pop. Then he realized why.

Baseball fans are like no other fans on earth. They come to a game, and by golly, they want to see the game; they want to see every moment of it. They can't take their eyes off that diamond. Not long enough even to tilt a bottle of soda up to their lips. When you drink soda out of a bottle you have to bend your head back, and thus, for a second, take your eyes from the diamond. Stevens reasoned that out—and found the answer.

He discovered the straw. He put two straws into each bottle and the fans could drink all they wanted without missing anything. There weren't many angles that Stevens didn't know—very few corners he couldn't turn.

About this time Harry fell in love. He fell in love with the Giants. He became the greatest fan the Giants ever had. Perhaps he knew that he was on his way to a fortune and in the beginning felt that McGraw's success with the Giants had brought in the crowds that were making him rich. But finally he became just a dyed-in-the-wool, eighteen-carat Giant fan. Once after the Giants lost a tough one a friend saw Harry looking very sad.

"A tough one to blow, Harry," he said.

Stevens turned to Addison for solace :

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius. We'll deserve it."

Often there were rumours that he was about to buy the Giants. He'd snort angrily when this was mentioned to him.

"What?" he'd storm. "Me buy a ball club? Say, I'm a fan, a real fan. To me baseball is a sport, a hobby. I couldn't turn a hobby into a business."

Now he was reaching out, grabbing the concession

at this ball park, at that one ; at this race track and that. Six-day bike races were popular then and he got the concession at the old Madison Square Garden. He opened the roof there, too. One night he was talking to one of the diners at the roof, an architect named Stanford White. Near by a man was pacing nervously up and down waiting for Harry to finish talking to White. Harry finally said good night and turned his back. The nervous man came up and put a bullet through White. The nervous man was Harry Thaw.

Stevens grew in stature and became the friend of millionaires, of sportsmen—of New Yorkers. He got the concession at the Saratoga race track through the good offices of William C. Whitney, former Secretary of State, the father of Harry Payne Whitney and the founder of the Whitney financial dynasty. One day at Saratoga he met Whitney.

"How much money can you raise immediately ?" Whitney asked him gruffly.

"I don't know, maybe thirty or thirty-five thousand dollars," Stevens answered, perplexed.

"Get it and give it to me," Whitney said—and Stevens for once stilled his questioning mind and handed the money over to Whitney.

Not long afterwards Whitney handed him a cheque for \$215,000—the profits of a stock-market transaction he had put Harry in. Now Harry was wealthy and his sons were grown and they took part of the burden off his shoulders. But wealth to him was only a means of expanding. He took on the Juarez race track and adopted the slogan, "From the Hudson to the Rio Grande." It's still on the letterhead of the firm. August Belmont built his beautiful Belmont Park on Long Island. He came to Stevens and said, "Name your terms, Harry, you've got to set this table."

He was older now and if you didn't know him you might have thought he was a cranky sort of person, but, as Damon Runyon once said of him, "He's a

great guy to have in your corner when you're fighting Old Man Trouble."

He never lost interest in the active management of the business. You'd see him there at the Polo Grounds watching the conduct of his vendors. Westbrook Pegler, that writer of acid paragraphs, tells a story of the rage shown by the old man when he'd catch a kid who was supposed to be selling peanuts taking time out to watch the ball game.

"Harry's eye would light on some kid who was sitting down in the aisle," Pegler says, "and Harry would roar, 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' scaring the kid half to death. But if one of those kids didn't show up for work and the old man found out that it was because the kid was sick, why, he'd send his car round with a basket of food and a fifty-dollar bill. Then you'd never hear him yell, 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' at all. Instead, he'd be so quiet no one but the kid and he ever knew about it."

Two years ago, Stevens, having lived a full life, died. But he left an impressive monument. He left a business which is just as successful to-day as it was when he died. And his sons, Hal, and Joe, and Frank (and Frank's son, Harry the second) will tell you that they head the most successful catering concern in the world because they run it exactly as their father ran it and they'll continue to run it that way.

Go behind the scenes at a ball park and you'll see the printing presses which print the score-cards and the hot bins for the peanuts and the cold storage for the ice cream and the huge sterilized cans where the hot dogs are kept—you'll see them but they are only the physical manifestations of a business which sometimes caters to as many as 300,000 people a day. You won't see the spirit of Harry Stevens, the man who made an American citizen out of the frankfurter, who made the peanut an institution, and who died without ever having had any man say of him, "He cheated me."

TENTH DAY OUT

AT noon to-day, still in the middle of this ridiculous storm, we noticed an irregular fringe of smoke overhanging the horizon. Smoke on the horizon means a ship. These might be the raiders we have been on the look-out for. We stood on the waltzing deck watching and then we saw that this was not one ship . . . nor two ships . . . nor three . . . it was a whole bevy or cluster or covey of ships. It was, in fact, another convoy come to join us; to add her strength to ours the better to protect us both. In all there were twenty-five of them. They steamed solemnly toward us and then without us slackening our six knot speed they took up their places in the rear. The sea was a giant, if somewhat restless, chessboard, and these chessmen moved smoothly of their own accord, each to his allotted spot—a spot that had been picked out even before we left Halifax ten days ago. Then we sailed on—sixty-three of us with our cruiser and our armed merchant ships; the largest convoy as yet to attempt the Atlantic crossing.

It was too good a sight to miss. We have two masts on board and a crow's nest atop each one. The aft one was empty for the moment. I climbed the narrow steel ladder, slippery because of its new paint, up to the (to me) dizzy heights of the small, but reasonably secure, crow's-nest. I hung on tightly as the ship rolled far over trying playfully to shake me off. I looked aft. It was a sight that few men have been privileged to see. Five minutes up there made the whole long dull ten days worth while. Our nine

rows were all straight, despite the angry lashing of the sea. Literally as far as the eye could see there were ships. Never before perhaps in the history of shipping have sixty-three merchant ships formed an orderly, prearranged pattern such as our convoy.

I thought of the precious cargo we sixty-three ships carried. In Halifax the shipping agent told me that our cargo alone was worth about two million dollars. This would probably be the average monetary value of the cargo in each ship. That means that the combined cargo of our convoy (disregarding the actual value of the ships themselves) would be about £25,000,000. On our forrard deck we have four large bombing 'planes crated. There's half a million dollars' worth of cargo right there. From my swaying perch, which seemed to be on top of the world, I could look down upon the decks of ships to port and starboard of us and on those aft of us, too. The straining ship to port showed six 'planes in big grey crates on her deck. The ship to starboard has five large ones uncrated, lashed, I trust, securely to her bouncing steel decks. The ship aft has four 'planes in crates on her for'ard deck. These are probably all large bombers. The small fighting 'planes are usually crated in three parts and lowered into the holds. I've seen them uncrated at English distribution centres. Usually the fuselage is in one crate; the propeller in a second; the wings in a third. Our convoy would probably average two airplanes apiece; that makes a total of one hundred and twenty-six being shipped over with us. With any luck they'll all be fighting for Britain within three or four weeks. It doesn't take long to assemble and add additional standard equipment to an American-built airplane.

Of course it is impossible to calculate the value of such a convoy as this one. In terms of English lives that it will save; in terms of blows that our cargo can strike against Germany; and in terms of the

blows directed by Germany that it can ward off, the value of our cargo is immeasurable. Cargoes like ours are the difference between victory and defeat for England. I thought of this watching from my crow's-nest, and nothing was ever better named. A very sudden lurch decided me that I was no human fly.

I climbed down the ladder, reaching cautiously for each rung, and hanging on tightly every time we did our "roll over doggie" act. I was mightily relieved when my feet met the comparative steadiness of the deck. I have that horror of heights which amounts to an obsession. I get dizzy if I stand on a kerb and look down.

The desperate shortage of convoy escorts couldn't be better shown than by the escort we have. Two merchant ships and one cruiser are escorting sixty-three heavily-laden ships. A raider with heavy guns could stand off and pick them off very neatly. The big, comforting-looking cruiser left us this afternoon. Then she could go to work on the rest of us. She wouldn't need her very large guns to sink a good percentage of this convoy. It's annoying to think that perhaps a hundred able-bodied destroyers and plenty of cruisers now belonging to our American Navy are doing nothing but go through academic manœuvres when there is such a crying need for them by our friendly neighbour—England.

My fellow passengers and I have made the old and honourable game of Patience a gambling game. It is probably the first time it has been done. I have read about Patience in detective stories for years; usually the elderly spinster victim spent all of her time playing the game. It is much too good a card game to be wasted on elderly spinsters who are singled out by a typewriter to be murder victims. It's the best solo card game I know. I never knew it until the other night. It was Sorensen who taught the rest of us. I got the idea of playing duplicate Patience as they

play tournament bridge. We have tried it with great success. Sorensen deals his cards out in the ordinary way, calling them as he deals. We each put our cards in line to correspond with his. You have three turns to get them all "out." I managed to inject the gambling interest into the game by suggesting that the one who had least cards out each time should buy a bottle of port after dinner. Port is only five bob a bottle and my fellow passengers like a glass or two after dinner. I'd rather have a glass of brandy or a whisky and soda, but I know they wouldn't play for that. None of them is what you could call a drinking man. So now each night before dinner we play a round of duplicate Patience to decide which of us shall buy the port.

To-night Gallup lost. He was very pleased about it. It was the first time he had lost. Besides, he said laughing, this was St. George's Day, and it was only right that an Englishman should buy the wine.

"I will drink to St. George," I told Gallup, "even though he was a crook."

Gallup's head rolled with that punch. "I don't know much about St. George," he said apologetically. "It's a long time since I've been at school."

So I told him. Years ago I came across, in Emerson, a startling story about the patron saint of England. I investigated further, went to Gibbon, and this is what I found out :

St. George is the patron saint of England and children are taught to venerate this militant man of God. The English schoolmasters do not tell the children of the early life of St. George. Perhaps it is because they do not know that St. George was a war profiteer, a thief, an informer, and an ecclesiastical racketeer of the first water. In the beginning he was George of Cappadocia, born in Cilicia. He obtained a very lucrative contract to furnish the army with bacon. The bacon turned out to be of

doubtful origin, and George had to flee for his life. Later he became a receiver of taxes, a post which was well adapted to his talent for making money stick to his fingers.

His wanderings brought him to Alexandria, and it wasn't long before he had purchased a nice library and an episcopal throneship. When Julian (A.D. 361) came into office, he tossed the ex-profiteer into durance vile. His stay there was short. The populace, aroused by the cupidity of the gentleman, burst the walls of the prison and lynched him. Later this precious knave became St. George of England, patron of chivalry, emblem of victory, and Prince of Purity. It is true that in recent years attempts have been made to dissociate George of Cappadocia from St. George, but a couple of pretty good research men named Gibbon and Emerson proved fairly conclusively that the crooked bacon dealer was the model for the fabled St. George of England.

Gallup, Birtles and Sorensen listened in silence.

"However, just to be fair about it," I said, "I'll tell you the story of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom America takes her name. He and St. George would have been great friends. . . ."

Amerigo Vespucci, after whom a goodly part of the world is named, was a fifteenth century phoney of the first order. Vespucci, a pickle-dealer of Seville, never achieved rank above a boatswain's mate. He was the Jules Verne of his time, except that he labelled his fiction as fact. He wrote of the four voyages he made: with Ojeda, 1499; with Diego de Lepe, 1500; and two others in the service of Portugal, in 1501 and 1503.

It is probable that he actually made one voyage in a very minor capacity with Ojeda. His imagination far exceeded his humble talents as boatswain's mate, but the gullible historian, Martin Waldseemuller, in his *Cosmographæ Introductio* (1505), wrote hysterical

panegyrics about the pickle-dealer which were accepted by the world. And so, nearly half of the earth was baptized in the name and by the name of a lying Seville pickle-dealer. To-day we are proud of being called Americans. It is a noble heritage we have, indeed.

England worships a false bacon-seller and we worship a false pickle-dealer. We have other characteristics in common. We criticize the English because they worship titles ; they criticize us because we worship money. Both criticisms are just and both spring from the same source. After the war hundreds of Englishmen were given titles. The citation usually read : " For services to the empire." The men so artfully selected for their unselfish services were, except in rare cases, men who had never been near enough to the front to hear the gunfire. They were (a) munition manufacturers who had made fortunes out of their devilish trade, (b) men who had sold pork and blankets to the English army at considerable profit ; (c) men who owned ships which continued to operate (as a profit) during the war, and (d) men who had contributed generously to the reigning political party.

In England they don't give titles to the Huxleys, the H. G. Wellses, the J. B. S. Haldanes, the John Stracheys or the G. B. Shaws. They have contributed nothing to anyone but the empire. They have not contributed to either war chest or party coffers.

In America we have the equivalent of the title in our Ambassadorship. Since time immemorial, Presidents have touched the shoulders of great financiers with the presidential wand and have said, " Arise, Ambassador," forgetting to add, " and thanks for the contribution, pally."

A list of the American ambassadors of the past forty years would compare quite favourably with that other famous compendium of mediocrity known as the Social Register. Our present chief executive has

shown a startling inclination to break away from the old tradition. But even he, too, has picked men for diplomatic posts who were distinguished by their complete unfitness for anything but the estimable but quite different field of finance or manufacturing.

Our automobile manufacturers are the greatest in the world, our merchants the most astute, and our financial giants the cleverest; and we are justly proud of all three. However, the qualifications for the job of ambassador are not those which enable a man to rise to great heights in either manufacturing, merchandise, or finance. But one hundred thousand dollars spent in the right direction will, I guarantee, make anyone an ambassador, just as fifty thousand pounds spent judiciously will guarantee a title in England.

Yes, we have much in common, we English-speaking races. England holds a nation called India in thraldom without giving its citizens any right of representation. In America in the south we hold several million negroes in serfdom without allowing them the right of franchise. We do this on the theory that the negro is a physical, mental and spiritual inferior. We do not allow him the right of rebuttal except pugilistically speaking, and the negro speaks so forcefully in this field that two years ago he held five of the eight world's boxing titles.

We are both imperialistic nations, if the economic need warrants it. We are both arrogant nations. We are both churchgoing but not religious nations. We both purport to be patrons and appreciators of the arts, but in neither country can an opera house be maintained without private subscription. England and the United States have many, many things in common.

We are both very lucky in one respect at the moment. Neither country has any great orators. Winston Churchill is a fine talker but he gets his effects by excellent writing and a robust earnestness. Winston

is only really good when he is mad or when he has something to say. I have heard him make some dull speeches. A real professional orator has to be good all the time.

Roosevelt's quiet, confidential manner is effective, but, like Churchill, he is not an orator in the sense that William Jennings Bryan was an orator. No, the statesmen of England and of the United States are decidedly mediocre as spellbinders, and if history can be relied upon this is a most encouraging sign. Invariably when "orators" lead the masses the masses are being led to a spot behind the eight ball.

Now take a look at Athens in 480 B.C. The city had a population of thirty thousand, and if there was a single orator among them history fails to mention him. Yet the little place was doing all right. Only a few years before they'd knocked off a large Persian army at Marathon. They'd slapped the Persian fleet silly, too, and they didn't do it with talk. The public *palæstras* were schools of physical training, not debating societies where the town loafers could gather for large doses of Athenian stump speeches. Eloquence then was mercifully in its infancy, and it's too bad someone didn't take the little brat out and drown it.

From 480 B.C. (give or take a decade or two) the Athenian character and Athenian supremacy began to dwindle, and with this decline there came a corresponding rise in oratory. About the time that the Athenian lams began to really go to town the parade to the stone quarries of Syracuse started. When the mellowest of phrases were being hurled at Athenian ears, Athenian citizens were being tossed to the vultures of Aegospotami. Gradually Athens sank to a position where she had to buy existence by the sacrifice of her empire and of her independence. The viceroy of a Macedonian sovereign eventually gave Athens its law—and it was when the commonwealth had reached the depth of degradation that the courts

and forums of Athens resounded with the most magnificent contests in eloquence that the world has ever known.

Lysias, Æschines, Isocrates and Demosthenes were rolling well-rounded vowels all over the place in a manner that would put to shame any of our modern spellbinders—but though they didn't know it, they were preaching funeral orations over Athens. Athens was gradually being buried under an avalanche of honeycombed phrases.

Miltiades, Callimachus, Aristides, Themistocles and the other great men of the five hundreds (B.C.) couldn't talk their way out of a parking ticket, but they could defend their homeland and they could rule it wisely and well. That's more than Demosthenes and his mob could do.

As a matter of fact, Demosthenes would have done all right to-day. Over and over in his orations, especially those against Philip, he stressed the fact that Athenians should sacrifice all personal ease and personal gain for the State and should live entirely for the State, a little gem that was repeated just a few years ago by another well-known orator who wrote a book called *Mein Kampf*—a man named Hitler. It was Dinarchus who said that Demosthenes was more interested in rounding a period than in preserving his country—but, then, Dinarchus was an orator, too.

While they were arguing things out, Philip was destroying Olynthus and ruining Phocis. While Demosthenes and Æschines were burning each other up in the Assembly, Philip was winning a war at Chæronea and making Athens his. The greatest eloquence the world has ever known merely hastened the end of an empire.

Still, it must have been a great show for those who sat in the Assembly gallery. Those old masters were good. I defy anyone to sit in our Senate gallery or

the House of Lords to-day for three hours without falling asleep. Our Senators seldom put on a consciously good show. Their humour is of dated and doubtful vintage. Their attempts at the sonorous or mellifluous style are rather pitiful. Which is a good thing.

Oratory is an art. Like all arts one must study it to the exclusion of everything else to attain proficiency. Many of our senators and congressmen have spent a great deal of time studying law, studying social problems, and some of them have even studied and considered answers to these problems. They have had no time to study oratory.

I don't think any great American has been a great orator. Washington's ill-fitting upper plate prevented him from being an expert in the delivery of speeches. Abraham Lincoln's delivery was so poor that even those who heard his Gettysburg address didn't know that they were listening to anything out of the ordinary until they read the speech later. President Roosevelt is a good speaker, but he uses the conversational approach, and by no stretch of the imagination could he be branded as an orator.

William Jennings Bryan was a great orator. He probably could have spotted Demosthenes' three vowels and a consonant and chased him out of Athens, but even his most fervent admirer could not say that Mr. Bryan was a great man. The most cursory examination of the cross-examination by Clarence Darrow in the Scopes trial would reveal that undeniable fact.

There are, of course, three truly great orators in the world to-day. They are Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini and Paul Josef Goebbels. I think they prove my point.

ELEVENTH DAY OUT

THE Chinese may be a heathen race and they may have ways that are peculiar, but the seventy-six on our ship seem to have escaped those two oft-quoted Oriental characteristics. The boys who serve us in our mess-room are quick, cheerful and they keep the place immaculately clean. The Chinese sailors potter about all day painting, standing as look-outs in the crow's nest, and scraping rust. In the engine room there are forty Chinese firemen. Even the Chief Engineer is loud in his praise of them. I imagine that if Europeans would talk English to them instead of the ridiculous pidgin English they use, the Chinese might even learn to talk the language properly.

This morning I heard the Chief saying to one of his men, "Hey, boy, lookee see foreside piecie door. Makee shut. Byebye lookee see ploper shut."

The boy nodded, apparently understanding this gibberish and trotted forrad. I asked the Chief to translate.

"There is a door forrad. It has been open because we have been taking ashes out through that door. The weather is pretty rough and I want that door shut tightly. I told him to lock the door and then later to take another look to see that it was still locked. Very simple," the Chief added.

Each group has a No. 1 boy, who exercises complete control over his particular section. The engine room has a No. 1 boy; the deck has a No. 1 boy, and the mess-room has a No. 1 boy. Even if a Chinese is sixty he is "boy" to the ship's officers.

To-day, before lunch, I told the No. 1 boy that I wanted some hot water after lunch. You don't get

hot water out of a faucet on this ship. We have basins in our cabins and a tap with cold and very brackish water running from it. This is sea water which has had the salt taken out of it. It's all right for washing a cow, but not much else. After lunch our grinning No. 1 boy came to me all smiles.

"Shave water top side," he said amiably.

That didn't add up to me. I asked him to repeat it and he said the same thing again.

"He means," the Chief Engineer explained patiently, "your hot water for shaving is up in your cabin."

"Why doesn't he say so then?" Pidgin English gets very annoying.

"That's the only kind of English they know," the Chief said. "And mind you, this No. 1 is a smart lad; otherwise he wouldn't be No. 1."

Technically, the Chief appoints the No. 1 boy in his engine-room just as the mate names his No. 1 and the Chief Steward picks the No. 1 boy for the mess-room. Actually it is all done in Shanghai, where the crews are recruited. Chinese seamen, like actors and writers, have "agents." The agent is invariably the keeper of a boarding-house where Chinese seamen live. They can live there for weeks on end with their bill mounting, but the proprietor doesn't worry. A ship wants to sign on a crew. The agent herds his boarders together, making sure that those who owe him most are included. He then brings them to the ship. If firemen, stokers, oilers or other engine-room employees are needed he'll go to the Chief and expatiate on the fine quality of his applicants. The Chief will hire them and then ask, "Who would make a good No. 1 boy?"

The agent will bring one of them forward.

"He big man in his village," he will tell the Chief. "Other boys like him; they afraid of him. He good No. 1 boy."

If the Chief likes him he is then appointed No. 1 boy. From that moment on he is their representative

at court. If the food is bad, it is up to No. 1 boy to bring their complaints to the notice of the Chief. If one of the Chinese is slack in his work the Chief will drop a casual word to his No. 1 boy. He says that is more effective than dealing directly with the offender. The No. 1 boy takes his responsibility seriously.

"We were sailing from Vancouver to Shanghai once in this ship," the Chief reminisced. "We ran into bad weather. I sent one of my men up on deck to get something. I waited nearly an hour, but he never came back. Then my No. 1 boy came up to me looking very angry.

"That boy you sent topside?" he asked.

"I sent boy topside," I told him.

"He one fool," my No. 1 boy said scornfully.

"Why?" I asked.

"He make go overside," he told me in disgust.

"I sent word to the captain and he turned about. It was getting dark and we never thought we'd find the boy. We had been going just an hour and had about decided to give him up when we heard a shout from the water. There was our boy bobbing about in the heavy sea. We threw him a lifebelt and hauled him on board.

"That kid had kept afloat in the icy water for more than two hours without a lifebelt or anything else to hang on to. And he was all right. After three days in the hospital he was as good as ever."

"I suppose the exposure put him in hospital," I asked the Chief.

"No," the Chief laughed. "That didn't bother him, but when he got on board, my No. 1 boy was so disgusted with his man's carelessness that he gave him a good beating up. He felt that he had lost face by having a man under him so stupid as to fall overboard."

When a ship returns to Shanghai the crew is paid off. But the agent always appears on pay-day. He asks for the wages of all the men for whom he had got the

job. The Chief or the Mate or the Chief Steward will ask the men, "Is it all right to turn your money over to him?" They'll nod agreement and the agent collects the money. Each of the men will owe him something; many will owe all their wages. While they were away the boarding-house keeper was sending money to their families. He had paid off any debts they owed to tradesmen and then, of course, there was his own particular bill for their board and lodging. Mostly, the Chief said, the boarding-house keepers were honest.

"Chinamen have only one fault," the Chief added. "They hate to jump overboard."

"I can see their point of view," I told the Chief.

"I mean, when we get torpedoed. . . ."

"Please, Chief, 'IF' we get torpedoed. After all, it isn't inevitable."

"If we get torpedoed you'll see what I mean," he went on. "They're brave enough, and there won't be any panic, but if the boats are gone they'd rather stay on the ship than take their chances in the water."

"That's right." The wireless operator had been listening to us. "The first time I was on a ship that was pipped, that was last April, we had that experience. I was in the captain's boat and we got clear all right; it was a nice clean hit Jerry gave us. We were about sixty yards away when the Old Man looked aft and saw two Chinamen sitting there and the deck almost awash. He shouted to them to jump but they only shook their heads. Then he ordered us to turn about and go up to the ship again."

"Did you pull your oar as hard as you could?" the Chief asked.

"No bloody fear," Sparks laughed. "We were a bit scared of being caught in the suction when she went down. But anyhow, we had to go right up to her side so those two Chinks could step into the boat. She sank a minute later."

"What of the other time you got it?"

"That was on another ship, two months ago," he said. "We were only two days out of Liverpool. First the sub. shelled us and hit some vital spots. We signalled her that we were sinking and that we were abandoning ship. That didn't bother old Jerry, though. He sent a torpedo at us and it hit us amidship. We went down fast."

"You seem to be a great guy to sail with," I said gloomily. "You attract those things."

"They go in threes, too, I hear," he said complacently.

A wireless operator has a pretty soft job when he is in convoy. He cannot send any messages. Even if we are torpedoed his only message can be "Torpedo hit starboard (or port) side." That's to tell our escorting destroyers where to look for the sub. He only receives messages four times a day, each time for ten minutes only. There are seldom any messages, however. No one gets messages except the Commodore of the convoy, who is on another ship. He only gets messages in case there is known to be trouble ahead and our man stands by just in case the Commodore's operator gets the message garbled.

To-night, after dinner, we all got to discussing Vienna. Sorensen and Gallup had known Vienna when it was good. They spoke with great enthusiasm about the city. It was the loveliest, the gayest place ever to put sparkle in the jaded eyes of man. I couldn't agree with them. I was in Vienna in 1934. I always thought that Vienna, like home cooking and Château Yquem, was greatly over-rated, but then, I never saw the old old old Vienna.

Seven years ago Vienna was a tired lady who painted her face and dyed her hair in a desperate effort to look young and gay. She really wasn't very pretty but at least she was alive.

I had tried to see little quiet Dollfuss, the Chancellor, at Innsbruck and I went to Vienna to see his strong man, General Emil Fey. A newspaper man named

Alfred Tymauer said he would arrange an interview with him. Tymauer seemed a little bit tired. Everyone in Vienna seemed a little bit tired, even the trees which bordered the Ringstrasse.

We turned right on Kartner Strasse and we passed a street-cleaner in a dirty brown uniform and he smiled at Tymauer and he said, "*Gruss Gott. How are you?*"

Tymauer stopped and said, "Good morning, doctor. I'm fine. And you?"

The street-cleaner shrugged his shoulders and said, "Not so good, Tymauer. I lose this job next week. The government is cutting down again and I'll have to go back on the dole. The dole isn't much to support those two hungry kids of mine."

"Too bad," Tymauer said. Then he added, "*Wiedersehen*" and we walked on.

"What did you call that street-cleaner 'Doctor' for?" I asked him.

"Oh, he's a doctor all right. He's a doctor of Philosophy and a doctor of Education. He used to teach in the University of Berlin, though he was Austrian, and then he came here to teach at the university. He has written some excellent books. They still use his *Principles of Pedagogy* at the University."

"But what is a university professor doing cleaning the streets?"

Tymauer shrugged his shoulders. "When things got bad there were more professors in Vienna than there were students. He's a proud little man, Dr. Schaudinger, and he hated to go on the dole. But he was married and had two kids, so finally he had to give in. His wife killed herself about a year ago. That's when he got the job as street-cleaner. The government gives jobs in a rotary-like fashion. A man works a month and then goes back on the dole and someone takes his place. If things get better he'll be all right because he's highly thought of at the university."

We walked on until we came to the Chancellery. We walked up one flight, then along a corridor and then we went into an office. Near the window there was a small table and bent over it was a man too preoccupied to notice us. We walked over to him and then he looked up.

"Ah, Tyrnauer," he smiled. "Good to see you."

Tyrnauer introduced me to him. Apparently he had a job comparable to that of a receptionist in a business office. He merely took your card and brought it into the next office and handed it to Fey's secretary. When he stood up, you noticed that he had burning eyes that looked squarely into yours. He took our cards and went into the other office.

Tyrnauer looked at the papers which littered the table. The paper was all ruled; it was the kind of paper on which you write music. Tyrnauer picked up the piece on which the man had evidently been working. Like all Viennese, Tyrnauer was a musician. He looked at what was written there and then he began to hum.

"Not bad," he said. "Diesel still has the gift."

"He wrote music?"

"Music for military bands. It was once very popular." He shrugged his shoulders. He always seemed to be shrugging his shoulders. "There is no money now to support large military bands. Men like Diesel have no place in the Vienna of to-day. They get jobs like this and dream of the past and hope for the future."

Diesel came back then smiling and he said, "General Fey is ready for you."

They called Fey the Iron Man and he looked the part. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and he had a face that looked as though it had been carved out of granite. There had been rumours of trouble on the border; fights between Austrian soldiers and German storm-troopers. There had been rumours of small riots in Vienna.

Fey waved them aside. "Nonsense. That's all Nazi propaganda. Walk round Vienna. See how

quiet things are," he smiled. "Nothing ever happens in Vienna any more."

I tried to pin him down. "In Berlin they say that sooner or later the Anschluss will come. They say that Hitler's dream is to annex Austria?"

Fey laughed good-naturedly, "That is nonsense too. No one in Austria wants union with Germany. We have nothing in common with Germany except our speech." Then he grew stern. "If Hitler ever tries to annex Austria, he will be in for an unpleasant surprise. We have a strong sense of nationalism. Hitler will never come to Vienna. Before he marches down the Ringstrasse, he will have to kill every Austrian old enough to bear arms. We Austrians will shed our last drop of blood to defend our homeland."

We left him finally and walking back to the Bristol Hotel, Tyrnauer said, "You see? I told you Fey wouldn't be much of a story. That talk of an Anschluss is all nonsense. The people love Dollfuss and they respect Fey and they have nothing but contempt for Hitler. Vienna is a quiet place. Come, let us go to a coffee shop."

But that was seven years ago. Now Dollfuss is lying in a martyred grave and his statue has been pulled down. Fey? Fey died by his own hand the day Hitler occupied Vienna. Tyrnauer? The day that the Nazis marched into Vienna Tyrnauer was put in jail. He made a mistake in his birth. He always thought that he was Viennese. When the brown-shirted storm troopers moved in and took his country he discovered that he was a Jew.

Things finally did happen in Vienna. Seven years ago Vienna was a tired lady who painted her face and dyed her hair in a desperate effort to look young and gay. She really wasn't very pretty but at least she was alive. It's too bad she couldn't have lived to a serene old age.

Everyone loved her. Except Hitler. So he killed her.

T W E L F T H D A Y O U T

I WAS on deck this afternoon with the Mate looking toward a fringe of smoke far ahead. He was looking through his glasses and then unexpectedly he turned to me and asked, "How far from America do you think you are now?"

"About two thousand miles," I guessed.

"Take these glasses," he laughed, "and you'll see a spot of America just ahead."

Through the glasses I saw several small, moving specks. Now and then they'd disappear beneath the still tremendous waves. They came towards us rapidly and I saw that they were destroyers. Two of them, very low in the water, had four stacks. All the old destroyers given England by America have four stacks. When they were built there was an axiom "the more funnels the more speed." Destroyers move fast. Within ten minutes we could see them plainly with glasses; within twenty they were dancing in front of us and to either side of us. It was a cheering sight. We knew that each of them had an "asdic" on its bridge. Each had plenty of four-inch guns and plenty of depth charges on its aft deck. The "asdic," a submarine detecting device, tells them where submarines are. These destroyers will be with us from now on. We're getting into the neighbourhood where most shipping has been lost.

Two of the destroyers are American; ten are British. A rescue ship came with them. If one of our convoy is hit the others have strict orders not to stop to lend assistance. A standing ship is an easy target for

submarine or dive bomber. The rescue ship is ready with doctors, drugs, warm blankets and everything else needed to bring back life to half-frozen, water-soaked survivors.

The destroyers aligned themselves, apparently according to a prearranged plan. Two of them stay in front of the convoy, constantly crossing from port to starboard; quick, eager creatures with mechanical eyes and ears—all looking for trouble. They turn round as quickly as a London taxicab. They are much better protection (against everything but sea raiders) than the heavier but more vulnerable cruisers and armed merchant ships.

Late this afternoon our look-out reported something ahead and to port. Through glasses I spotted something bobbing up and down in the trough of the waves. Once a wave lifted it high, and I saw what looked like a large buoy. It wasn't a buoy. It was a mine. Apparently it was a mine that had been torn loose from its moorings. The Germans only lay mines now that are anchored. A mine left to its own sweet resources might well bump into a German submarine. Because the mines have to be anchored they aren't dropped in deep water. It is seldom that the Germans put mines in water more than forty fathoms deep. Here, at thirty west, the water is more than a hundred fathoms deep.

We all steamed serenely past the lonely ball of death and then one of the destroyers, in response to flag signals from us, hurried back to it. Destroyers don't blow up mines. It would take a fairly big shell to do that. They send a burst of machine-gun fire into it, and it sinks. Faintly we could hear the rat-tat-tat of the guns, but we were a mile further on now with one more obstacle passed.

Except for the weather no one could ask for a more quiet, peaceful trip than this. But they tell us that the worst is ahead of us. It will be another six days

at least before we reach port. A convoy doesn't travel in a straight line. At times we've been going due north; at other times south-east. We have no idea where we are except for the fact that we are west of thirty longitude.

It promises to be a long six days. I find that I've read every detective story on board. I have exhausted even the gunner's supply. Our Chief Steward told me, surprisingly, that he had "a bit of a library aboard." I was welcome to it. Most of the books, he said, had been left by other passengers. There weren't many, but I was welcome . . .

It is always an exciting adventure to investigate a strange library. You often find books that you've read, and you recapture the thrill of that first reading, and you remember where you read it and when it was, and the floodgates of memory open. I don't own any books, except reference books. Once I've read a book it's dead, and I give it away. *Vanity Fair*, *Farewell to Arms* and *The Crock of Gold* are the only books I've read twice. A large library, to me, is an affectation, a façade of false learning bought and paid for. I am also happy to say that I don't own one autographed book, and hope that I never will. I can't understand people who wallow in the glory of autographed books.

I investigated the Chief Steward's library. Most of the books were old and well worn. There was only a handful of them. One by one I picked them up and sadly rejected each. The most interesting thing about this catholic collection of books was the people who had left them there. Who were they? Where are they now? Whatever made them take passage on a four-cabin freighter that travelled the Eastern seas?

Probably the most useless book in the library for the moment is the *English-Dutch-Malay Phrases and Vocabulary*, by J. F. Kessler. Mr. Kessler apparently

compiled it for the real world traveller who might be in the jungle one moment and in the lobby of a luxury hotel the next. I read "Toen ik weder bij kennis kwam, want ik was bewustloos door den val, lag ik onder mijn voormalige vijandin. Mijn gezicht enkleeren waren met bloed bedekt, maar gelullig datzij dood was."

That may sound like double talk, but it isn't. It is a very useful thing to be able to say. It means, "When I came to myself as I was stunned by the fall, I found myself underneath my late foe. My face and clothes were stained with its blood, but luckily it was quite dead."

Leaping quickly from under the body of his late foe Mr. Kessler's protagonist then says calmly, "Wat voor wijn prefereert u, mijnheer Brown?" which means simply enough—"What wine do you prefer, Mr. Brown?"

Next to this compendium of useful phrases was a thick book called *A Merchant Venturer Among the Sea Gypsies*. The author, Mr. Leopold Ainsworth, F.R.G.S. (your guess is as good as mine) wrote a subtitle which merely said "Being a Pioneer's account of life on an island in the Nergui Archipelago." I lived with Mr. Ainsworth in the Malay islands for a half-hour. I grew a bit annoyed at him as one lovely *café au lait* Malay maiden after another threw herself at him only to be spurned with true British indignation. Mr. Ainsworth apparently just wanted to be alone. I learned some other things, none of which I fear will be useful here at thirty west longitude. If a crocodile comes at you in the water, just reach up and put your thumbs in his eyes. That'll teach him a lesson. I wonder if that would have any effect on a torpedo.

Then there was an enormous book called *A Century of Creepy Stories*. There were ghost stories by Hugh Walpole, Arthur Machen, Elizabeth Bowen, Mrs.

Belloc Lowndes, Lady Cynthia Asquith, D. H. Lawrence and a dozen others. Most of them were written thirty years or more ago. I doubt if there were four stories in the book that a magazine would buy these days. Most of them, especially the D. H. Lawrence stories, are beautifully written, but writing is only a cloak to drape over the sturdy framework of a plot. In nearly every story the horror, the murder or the mystery came from supernatural agency. There was always a haunted house that drove someone insane; a werewolf or a dead man who came back to life. Short stories to-day have to be much more ingenious. People just don't believe in haunted houses or ghosts or doors opening for no reason at all, or apparitions which walk through bolted doors. To-day a writer of horror stories must explain everything that happened rationally. Otherwise readers will reject the story.

Thirty years ago D. H. Lawrence could write about a child who could pick the winner of a horse race by riding a hobby horse (*The Rocking Horse Winner*); Cynthia Asquith could write of a girl whose body was inhabited by an ancestor, dead three hundred years (*God Grant That She Lye Still*); Hugh Walpole could write of a guilty murderer who stepped into a spot of wet carpet and drowned to death (*The Tarn*); talented Ambrose Bierce could write of a man who appeared to guide a party of west south-western prospectors, a man who had been dead for fifty years (*The Stranger*); Oscar Cook could write of a man in India who fell in love with a white spirit and of the miracle which caused their deaths (*The Great White Fear*)—not even the pulp magazines would publish these stories to-day.

Editors ask, "What is the explanation?"

A writer can't say, "It was the spirit of a man who had been murdered, and whose soul could not find peace."

H. G. Wells, super craftsman that he is, has kept up with the parade. Even his wildest, most fantastic stories, seem quite rational. His *Invisible Man*, popular both as book and film, showed his one subtle trick, or—if one prefers—his technique. First he persuades the reader that a great scientist has stumbled upon the secret of making man invisible. Wells does it cleverly. You believe that such a thing is possible. After all the radio, talking pictures, television, electricity are no greater miracles. Once we have accepted the fact that the scientist is able to make a man invisible the rest is easy. Wells has us completely in his power from that point on. And when we finish reading his book or seeing his picture we say thoughtfully, "It might really happen at that."

Enough of *A Century of Creepy Stories*. Next to it is a gay little book *Mein Rant*, a parody in verse of *Mein Kampf*. It is written by R. F. Patterson, and was published in London only a year ago. What it is doing in the library of a ship that has been in the Far East trade since 1912 I do not know. Hitler is speaking :

" Because I did a spell in prison
The ensuing volume has arisen.
I found my temporary fetters
Conducive to the craft of letters. . . ."

Two books hardly calculated to soothe the nerves west of thirty west longitude are *On the Bottom*, by Commander Ellsberg, and *Heroes of British Lifeboats*, by two writers with odd first names—Gerda Shairer and Egon Jameson. Opening it at random I find a verse which begins :

" For the hearts are brave and true
Of the gallant lifeboat crew. . . ."

The little Chinamen who comprise our lifeboat crew are very affable and pleasant, but whether or

not heroes' hearts beat beneath their homespun coats
I don't know—and with any luck won't find out.

Next in this rare library is *The History of Piracy*, by Philip Gosse, every page dripping with blood. Thumbing through it I find the edifying history of the Archbishop of York (1690). This good man of God began life as Lancelot Blackbourne. After his ordination at Christ Church, Oxford, the Rev. Blackbourne went to sea. Captured by pirates he followed some Biblical admonition apparent only to himself, and joined them. Years later he landed in England, went boldly to the authorities, told what he knew of the pirates who roamed the West Indies and the Spanish Main, and was given twenty pounds by a grateful government for his information. Then he complacently donned his clerical collar and went on to become Archbishop of York. His sword hangs in Christ Church, Oxford, to-day, and is now a valued—if somewhat suspicious—object of interest because tradition has it that calamity will befall anyone who draws it from its scabbard. To date no member of the ancient and honourable seat of learning has taken the risk.

Nichol's *Concise Guide for Second Mates* and *The Marine Steam Turbine and Nautical Tables* I thought I could pass by.

Next to them was Enennoiser's *History of Magic*, translated from the German by William Howitt. Opening it I read, "Oneirocritica is the language of poets and prophets." Fortunately a few lines on, "oneirocritica" is revealed as the science of expounding dreams. A few pages further on a paragraph is pencil-marked: "It is an undisputed fact that in apoplexy and inflammation of the brain new ideas are formed and a new power of looking into the future manifests itself."

Who underlined those words? Was it some scholar or was it perhaps someone making a pitiful effort to

justify visions or mental aberrations which he or she had? Who first bought this book?

The book has a strange shelf-mate. Leaning companionably against it stands *Police Practice and Procedure*, by Cornelius F. Cahalane, Inspector of Police, City of New York. On the flyleaf is written boldly: "Cecil Jordan." Was he some crew member studying to be a New York policeman? Imagine a cop named Cecil in New York!

Opening the book we read: "A pinched mouth is one that is normally tightly closed; an open mouth one that is naturally parted, giving a gaping appearance." Whatever has that to do with "Police Practice and Procedure"? The chapter is headed "The Portrait Parle System," and reading a few pages it is evident that the embryo policeman has to learn a standard method of identifying personal characteristics.

I wonder if Cecil ever became a cop. Maybe he's an inspector now. But how did his *Police Practice and Procedure* ever come to rest alongside of the *History of Magic* on a shelf in a ship that has lived in the Far East for nearly thirty years.

Here's another book, *Christian Ballads*, written by the Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe. In the preface (dated 1862) he says, "These are the outpourings of the honest convictions of the writer's heart." Dr. Coxe writes a great deal about old graveyards. In one of his ballads he sings:

"I never see an old churchyard
But I breathe to God a prayer
That, sleep as I may in this fevered life,
I may rest when I slumber there."

That's rather a nice thought. Missionaries often travel on these freighters. Perhaps some young missionary *en route* to China left the book with us.

Next to *Christian Ballads* is a book called *The Papers of Orpheus C. Kerr*. It, too, was published in

1862. Some of the chapter headings include "Rendering Tribute and Admiration to the Women of America," "Remarking upon a Peculiarity of Virginia and describing Commodore Head's great exploit on Lake Duck," "Describing the Terrible Death of a Confederate Picket." I wonder if anyone ever read that book through? Probably the same person bought *Christian Ballads* and *The Papers of Orpheus C. Kerr*.

Next to these, resting a bit shyly at the far end of the shelf, are two books which seem strangely out of place. One is *Unknown Switzerland*, and it looks worn and well read. It is the story of joyous travel in the mountains and valleys of Switzerland.

Next to it is a book of poems called *Vagabond's House* dedicated "To the restless ones: to all the gallant frantic fools who follow the path of the sun across blue waters to distant mountains . . ." The poems start like :

" There is a place I want to go
A place called Paramaribo. . . ."

There are mystic names of places such as Mozambique and Pago-Pago and Suva and Burmah running through the verses. There is mention of "thrushes singing poignant beauty in lost blue valleys of Manoa." You read of :

" Everything a dreamer wishes,
Buried treasure, flying fishes,
Coco-nuts and kings and corals,
Pirates, pearls and pagan morals. . . ."

There must be a story behind that book. Did someone buy it and read it and live those dreams vicariously ashore? Did the dreams finally pall, and did he summon the courage to throw off the fetters which bound him at home and decide to visit these

places which haunted him? Perhaps he saved his money for years and then, eagerly grasping his book in one hand and his hopes in the other, became another one of that "army of frantic fools who follow the path of the sun across blue waters to distant mountains." Until this trip our ship was always cruising in Eastern waters, and no doubt our vagabond was once a passenger aboard her—seeking the vistas he had first seen in this small book. But how did he come to leave it on board? Did he finally see "buried treasure, flying fishes, coconuts and kings and corals, pirates, pearls and pagan morals," and was he then disillusioned? Did he leave his book behind in disgust? Or happier did he explore his dream world, see the lost blue valleys of Manoa; and did he find the realization of them equal to the anticipation? And then perhaps in the ecstasy of having found life and laughter did he catch a chill and die on board? Anyhow, his book is here.

Here are two oddly matched shelf-mates, *Ma Cheuk as Played by the Chinese* and *Elements of Geometry*, from the Works of A. M. Legendre. Ma Cheuk, we learn, is also called Mah Jong, Pung Chow and Ma Jung. On the flyleaf of the battered geometry book there is written in a faded childish scrawl, "If two angles of a triangle are equal, the sides opposite are equal, and so consequently the triangle is isoscles." The book was published in 1865, and the writing looks as old. The child (who else would have to study elementary geometry) had trouble spelling "isoscles," and no wonder. I wonder if the theorem ever helped the youngster any in later life.

This, then, is our library. Books are alive until you read them. Then they become inanimate dead things. Once you've read a book it dies and becomes only a memory. It would be a pity to kill any of the books which lie in the Chief Steward's room on two small shelves. So I don't think I'll read any of them.

THIRTEENTH DAY OUT

THE amazing food we are served still continues. We'll get nothing like this in England. To begin with we have fish and meat at both lunch and dinner. You expect somehow to get fresh meat on a ship, but when one variety of fresh fish after another is served, it does amaze you. Challis is very proud of his fish. I asked him where he got it from.

"A lot of it from a place called Fulton Fish Market in New York," he laughed. Obscure to me is how fish caught off the Newfoundland Banks and hauled to New York then goes north to Canada to stock ships like ours. It develops that Challis had visited the Fulton Fish Market several times.

"Better," he said, "than Billingsgate."

I know the Fulton Market very well. Years ago, when I worked on the *Evening World*, we were right at the back of the market. Johnny Parker of the *World* and I often used to go to the market—not, I regret to say, for fish. We had a pal, Truck Meyers, who owned a hotel on South Street just opposite the Market, and Truck was not above assuaging the parching throats of the fish dealers with wonderful but quite illegal bourbon. Whether or not he ever sold it, I do not know. I know he didn't sell any to Johnny Parker and me, but we were old friends of his, and we were welcome to anything he had. So Johnny and I got to know the fish dealers, salesmen and fishermen themselves. We got to know the Market. Once I remember writing a story on the operation of the Fulton Fish Market. I went there

about five in the morning and stayed until the Market closed a little after noon. It was an interesting experience. Even the Spanish War came into it—all because of a fish that swims off Florida.

The Spaniards came to Florida looking for the Fountain of Youth. They didn't find the fountain but they found the mackerel. Now, no more inoffensive creature than the mackerel ever lived. The mackerel is essentially a home body who never stays out late, or gossips about his neighbours. In the water the mackerel is a slim, good-looking lad who has a lot of fun doing figure eights and nip-ups. Even lying there on the counter at the Fulton Fish Market the mackerel is not without dignity. His belly is a soft white and his back a bluish black. A very nice fish indeed.

During the war in Spain, sales of Spanish mackerel fell off just about 40 per cent, as they were boycotted by both Loyalist and Franco sympathizers. Just before the war ended the Market hit upon a happy solution : they renamed the fish the Florida mackerel, and sales immediately began to boom. To-day if you walk into the Fulton Fish Market and ask for Spanish mackerel you will be told gently, "We have no Spanish mackerel, but look at this Florida mackerel. It is superior in every way. . . ."

The Fulton Fish Market is on South Street on the East Side of New York. It is the largest in the country and was founded in 1664, and it has been the fish headquarters of the metropolitan area ever since. Each morning, for more than two hundred years, boats have edged into the long piers on South Street loaded with loot from the Newfoundland Banks, from the Georgian Banks, from the warm waters of the Caribbean, from Japanese seas. Each day 1,500,000 pounds of fish come to the market and then are distributed to dealers who sell them and ship them all over the country.

In the beginning, fishermen from the Banks would nudge into the East River, tie up at the pier and wait for customers. Gradually the market grew as New York grew, and middlemen entered the picture. They would buy the whole catch of a boat, take the financial risk and hope to sell the fish to retailers. To-day the Fulton Fish Market is highly organized, with as many as fifty boats coming in a day, and a hundred wholesale dealers, each with ten or twenty employees, selling the fish to customers all over the country.

You have to get up early to get along in the fish business. You have to get up early even to see the market operate. The wheels start turning about five. During the night about twenty fishing boats have come into the piers on South Street.

There's the *Alice J. Hathaway* with 40,000 pounds of codfish and flounders; the *Charles S. Ashley* just in from the Banks with 59,000 pounds of cod and flounders, the *Eunice and Lillian* with 45,000 pounds of sole and haddock; the *Joan and Ursula*, named after the two children of its owner, with 23,000 pounds of yellowtails in its hold; the Portuguese boat *Elvira Goulart* out of Gloucester, loaded with whitefish and butterfish; the *Rio Dourio* with 36,000 pounds of what Boston calls scup but New York calls porgy. Several small draggers full of lobsters are there, too, and the wind catches their stubby masts and the boats sway closer to the dock. All the fishing boats are heavily motored, mostly with Diesel engines, and nearly all of them carry short masts too, but the ketch rigs are nothing but riding sails to hold the boats steady when they are out getting the fish.

It is still pitch-dark but lights hung from the rafters of the ancient market lend a false and eerie daylight to the scene. Row after row of stalls are guarded by salesmen for the wholesalers. No buyers are allowed in the market until 6 a.m. Then the watchman walks majestically to the front of the market which faces

South Street and solemnly pulls a rope which rings a huge gong. It rings three times and the Fulton Fish Market is open for business.

The Market, which actually comprises two long, low buildings each about one hundred yards long, is owned by the city of New York, which leases it to the New York Fishmongers' Association. This organization is made up of the wholesale dealers of the city and each in turn leases space in the market. More than 2,000 men are employed in the Fulton Fish Market and they are all ready for the rush when 6 a.m. comes.

Let's ask one of the wholesale dealers to guide us around this amazing place. Here's Frank Wilkisson, who has been doing business here for forty-five years and looks and talks like Al Smith.

"Al and I worked alongside of each other as kids down here in the market," he tells us.

We'll walk up and down the aisles separating the counters and the stalls and look at some of the booty the fishermen have looted from the sea. Here are some native mackerel that were swimming contentedly in the depths off Block Island twelve hours ago. Their backs gleam dully under the electric lights. Here are thousands of small silver smelts, sparkling merrily.

Here is a counter laden with sea trout caught off the Georgian Banks, a stupid-looking fish with a large open mouth; and here are some beautiful steelhead salmon all the way from the Oregon River. Here, packed in boxes encased in silver frost, are hundreds of native smelts, the conventional breakfast of Fulton Market workers.

"These were caught through holes in the ice up in the Canadian lakes," Wilkisson explains, "they're frozen naturally. As soon as they are caught they are laid on the ice there on the lake and in a few minutes they are frozen. Then they are put in refrigerator cars and expressed down here. They're still frozen

and somehow a fish that is frozen naturally seems to keep its flavour better. We'll have some of these for breakfast a little later."

Here are some huge turtles. A jovial Irishman, Johnny Bucklet, specializes in these. He's perhaps the only Irishman in New York who talks Chinese. Eighty per cent. of his customers are Chinese, and they are about the only ones in New York who eat diamond-back turtle.

"They're superstitious," Buckley explains. "They figure that if they eat enough turtle meat they'll get to live as long as the turtles do."

Here are small bay scallops found in Buzzards Bay and the larger ones taken off the Georgian Banks. Here are five tons of large shrimps just being unloaded from a huge truck bearing a Louisiana licence plate. They are full of health, these Louisiana shrimps, loaded with iodine.

"People don't know how to cook shrimps," Wilkisson frowns. "Best way is to bring a vegetable soup stock to a boil. Peel your shrimps and then put them in a screen. Lay 'em in that boiling soup stock for ten minutes and they'll open like carnations. Then you've got something."

There are tilefish, black and golden, and cuttlefish, which are ground up and made into bird food. Octopuses, sea urchins, lobsters and all kinds of shellfish are displayed with buyers haggling amiably with the dealers. The market is a cosmopolitan place. Here this morning there are brook trout from Holland; Dover sole from England; frogs' legs from Japan; stone crabs from Seattle and from St. Petersburg, Florida; terrapin from Maryland; lobster tails from South Africa; small octopuses from Spain; green turtles from the Caribbean and swordfish from Japan.

The market doesn't feel too friendly toward Japan. To-day native swordfish is fifteen cents a pound, but here are huge Japanese frozen swordfish and even

with the three-and-a-half-cents-a-pound duty the price is only seven cents. The fishing industry in Japan is, of course, subsidized but the market shakes its head and can't figure out how the Japanese can make any profit at all. Fortunately, however, there is no comparison between the flavour of the two fish, and domestic fish eaters are loyal to the native swordfish no matter what it costs. Native swordfish, incidentally, are not caught in nets. Even to-day they are harpooned as they were two hundred years ago.

It's seven o'clock but the market is alive and a hundred voices are cajoling, coaxing, threatening in the time-honoured method of bargaining. To the uninitiated the jargon the salesmen speak is as unintelligible as Sanskrit. Each company has a booth far in the back, and a cashier sits there marking down orders hurled verbally at him by the salesmen who may be a hundred feet away. Each company has a code so that other companies won't immediately know its price list.

A salesman, after arguing briefly with a retailer, will cry loudly, "No. 5, fifty blues. Have you got me?" That means that the customer who is registered on the books as No. 5 has bought fifty pounds of bluefish at twelve and a half cents a pound. "Have you got me?" means twelve and a half cents in this particular code.

Now another salesman will cry, "On 60, forty weak, best in the house." That means that the customer listed as No. 60 on the books has bought forty pounds of weakfish at five cents a pound. The derivation of "Best in the house" is interesting. Years ago the Lemmerman Hotel on South Street was the headquarters for the trade. Dealers would take reluctant customers to its bar in the hope of making a sale. If the customer wasn't very important the dealer would call to the bartender, "Give my friend a drink—the best in the house." And then he would surreptitiously

hold up five fingers, indicating that the bartender should dole out one of his five-cent drinks, the cheapest possible. So to-day fish at five cents a pound is "Best in the house."

Business, except for modern refrigeration, is done much as it was eighty years ago in the market. Knowing this, it comes as a shock when you are sitting in one of the small offices on the second floor to find a dealer talking to a fishing-boat two hundred miles away. To-day most of the larger fishing boats have ship-to-shore telephones. The 'phones save an enormous amount of lost effort and time.

No one can explain the ways of a fish or of a shoal of fish. The boats will scatter. One perhaps a hundred miles away will come on the flounders. The captain will load his boat and start for the market. He knows that he has his competitors beaten, so he'll 'phone the others and tell them where the flounders are. When he gets to port he can ask a nice price, for the price is regulated entirely by supply and demand, and it is seldom the same for more than four or five consecutive days.

Fishermen from time immemorial have been superstitious. After all, the waters did subside when they tossed Jonah overboard. Now and then a fishing-boat will take a visitor along to the Banks. He has to sign on as a crew member. This gives the captain absolute authority over him. When the boats get to the fishing grounds things are apt to go bad with the visitor if the fish don't run well. If there is a fish famine the captain has no choice but to head for the nearest port and gently but firmly disembark his unhappy guest. If he didn't do that he'd never be able to sign on another crew. Every fisherman firmly believes that there is some reason for bad fishing. A visitor on board is usually the cause and he must be got rid of quickly.

The fishermen have another custom. On Friday

the long piers jutting out from the market will be studded with boats. No fishing boat leaves the pier on a Friday. To do that would be to court certain disaster. Why? No one knows. The boats wait until one minute after midnight on Friday—then they leave, happy in the thought that they have avoided a jinx.

The main complaint of fish dealers is the fact that people don't know how to cook fish. The ordinary frying pan is the greatest enemy the fish dealers have. People fry fish which should be boiled or broiled. They toss the fish into a frying pan, take it out ten minutes later and expect something tasty. It is almost impossible, fish dealers say, to fry a fish evenly in a frying pan. Only the most expert cook can do that.

Cold-water fish are usually fatty fish. To withstand the frigid water, Nature gives them oils and fat. These fish are best baked. Fish like whitefish, shad, lake herring, eels, trout and, strangely enough, pompano, which is a fat fish even though it comes from the warm waters off Florida. It may be playing hooky from the north. The lean fish like halibut, carp or kingfish are best broiled or boiled. The fisherman like broiled fish best. They can't advance any logical reason. "Seems to keep the flavour better," they say.

About three years ago the dealers at the market, a bit alarmed because people weren't eating enough fish, decided to organize a Fishery Council headed by dealers. The idea of the council was to publicize the good points of fish and to teach America how to cook fish. Housewives of another generation knew how to prepare fish. Housewives of to-day don't, the dealers said. That's why they cook fish, if at all, only one day a week. The council prepared a cookery book listing hundreds of recipes obtained from chefs and from fishermen who know how to cook fish. The demand for these books was enormous, and this has

raised the hopes of the dealers and has indicated to them that ignorance about cooking rather than indifference to fish was the cause of the lack of buying enthusiasm on the part of the housewife.

Strange thing about fish, often the cheapest are the best. Bluefish, mackerel, halibut, codfish—if they are running well their price will be way down and no better-tasting fish than these roam the sea. It is all, the fishermen say, in the cooking. Once people learn to cook fish well they will learn to eat a lot of fish.

While we are on the subject of fish, I can't help but think of the most interesting little city I ever saw—Smeltania. If you have a map of Michigan handy take a look at it. Look way up north near the top of the lower peninsula and you'll see Lake Charlevoix. It's eighteen miles long and three miles wide. Technically it is an inland lake, but a quarter mile channel was dredged to join it with Lake Michigan. Nestling at the inland end of Lake Charlevoix you'll find Boyne City. Boyne City, roughly speaking, is the mother and father of Smeltania. Smeltania, which isn't on the map, is one mile west of Boyne City—one mile out on the lake. Smeltania is a city on ice—the only city in the world to be built on ice.

The citizens of Smeltania live in one-room shacks usually about six feet in height and about six feet square. They're all one-room shacks and they cost anywhere from nothing to ten dollars to build. Usually the citizens build their own shacks. They need only a couple of beams, a few planks, a handful of nails, a saw and a hammer, and there you are. A few of the shacks have windows in them and at night lights framed by small white curtains gleam cheerfully out of them.

The floor of each shack is ice—ice fourteen to twenty inches thick. Two holes, each about two feet square, are cut in the floor of each shack. These holes in the ice floor are essential, for Smeltania has only one

industry—fishing through the ice for smelts. Lake Charlevoix is about chock-full of smelts and the little creatures, sympathizing no doubt with the three hundred inhabitants of Smeltania, leap eagerly and happily to the baited hooks.

Most of the citizens of Smeltania are, of course, inhabitants of Boyne City. The people of Boyne City (there are only 2,800 of them) laugh a bit at Smeltania and they kid Mayor Smith, who was duly and solemnly elected, and City Manager Wild Bill Schaller, and Police Chief Ed Duell and his assistants Billy Hamilton and the aptly named Philo Wakeford. But actually Boyne City is mighty proud of Smeltania. At least half the citizens of Smeltania support themselves and their families entirely by fishing through the ice. These families would all be on relief if Bill Smith and a few others hadn't conceived the idea of this city on ice. Relief, charity—these are humiliating words to the people of rugged Michigan. They'd rather work. Boyne City solved its problem by creating a city—a city that is born at the beginning of each winter and dies each spring.

No citizen of Smeltania ever becomes rich no matter how long he works. A smelt brings one cent. The average catch will be a hundred smelts a night, although catches of two hundred or even more are not uncommon. But in Boyne City two dollars will support a family quite nicely. Merchants in Boyne City are well satisfied with small profits and the merchants realize that this is a community that has to fight to keep alive during the winter. It's different in summer. In summer Boyne City is the headquarters for the summer residents of Lake Charlevoix and everything is fine then.

But in winter Boyne City is cold and the stores are empty and the two petrol stations, glistening with ice, don't see many customers. About the only winter industry is the cutting and marketing of Christmas

trees. During the winter Wesley Dilworth's hotel is almost empty and the men and women he hires during the busy summer months have no work. You've got to fight to live in Boyne City when the temperature is ten below zero, and the streets are piled with snow, and icicles drip ghostlike from the eaves of the neat wooden houses on Main Street.

About 10,000 smelts are shipped out of the city each day. That means one hundred dollars a day comes into the community. No one preaches poverty on the shore of Lake Charlevoix. No one whines about hard times. Instead he builds a wooden shack, gets an old stove, an automobile battery, a length of wire, an electric-light bulb, and walks a mile out on the ice.

The smelt is supposed to be a salt-water fish. Properly speaking, the smelt has no right to be under the ice of Smeltania. Legend has it that an eccentric old man who lived on the shore of Crystal Lake, a hundred miles away, had a large pool in which he kept a variety of fish. From the east he brought some smelts, thinking they'd be nice food for his pets.

Later a hurricane hit the neighbourhood and lifted the pool, fish and all, right into Crystal Lake. One day, in 1918, Newt Ely, a clerk of Benzie County, dipped a net into the lake and came up with a bunch of smelts. Imagine his surprise! The busy little smelt may have heard of hospitable Lake Charlevoix, for eventually they slipped through the Betsie River, which connects Crystal Lake with Lake Michigan; turned right past Sleeping Bear Point and went forty miles north to round Leelanau Peninsula, then made another turn past Cat's Head Point to find themselves in Round Lake. They kept on going down the small stream and then connected Round Lake with Lake Charlevoix, and they didn't stop until they had swum the entire eighteen-mile length of the lake, which brought them offshore at Boyne City. They took a look around, liked the place and set up housekeeping.

They've been there ever since, although it wasn't until four years ago that their commercial value was realized.

Now let's walk out to the city. It's 2 a.m.; it's snowing, and you can't see the three hundred houses a mile out. You wonder how you'll locate them, but canny Mayor Smith has the answer to that.

"I was coming back from the city late one night," he tells us, "in a snowstorm. Well, sir, I got completely lost. I wound up miles out of my way. I decided we'd have to have a proper street leading from Smeltania to Boyne City. So I got a lot of Christmas trees that hadn't been sold or that had been thrown away after Christmas and planted them in the ice at intervals of about ten feet. Now those trees make a lane right from the shore straight to the city."

Sure enough. It was snowing so hard and it was so dark that you couldn't see twenty feet ahead of you, but you just walked along guided by the snow-flecked Christmas trees. It's a long walk over rough ice and then suddenly the city looms. Dark shapes are all around, but here and there a flicker of light comes from a shack that boasts a window. Mayor Smith opens the door of the nearest shack.

It's cheerful and warm inside. There are four fishermen there, Ed. Stark, Mrs. Ed. Stark and eight-year-old Junior Stark. The fourth is a very small dog sleeping on the bunk the shack boasts.

"Junior just got a whitefish, Mayor," Mrs. Stark says cheerily.

"Got a bite," Junior announces tersely.

He starts to wind up a large reel attached to the wall of the shack. It looks like a wheel about seven inches in diameter and he twirls it expertly. The line is out fifty feet, for we're in deep water here. The others peer intently into the hole in the floor. The water shows light green. An electric-light bulb lighted by an automobile battery is suspended four feet below

the surface. The light attracts the smelts. Then they see the minnows on the hooks, grab them, and the first thing they know they're being cleaned, dried, frozen and shipped.

Junior's line comes up with a wiggling eight-inch smelt on it. He beams proudly, the dog barks happily, Pa Stark says contentedly, "That's another cent," and the hook is hurriedly baited and dropped again.

Another family is having better luck in the next shack. Here's John Koepke, his wife and seven-year-old Johnny Koepke. A small stove is giving off plenty of heat. Johnny is hauling his line in every few minutes. His mother sits on an overturned egg crate and acts as his assistant.

It's the same in every shack. Sometimes a man fishes alone. Usually he has a companion and the two split the proceeds. Mayor Smith has a few shacks he rents out. Sometimes visitors from Grant Rapids or Detroit come for a crack at the fishing. Wesley Dilworth has the best shack of all. It is about twenty by ten, and two men winter visitors are sitting happily over the holes in the floor. One is a lawyer, the other a doctor. They come to Smeltania two or three times a year to fish through the ice. When they catch a mess they give them to one of the regular fishermen.

Near by was Bill Smith's shack. On the door was painted "No. 50," and below it "Mayor's Office." He'd loaned it to a friend to-night, and the friend was doing all right. The mayor suggested that we should have a cup of coffee.

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"At the store," Mayor Bill chuckled. Sure enough, we walked fifty yards and out of the darkness, and with the snow slanting into our eyes we saw a rather large shack and, despite the swirling snow, the sign "Restaurant—Coffee, Fried Smelts, Cigarettes," showed. It was a comfortable house, about twenty feet long, and a radio was blaring inside. Wayne

Burgess, the proprietor, used to be in the business of selling stoves.

We sat and listened to music from Los Angeles and New York, and Mayor Bill told some stories of his city and its citizens.

"They elected me mayor three years ago," he said proudly. "The vote was 298 to nothing. Nope, I didn't make a single campaign promise, either. Some people think that Smeltania is a joke. Well, our city manager, Bill Schaller, is down in Florida. He wrote to me and just addressed it 'Mayor Bill Smith, Smeltania, Michigan.' I got the letter all right. We're thinking of asking Jim Farley for a post office.

"Don't have much trouble out here. It's a right peaceful city. Had to haul a car out of the water not long ago, though. Harry Parker thought the ice was thick enough to drive on, so he did. Well, suddenly he feels the front end of the car going down. He steps out and the car keeps on going down. He just stood there and watched the tail-light disappear in thirty feet of water. It made a big hole in the ice and the next day the boys tried fishing there. Well, what do you think happened? Harry Parker had forgotten to turn off his engine and the car was going around in circles down there, getting the lines all tangled up. Yes, sir, and when we hauled up the car what do you think we found? The rumble seat was full of smelts—four bushels of 'em."

We walked back through the snow along Smith Boulevard with its lane of Christmas Trees. Now and then we'd pass a man pulling a home-made sled with a crate nailed on it. He'd be dragging his night's catch home. We passed George Underhill, bowed down a little with years but pulling sturdily.

"Got my hundred," he grinned cheerfully. "Never stop till I get my hundred."

We passed Harry Roof, who had been out with three of his nine children. He was on his way to Wesley

Dilworth's hotel to sell his smelts. We'd have them for breakfast in the morning, he said.

You realized that Harry Roof and more than a hundred like him could have been complacently living on government bounty. Instead, they were standing over holes in the ice for ten hours each night, living as the pioneers who first settled in Michigan had lived, fighting nature for food, battering blistering storms so that their families wouldn't starve.

Smeltania wasn't a funny little settlement of funny little houses any more. It was a new frontier built by a new kind of pioneer who had the same courage that the pioneer of another day had and something more too. The pioneers of Smeltania can laugh at themselves and insist stoutly that theirs is a regular city with a mayor, a police chief and everything else. They laugh at their little community, but it's hard for an outsider to laugh. An outsider can only take off his hat in admiration for these people who have made a city on ice.

FOURTEENTH DAY OUT

THERE are still sixty-three of us and now we've increased our speed to seven knots. We have no idea where we are but it has got much colder and we are probably not far from Iceland. Convoys zigzag all over the ocean. Each night a row of flags go up on the Commodore's mast. This is to fix a rendezvous for noon the next day just in case some of the ships get separated. Each night the course is changed and sometimes during the daytime we notice that our whole cavalcade of freighters turns slowly to port or starboard.

Until to-day I didn't realize how well we were escorted. Back in mid-Atlantic I thought our protection was miserable. Here it is magnificent. Ten destroyers and corvettes keep encircling us. It would be impossible for a submarine to get close to us without being detected. But a submarine has a torpedo range of about three miles and he might get a quick shot at us before a destroyer could get close enough to drop a depth charge.

In addition to the destroyers we now have a huge Sunderland flying-boat with us. Now and then during the afternoon she roared down over us at two hundred feet. From deck the Sunderland is a beautiful thing. The Germans call her the Flying Porcupine. She is full of guns.

Now that we are approaching England the weather has finally changed. The sea has gone down and the sun is bright and clear. Our heavily-laden ship doesn't roll or pitch in the slightest. Except for the chill in the air we might be in tropical waters. I wish we were. I've had a lot of fun in the waters off

Florida. I was reminded of it to-night when Gallup started talking about experiences he had had in America during Prohibition days. I only had one experience worth the telling during those hardly-lamented years. That was a trip I took to Grand Bahama as one of the crew of a "whisky ship," which is what the bootlegging pilots called their aeroplanes.

I was in Miami that year. Bill Cleveland was a pilot then for Bill Hearst, Junr. Cleveland was popular with all the Florida pilots. He told us about the men who flew crates from Grand Bahama to Palm Beach. Usually they flew ancient two-seater aeroplanes tied together with string. Bill got me in touch with one of these pilots, a grand chap named Art Wilson, and after considerable persuasion, Art agreed to sign me on as his helper for one trip. Three times a week he flew from Palm Beach to Grand Bahama, grabbed a load of stuff and then flew back. So far he'd been lucky. So I made a trip with him.

Grand Bahama is a three-mile splinter of brush-covered coral dropped into the Gulf Stream seventy miles due east of the Florida coast. At its western tip there is a small settlement which is known as West End and in fact the island is Grand Bahama only on the map, for its name by common usage has become West End.

Florida was still legally dry, and eighty per cent. of the liquor which came to it was brought by boat and by 'plane from the island of West End. Ten per cent. came from the once very active island of Bimini, and the other ten came from the north. Now there was no great profit in bringing liquor from West End to Florida any more and the men who did this job could all have done better by engaging in some legitimate occupation.

To romanticize and to glorify a bootlegger is at once a stupid and an unedifying spectacle, but these men of West End were not the gross, gold-laden bootleggers of New York or Chicago. They did not think

of themselves as bootleggers, and when they were reminded of the fact that they were flying contrabrand they dismissed the thought with a shrug of their shoulders. A false philosophy, of course, but they were not philosophers. They were men with the look of eagles in their eyes; men who enjoyed living hazardously; men who found spiritual and intellectual contentment only in jousting with the gods of chance and to whom the game of cheating death was worth the playing—no matter how small the stakes.

I went to see such men and found them, but also found two Negro boys mending a church roof with the sides of whisky cases. And it is perhaps the only church in the world which uses whisky cases as barriers against the sun and the wind and the sudden tropical rains. You may find things on the island of West End, but it all started with the quest for the laughing-eyed devils who fly rickety land 'planes across nasty, oh, very nasty, stretches of open water.

Now a pilot flying twenty cases of liquor across those seventy miles risked almost certain death if a motor mishap plunged his 'plane into the often turbulent and always treacherous waters of the Gulf Stream. He risked imprisonment if he failed to outwit the small and intelligent army of Customs men, Federal agents, Coast Guard and U.S. Marines. Yet his profit from those twenty cases was but twenty dollars, for one dollar a case is the standard rate paid to a pilot. If the pilot owned his own 'plane he got five dollars a case. Either way, his financial return was hardly commensurate with the investment he made. It was something besides money that made these men continue to fly the whisky ships. It was something that sang in their blood.

It was virtually impossible for a stranger to go to West End. No 'planes or ships made it a port of call. One could charter a special 'plane or boat, but he would find nothing on West End but three hundred

and fifty scowling, sullen Negroes ; half a dozen coldly indifferent white men ; the icily polite, tall, dark-skinned commissioner Bow, who ruled the island for His Majesty the King, for West End is a British possession. He would find three warehouses, but would be unable to enter them. He would find perhaps three dozen small wooden shacks, many made of the sides of whisky cases, and he would see half a dozen 'planes standing near the beach, with a few fishing-boats anchored offshore.

That's all a stranger would find, but then strangers weren't welcome on West End and not half a dozen visitors a year went to West End in those days.

But if, instead of a stranger, you were the crew of a whisky ship, then you were greeted by three hundred and fifty laughing, friendly shouting Negroes who called you "Captain" and who thought of you as something just less than a god, for didn't you appear suddenly from out of a cloud and then as suddenly roar into the air and disappear into the pale blue of the horizon ? The six or seven white men of the island were friendly ; fascinating with their casual tales of escape from catastrophe, impressive in their knowledge and command of the whisky ships they flew. You would find—but suppose we start at the beginning and recount some of the things that I did find.

Artie Wilson was about twenty-nine and he had blond hair and blue eyes and for ten years he was a barnstorming pilot. He had flown big passenger 'planes and small stunt ships and he had done parachute jumping and once he searched for gold in British Guiana. Artie was not the kind of bootlegger who carried a gun or who belonged to a mob or who worked under the furtive covering of night. Artie and his fellow pilots flew in the dawn and perhaps it is the strange magic which lurks in the sunrise of the tropics that touched Artie and his mates and made them enjoy their daily fencing with death.

Artie and I climbed into a two-seated Waco which stood in a field not far from Palm Beach. The dew was heavy on the grass and I suffered a slight twinge of apprehension as I got into the 'plane, for the Waco looked like something that the moths had been at, and when the motor started the wings and the struts shook like palmetto trees in a hurricane.

Then the coughing of the motor settled down into a reassuring roar and its steady and joyous throbbing told you that it was sweet and sound and ready to go places. The motors of these whisky ships had to be good—or else. Like parachutes, they couldn't be "pretty good." Our motor awoke the dawn, for it was on us suddenly, ushered in by a cool breeze that brought us the scent of orange blossoms from a grove that framed our field. There is no intoxicant like the scent of orange blossoms at dawn—unless it be the scent of orange blossoms at night.

Artie grinned and yelled, "We're off," and the Waco started to bump over the uneven surface of the field. Then suddenly it wasn't bumping. No longer earth-bound, it was cleaving the morning air and heading for the sun. Higher we went and then we banked sharply, and five minutes later we were over still-unawakened Palm Beach. Looking over the side you could see the white sand blending with the blue water and both, touched with the softness of this golden dawn, joining in a symphony of colour. Then we were over the water and ten minutes later the shore was only a thin scar on the horizon and then that too disappeared. Sixty miles ahead of us was a three-mile finger of coral covered with sagebrush. If Artie's compass was true we would find it. There was no sight of land now in any direction and the Waco, realizing that it had the sky and the water all to itself, roared happily.

So we continued for forty minutes and then far ahead and to the right we sighted a small island. It

was the first of the Bahamas. It might have been San Salvador, and I recalled that on just such a morning some four hundred and forty years ago Christopher Columbus and his men stood there and offered up a Mass of thanksgiving. Or it might have been one of those islands which sheltered the pirate Blackbeard and which even now holds the secret of where he buried his looted treasure. The island was swallowed up by the haze of the morning and again we were alone. The water beneath was so clear that we could see dark shapes floating beneath the surface, and although they were probably the shadows of wisps of clouds we imagined they were sharks or barracuda. Then Artie yelled and pointed ahead.

West End was a dot on the horizon ; then it took shape and we could see the coral reefs which guarded it flecked with the white foam of breakers. Closer, we saw a few tall, lonely palm-trees acting as sentinels and then we were over the island—a dull-looking terrain covered with a scrubby growth. We flew the length of it and over the western tip we saw a small settlement of wooden houses. We zoomed over them, and then Artie slackened speed and nosed down. But where were we going to land ? I saw nothing that even remotely suggested a flying field.

There was a sand and dirt road that ran half the length of the island. It was called King's Highway. It flowed on to the beach at the very western tip and its last stretch of three hundred yards, instead of being six feet wide, was perhaps eight feet. That is where we landed. A pilot had to know his way about to set his wheels down on that narrow stretch. But Artie had told us that in all he had made six hundred trips to and from the island. This gave us confidence. Twice we came down and twice we rose again sharply and wheeled about, for he didn't take chances. Then he let it down, and the wheels landed with a bump on the heavy sand. Artie slapped the brakes on, we

swerved to the right and for a breath-taking moment thought we were going over, but the Waco steadied itself under his capable hand and came to a stop. We hadn't run more than 150 feet.

We alighted, looked round, and saw seven other 'planes drawn up on the beach or pulled into the sagebrush that bordered the road. Two were seaplanes. Seaplanes weren't much good for use as whisky ships because they cost too much to operate, couldn't carry heavy loads, used too much fuel, and could only land on the coast, which was well guarded.

There was a big Fokker standing there, a four-seater Robin, another Waco and two Stinsons.

We met Dick and Johnny and Sam and Fred and Harry and we told them the news from the mainland.

"Brady was nabbed yesterday near Fort Pierce," Artie told them. "They got Hughie, too, and forty cases with him. The heat is on over there."

"Poor Brady!" Dick laughed. "That's twice this month."

The others joined in the laughing at the unfortunate Brady. He might have been on his way to jail, but what of it? The poor sap shouldn't have been nabbed. Getting nabbed was always something that happened to the other fellow.

Being introduced by Artie, I was immediately accepted as one of them.

I roamed about the island with Artie and came across the skeleton of a big Loening.

"Harry cracked up in that last summer, taking off with forty-five cases," Artie told me. "Champagne it was, too. The whole thing burned."

"Was Harry hurt?"

"No," he laughed. "He only broke his jaw and cracked a collar bone."

I didn't know what these guys called getting hurt. There was another dreary-looking tangle of twisted framework that had once been a proud Fokker. In

all there were the remains of fifteen 'planes half covered with sagebrush and sand. The hurricane of eight months ago accounted for several.

We walked from the "airport" to the settlement and now we saw the three wooden warehouses in which the liquor was kept.

All the liquor came from Nassau. There was a time when most of it went to Bimini, which was a counterpart of West End, but the coast guard and the customs watched Bimini too closely and then, too, there was no place for a 'plane to land on that island. So Bimini retired in favour of West End.

One warehouse was owned by the Grand Bahama Trading Company; another by the Southern Trading Company and the third was known as Kelly's. Each was in charge of a white man and they, with Bethel, the wireless operator, formed the permanent white population of the island. Cases of whisky, brandy, wines were piled high inside them. They were in cases and burlap bags, which took up less room in boat or 'plane.

"I want twenty cases of Scotch; ten of old Monarch and ten of White Horse," Artie told Bill, who ran Kelly's.

"How're things on the mainland, Artie?" Bill asked, making a note of the order.

"Lousy, lousy," Artie said gloomily. "We're all done, only we don't know it."

"Yeah," Bill sighed. "A year ago three or four thousand cases went off the island every day in boats and 'planes. Now we're lucky if we get rid of five hundred."

He figured up what Artie owed him. The prices were all in English money, and when it was translated into American currency Artie handed him three hundred dollars. The whisky was fifteen dollars a case. It used to be eight or ten, but the rate of exchange had raised the price.

There was a church on the island. Well, actually,

it was only three-quarters of a church. A hurricane had come along some months before and lifted the island up, shaken it playfully, and then set it down again with the loss of only a few fishermen's boats, two airplanes and a few roofs. It blew the roof right off St. Mary's church and the Negro boys said they'd fix it. So they fixed it with the sides of whisky cases. The cases made good shingles. One of the kids was on the roof. He had two helpers below.

"Sam," the little black boy on the roof called down. "These here brandy cases is too big for shinglin' this roof. You go find me some Johnnie Walker cases. They make nice shingles."

The tropical sun was burning the island with its searing rays, but Sam trudged manfully fifty yards up the beach to the warehouse that was known as Kelly's. He came back staggering under three wooden cases labelled "Johnnie Walker, Black Label." He broke the cases up with a stone and passed up the bits to his pal on the roof. The work of repairing the roof of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal church went on.

It was an old church. Inside, the cement had worn in places. The boys fixed that, too, so that when worshippers on Sunday looked up between hymns they might read such provocative labels as "Mumm's Extra Dry," "Courvoisier Cognac" or "Old Monarch Scotch Whisky" on the walls and ceiling.

Then we met Commissioner Bow. His little wooden shack was not very impressive, but his six feet four, his 220 pounds and his dignity were very impressive indeed. In many ways Commissioner Bow was the most powerful man in the world. He is the Number One man on the island, and wherever he sat was the head of the table. He was commissioner, police chief, mayor, governor, supreme court, army, navy and keeper of the king's conscience. In other words, Commissioner Bow was the works. And a very nice sort of person he was, too.

His table was piled high with copies of the *Daily Mail*, *Express*, *Times* and *Telegraph*.

"London is the only city in the world," he said, and when we enthusiastically agreed, we could wrap up the island of West End and take it home with us. "Say, if they'd put a pound in my pocket and drop me in Trafalgar Square right now I'd be the happiest man in the world."

"That goes for me, too, Commissioner," I said, and then I could have had any of the Bahama Islands I wanted.

So we sat on the sand in front of the Commissioner's shack and we talked of London and of India and of Nassau and of ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and the Commissioner was well informed on all subjects, and you got to like him. The pilots of the whisky ships liked him and he talked of them as "the boys" and I really think he worried if they took off when there was an angry, sullen glow in the east or if the wind was whistling an ominous tune.

West End being an English port, all boats and 'planes had to clear before they left and the clearance fee was, by law, five dollars. Commissioner Bow was understanding, and if a pilot was leaving at dawn he didn't bother to awaken the Commissioner. He made several trips and then he went to Bow, and said: "I've made six trips, Commissioner. Here's thirty dollars." No, they never held out on him. So we sat there, and neat, clean-looking Negro children passed by and gazed shyly at us, and the sun beat down and, reflected by the whiteness of the sand, got in your eyes and made you lazy and sleepy and a little bit anaesthetized, and you wondered if there really was a London or a New York or a Palm Beach anywhere beyond the horizon.

There was no hurry on West End. There were no movies; no automobiles, except a rheumatic little truck that carried the liquor from the warehouses to

the 'planes; no horses; no cattle; no gardens or farms to tend because nothing will grow there except sagebrush, and no amusements except those provided by nature. But the Negroes were happy because, never having known anything else, they thought there was nothing else. Ninety per cent of them were born on the island. They loaded the ships and the 'planes, and I asked one of them what he did for excitement.

"Oh, we drink liquor," he laughed, "and we play around with the women and we sing and we go fishing. Oh, there's lots to do here."

The day passed quickly and dinner succeeded lunch. We had fish at both meals, for meat seldom comes to the island. The staple food is "conk," which is the meat from huge sea-shells, the kind kids hold to their ears to hear the sound of the waves. These are conchs. The meat is taken out of the shell and hung on clothes-lines to dry out. Then it is fried with butter or made into salads.

The pilots of the whisky ships all dined together in a wooden shack, which boasted a kitchen manned by Annie, a huge and imperious Negro woman. They slept in a sort of dormitory adjoining.

Dinner was pleasant because Artie and Dick and Johnny and the rest of them were pleasant people. They were clean-looking, hard, tanned to a crisp gold, and they smiled easily and sincerely, and they all looked like young naval officers on shore leave. There was no liquor served at dinner. It developed that none of the boys drank. Once I knew a man who owned an orange grove and he never drank orange juice. These men were like that, I guess. Whisky to them was just freight—it wasn't a beverage.

"Anyhow," Artie told us, "a man would be a sucker to drink when he's in this business. It's tough enough to take off and land on this island when you're sober."

Over coffee we talked, but mostly we listened,

and sometimes we shivered at the tales they told so casually.

Dick, for instance, recently had a rather harrowing experience, and Artie got him to tell about it. He took off at dawn in a heavily-loaded Stinson. Half-way to the mainland his motor, for no reason at all, started to sputter and then stopped altogether. The ship lost altitude and just coasted down into the indigo blue waters of the Gulf Stream.

"I landed luckily without smashing anything," Dick said, and he might have been telling of a fishing trip. "However, I knew I couldn't stay afloat long. It was a clear day, but there was a strong wind from the west blowing me seaward. Well, the 'plane started to sink. I had an inner tube with me for a life-preserver, so I didn't worry much. I was carrying a load of gin and I tossed it all overboard except one bottle. I stuck that in my pocket. Finally the ship sank right under me, and there I was floating around on that inner tube with a bottle of gin. The tube was full of patches, too, and I was hoping that someone had done a good job of vulcanizing."

The others roared with laughter at the thought of Dick floating in the Gulf Stream with a bottle of gin for ballast.

"You guys can laugh," he said, with hurt dignity, "but it might have been dangerous. It got cold, so I opened the bottle of gin and started to munch on it. There's no drink I hate like gin, but it kept me warm. Every now and then I felt something brush against my leg and I gave it a kick. It wasn't until later that I figured they were sharks or barracudas. You know, I drifted about a hundred miles before a steamer picked me up."

"How long were you floating out there, Dick?" I asked him.

"Fifty-two hours," Dick said.

"That's a swell way to make a living," I told him.

Dick shrugged his shoulders. "I was all right, but think of the poor guy who owned the 'plane and the load. He lost a five-thousand dollar ship and a pay load. I was just flying it for him."

You listened to stories of close escapes from the authorities and you were surprised to learn of the respect the pilots have for their logical enemies of the Customs, the Coast Guard and the Marines. The pilots respected them as they didn't respect local sheriffs and police, for they are untouchable, can't be bribed, and they, too, looked upon the chase as a game.

"Tell them about the hell divers chasing you the other day," Artie suggested.

It seemed that John (who is Artie's partner) was headed for a spot near Fort Pierce in the same Waco that we flew across in. Just as he hit the shoreline of the mainland two U.S. Marine 'planes flew up to him—one on each side.

"They pulled a new stunt on me," John told us. "They hung a sign over the side of one of the ships which said: 'Return and land at once.' I kept on, making believe I hadn't seen the sign. Then they shot a couple of tracer bullets across my bow and I started to get nervous. I flew low down among the trees and then I went over Palm Beach. I knew they wouldn't fire while we were over a city. Then I wheeled over the water and headed straight out. They followed me, too."

"They followed you right over the water?" Artie asked.

"Sure they did," John said grimly. "They followed me for forty-five miles. Then they turned back. I guess they were getting low on gas. They got plenty of nerve, those hell divers."

"You're telling me," Harry grinned. "I flew with them during the war."

The night comes to West End suddenly. There is

no twilight in the tropics. The night is a soft enveloping blackness and with it there comes a silence that is a bit startling. Except for a few seagulls who are quiet at night there are no birds on West End. Except for the gentle lapping of the water on the beach there is no noise, and then after a while there is a soft sound of singing. We walked out of the shack and saw a fire at the other end of the island. The Negroes were cooking their dinner and were crooning songs that were never written by white men. Except for their speech these Negroes were as primitive as Africans. They were naive, proud of their strength, boastful of their ability to drink liquor and of their conquests among the women of the island.

Artie stood there in the darkness. "Sometimes," he said, "they dance, and where they learned these dances I do not know."

"They were born with those dances inside them," John said shortly.

You go to bed early on West End, for you take off at dawn. You fall asleep with the faint sound of those Negro songs in your ears and with the strange magic of a tropical wind filling your room, and you get a faint glimmering of why it is that these pilots continue to engage in this hazardous and no longer profitable occupation. At first it is all strange and exciting, and then the fascination and the colour of it get into your blood and become part of you, and you become restless and unhappy when they are absent.

And thinking of this, you slept, and the first thing you knew you were awakened to another day and you went out on the sand and let a crisp wind blow the sleep from your eyes. It was hardly light yet, but you had huge cups of coffee, toast, and fish if you wanted it and walked to the "airport." The Waco was ready, fully loaded with the twenty cases

of Scotch. You squeezed into the front cockpit, all mixed up with burlap bags of whisky and that precious inner tube which might come in handy during the next hour. The dawn was a bit angry and Artie gazed speculatively at the sky. Whisky ships don't carry radio and you never knew what the weather was like fifteen miles ahead. We are to land, Artie told us, at spot No. 23, which is a field some forty miles behind Palm Beach. He had already sent a code wireless message to his ground man to be there.

The motor barked. We had eight hundred feet of heavy sand runway in front of us, framed by sage-brush. We had to start at top speed to make it, for we were heavily loaded. The whisky alone weighed about eight hundred pounds.

Then we were off, bumping horribly through that thick, heavy sand. We were screaming down the runway, if this stretch of King's Highway could be signified by such a title, and we were hanging on to the sides. Then just before we reached the barrier of palm trees and brush at the end it seemed as though Artie literally lifted the 'plane from the ground, and we cleared the brush by eight feet. Slowly we gained altitude—but not much. We waved good-bye to West End and lurched into the wind. It was bumpy and we took sickening downward plunges and the whisky bounced around.

Twenty minutes passed and the wind, which had been crisp, was now definitely strong and it lashed at us angrily. Artie went down as low as he could, trying to duck that wind. We were eight feet over the water and the waves, black and surly-looking, seemed to leap up at us angrily. Then I again remembered that he had done this six hundred times before and I relaxed.

There was a dark haze in front of us, and out of it there emerged a tramp steamer, bound perhaps for Nassau with a cargo of lumber or perhaps on her

way to Mexico with a load of machinery. She came silently out of the haze and maybe it was only a phantom ship bound for nowhere with a cargo of dreams. We didn't see a soul on deck, but the foam in her wake was very white. Then she passed us and disappeared, and again we were alone with a nasty sea beneath us and a dirty sky overhead.

Then suddenly the wind changed and we weren't bucking it any more. That happens often in the Gulf Stream. Just as suddenly, a rift in the clouds let in a golden shaft of sunlight and it danced on the water and changed its blackness into turquoise blue. The clouds had no chance against a tropical sun that meant business. We ran out of the squall and more holes appeared, and finally the clouds rolled away and we realized they hadn't really been clouds at all but just a heavy haze that had been hanging low. The water had flattened out and the motor was running sweetly and we headed for home. So we rolled merrily along and then ahead we saw a ribbon which was Palm Beach and soon we were flying over it. Over Lake Worth we roared and shot to the right, and now Artie nosed down. I looked back at him but he was only yawning. He was almost clipping the trees now to avoid detection. We skimmed along, and then ahead we saw two men in a field and one of them was waving a white sheet, which seemed a silly thing to do at six in the morning.

The ground crew consisted of two men. The waving of the sheet told Artie that everything was okay. He dragged the field once, looking over the side carefully. Oh, but that Artie was a real pilot. Then he landed as gently as a butterfly lighting on a honeysuckle.

The two men had a touring car with them and they drove it right beside the 'plane. In three minutes they had unloaded. Artie stayed where he was. He was going to make another trip. He grinned, "Swell trip, wasn't it? I'll be seeing you again, somewhere."

Then with a roar he was off again and the Waco mingled with the sky and became one with the white clouds. He was off again—this man with the look of eagles in his eye—off again over that seventy-mile stretch of open water, laughing because once more he had cheated the authorities, the weather and the hazards of flying over open water. I doubt if I shall ever see Artie again, but I shall never forget him. He was one of the last of a dying race. He didn't gain much in a financial way in that illicit traffic, but he lived twenty-four hours a day and he dwelt with sunrises over indigo-blue water, and he felt the rush of clean wind in his eyes and there was always a song in his heart. So he did gain something after all.

And thinking of Artie and his mates, we drove back toward Palm Beach in the touring car with the two helpers and the twenty cases of Scotch.

"This was ordered by Weinberg," the driver told us. "We're delivering it there now."

Weinberg owned a night club which we knew well and we drove up in front of the building and the two men unloaded. This part of it seemed somehow to be sordid and dull. Each case of whisky delivered to Weinberg cost him twenty-two dollars. It cost fifteen on the island, five more to bring over, and the ground crew got two dollars a case for unloading and delivering.

The adventure was over. The whisky had found its final home.

That night I went into Weinberg's club. There was a bartender named Mack there and I asked him for Scotch and soda. He poured a drink of White Horse gently and reverently.

"That's mighty nice whisky," he said, wiping the mahogany with a cloth. "Very nice Scotch that—it came over from West End this morning."

FIFTEENTH DAY OUT

WE'VE been looking for dive bombers but we've only seen seagulls. To-day we woke to the roar of airplane motors. We had lost our big Sunderland but instead had two Lockheed Hudsons of the Coastal Command. They were with us all day and those pilots were conscientious lads. They flanked the convoy. Now and then one would climb to a thousand feet ; then he's swoop down to a hundred. The sea was calm and when it is calm it is lighter in colour and more translucent, so that the dark hulk of a submarine could be seen fairly easily even though it were submerged seventy feet.

This is their happy hunting ground, but to-day we saw no sign of them. We did pass two ships ; two big, fast ships that in happier days had been passenger liners. Now they were troop ships. They were riding high and the more nautical minded of our passengers suggested that they were returning to Canada to pick up more troops. Sometimes the fast liners dash over without escort ; not because this is safe but because there is a shortage of escort vessels.

When I started this trip I thought it might provide some excitement. To date the only excitement has been provided by detective stories. However, I've run out of them, much to the glee of my fellow passengers. They can't imagine anyone being so silly as to read two or three of them a day. Lacking fictional murderers to amuse us to-night our talk turned to real murderers. We discussed as many of the celebrated murderers as we could remember, and I suggested that the most celebrated murderer of our time was Hershel Grynszpan. They all looked blank for a

moment, and then Sorensen recalled that he was the youth who had shot Ernst vom Rath, second secretary of the German Embassy in Paris, in 1937. Grynszpan fired five shots, and within a few moments those shots echoed around the world. A few weeks later, because of them, the Jewish pogrom really got started in Germany. I was in London at the time doing some articles for *Collier's*. Charley Colebaugh cabled me, "Find out all you can about Hershel Grynszpan. Go to Paris, Germany. There might be a story in him."

There was a story in him. The story of Hershel Grynszpan is the whole story of National Socialism; the whole tragedy of the German Jews; the story which the rest of the world refused to interpret as showing just what Hitler and his mob eventually were going to do. If all the incidents leading up to those five shots had been studied, England and America might not have found themselves so poorly prepared when the eventual struggle began. But hear the story yourself.

This, then, is a portrait of a murderer, the picture of a boy who promises to become one of the most renowned murderers of our time. He fired a shot, and although that shot only killed one man, the repercussion of it killed hundreds of others, and caused immediate misery to half a million people. If he were a professional or a political murderer, or if he had murdered for gain, his story would not be worth the telling. But he was none of those. He was a seventeen-year-old boy who never did quite know why he fired those shots. I don't even think that his lawyers knew what impelled him to pull the trigger and kill a man he had never seen before.

Until he fired the shot that killed Ernst vom Rath, he had never known homicidal anger, had never held a gun in his hand, nor had he ever been involved even in juvenile delinquency. Perhaps when we have heard the story of Hershel Feibl Grynszpan we will know

more than he knows about himself; we will know why he became a murderer. The story begins thirty-one years ago. . . .

It was in 1910 that David Grynszpan took his bride to Hanover. He was short, but he was wiry, and his eyes saw vistas wider than those of his native Poland. Germany was a rich country, it was a land of opportunity. Poles often came back with their pockets full of marks and with tales of wide streets filled with laughing people. There was work for everyone in Germany. None starved, and you weren't looked down upon because you were a foreigner.

That is why David Grynszpan took his bride to Hanover. David made friends easily; he was handsome, his hair was jet black, and he had a ready smile. He became a tailor. First he worked for someone else, and he'd sing as he sweated happily pushing the hot iron. Some day he would own a shop of his own. Some day he would own clothes like the clothes he pressed and mended.

Children came and within eight years there were three of them. Two others had been stillborn. Now his dream came true. He had saved enough to start a shop of his own, a small shop, of course, but it was his and he had to hire two men to work for him. Soon his sons would be old enough to help. Life was good to David Grynszpan; even the war we once foolishly called the Great War could not kill his spirit. Oh, it was bad and it was hard enough to watch the faces of his children grow pinched because there wasn't enough to eat, and it was hard to see their tiny bodies shrink. But it was no one's fault. There was hardly enough food for the soldiers, and by now David felt himself to be a true German—he would not begrudge his adopted country food that was needed by the fighting men.

The war ended, David's little world returned to something like normal. Chaos reigned in Germany,

but of this he knew little. He mended clothes and made clothes, and he managed to make both ends meet. Two more children came to David and his wife ; a daughter Sophie and finally a son Hershel. Hershel was born on March 28, 1921, and he was an eight-day wonder in Hanover. He was the smallest baby anyone had ever seen, and yet he had the largest eyes. As he grew it was easy to see that of all the children he would resemble his father most. "He looks like David before he grew a beard," the neighbours laughed, and he did indeed.

Young Hershel grew as any child grows in Hanover. Sorrow made periodical visits to the Grynspan's home, a forerunner, perhaps, of the great sorrow to come later. But sorrow at first didn't touch young Hershel. None of the Grynspan children was strong. In all, eight were born and five died before reaching maturity. Hershel never knew anything but laughter and warmth and good care until he was about eight. Then he saw an older brother killed. They were playing in the street and then suddenly there was a scream and a small broken body lying on the pavement ; young Hershel ran home screaming, altogether bewildered and terrified. After that, he seldom laughed, he seldom played with the other lads of the neighbourhood. He took refuge, strangely enough, with his sister Sophie, the little mother of the family.

(Guards at the Fresnes Prison, where he was confined after the shooting, told me that he often screamed with terror during his sleep, and that when they woke him to that half-world between life and death, between sleeping and awakening, he sobbed piteously for Sophie.)

In 1931 strange sights were seen in peaceful Hanover. Men in brown shirts and heavy boots marched through the streets singing of a new prophet whose name was Adolf Hitler. A thrill of expectancy was felt in the city. Nothing had been right since the war. Prices

were high, unemployment was the rule rather than the exception, and food was scarce. Perhaps this new prophet would help.

And then it was 1933, and the new prophet was installed in the Chancellery in far-away Berlin. It was now for the first time that Hershel Grynszpan realized that he was not like other children. He was a Jew, a Polish Jew. David sat alone in his shop—none dared to trade with him. He was a Polish Jew. Hadn't Hitler declared that the Polish Jews had lost the war for Germany, and that they had caused the chaos that followed?

A man named Julius Streicher in Nuremburg cried out, "Every Polish Jew in Germany must be exterminated as we exterminate rats in our cellars. The Jews are an accursed people, and it is our sacred duty to destroy them."

Hershel was twelve then, he was a bright boy and he had done well in the municipal schools. David Grynszpan was more far-sighted than his neighbours in Hanover. He sensed that life in Germany was over for him and his family. For himself he didn't care; they had taken his shop away and he knew that he could never regain an economic footing in Hanover. But Hershel? He was twelve. Somehow or other he must have his chance. David sent him to the Yeshiva, a rabbinical school at Frankfurt, where he was to study agriculture. Somehow, some way, Hershel must equip himself to find his destiny in another land—perhaps Palestine. David had little left but his faith. He had known some small happiness, but mostly his life had been sorrow. Five of his children had died and each death had aged him.

From all sides came the roaring of the Nazi orators. Every Jew in Germany was suspected of having concealed wealth. For some reason Polish Jews were the chief suspects. Even when David had two men working for him in his tailor's shop, he had never heard

more than thirty marks jingle in his pockets. But the sound and fury of the orators filled the air, and under its impact David withdrew into himself, knowing that his life was ended, but hoping that somehow Hershel and his sister Sophie could survive. Sophie miraculously had not lost her job — she was a stenographer.

Hershel studied for a year. He was bright, quick to learn, but where could he ever use this new-found knowledge? Palestine? He was too young as yet, and there were thousands clamouring to leave for what they hoped would be the Promised Land. When Hershel was fifteen he was small but wiry like his father. He was very dark and his eyes were bigger than ever. He was beginning to be a personality instead of a child. He'd ask his father, "Why are we different? I was born in Germany," and his father would turn anguished eyes away. Hershel wanted to work, wanted to take some of the burden off Sophie's shoulders. He tramped the cobbled streets of Hanover, but wherever he turned, he heard the contemptuous, "We do not want Jews." He went out into the fertile country beyond Hanover. Now this was something he knew—farming—but farmers, less articulate (or perhaps more kind because they lived close to the land) just shook their heads. Parents of the boys with whom he played suddenly disappeared. One night he would be in the kitchen of a family eating *wurst* or a bit of cheese, and when he returned the next day the house would be closed and the occupants gone into the long silence. He learned about concentration camps, and he learned about sharp cries in the night—cries of terror.

The terror communicated itself to him. He lived in a world of fear. If he saw uniformed Storm Troopers marching down the street he would duck down an alley or into a basement. He was small and quick. He could run—but he couldn't run away from the

fear that seeped into his heart and mind. That fear lived with him always.

When he was fifteen his body was small and shrunken. His eyes were enormous pools of dull misery. His father and mother had their faith, a faith older and infinitely more powerful than the Third Reich. It was so strong that it wrapped itself around them, making them impervious to the hatred and fury and terror that surged about Hanover. But Hershel was too young to accept the inevitable. He could not calmly shrug his shoulders and accept his fate with resignation. He decided to leave Germany. He would go to Paris. His father's brother Abraham lived in Paris; Hershel felt that he could find work there. He would work hard and soon would have enough money to take his sister Sophie out of Germany.

No one knows yet how David Grysman ever managed to get a passport for young Hershel. Abraham doesn't know nor does his wife Chana know, but the fact remains that somehow or other he did manage to get Hershel out of Germany.

He said farewell to his parents and to Sophie, and in August, 1936, he landed in Paris with a high heart. A new world stretched out before him. Here in this enormous city he would find work. His uncle and aunt were kind. But he only wanted one thing—he wanted work.

Hershel tramped the streets of Paris as he had once tramped the streets of Hanover. Weeks lengthened into months, and months into a year, and still he could not find a job. No one wanted him. Paris had to take care of its own, first. Now and then there seemed a chance of employment and he would be asked, "Your identity card, please."

He did not have an identity card. In France every foreigner has to register with the Ministry of the Interior if he remains in the country for more than three months. If times are good and jobs are plentiful,

an identity card is easy to obtain. Nor could he get a *carte de travail* (worker's card). To get a job you need such a card, but you can't obtain one without an identity card.

In 1936 Paris had begun a drive to rid the city of its unwelcome population. This was merely an economic manœuvre, quite understandable in view of France's own unemployment problem. Hershel was caught in the net and told to leave France. He would have to go back to Germany. He would have to go back to the living death he had known. There was no help for it. He clutched his passport in his hand, said farewell to his uncle and aunt, and went to the Gare du Nord to board the train. There were Customs officials there and they demanded his passport. Dully, hopelessly, he handed it to them.

"But you have no visa," they said gruffly. "You can't enter Germany without a visa." For a moment his eyes lit with wild despair. He was like a cornered rat. The Law said he had to leave, but now they said he could not leave. They told him where to go to get a German visa. He was seventeen now, and he was getting a little accustomed to despair and hopelessness. He wasn't a bit surprised to be refused at the German Embassy. No, they would not give him a German visa—Germany had enough unemployed, enough Polish Jews, too. What to do?

How could he get out? He had one desperate youthful hope—the Foreign Legion.

It was his last chance. The next day he hurried to the Legion recruiting office. The man in charge took one look at the shrunken, emaciated body and never saw the burning eyes.

"How old are you?" he demanded.

"Seventeen," Hershel said quite truthfully.

"Run along, youngster," the man laughed. "The Legion is for men. Come back when you are eighteen."

He turned away, and at that moment I think a

part of him died—that part which gives a boy a resilient power to bounce back once again after another crashing blow. He went back and hid in the attic of his uncle's house. Now, actually, it was not his uncle's house; it was a sort of *pension* run by a concierge who furnished meals for the Grysypans. He hid in the attic because he knew that the police would soon be after him to check whether he'd gone. Even the concierge did not know he was hiding far up in the low-ceilinged attic. When dinner was set before Uncle Abraham and Aunt Chana, they would surreptitiously hide a portion of it, and take it up to Hershel. Once—on October 19th, 1937—the police did come, but the concierge told them that Hershel had disappeared.

His uncle and aunt brought him newspapers—French newspapers—and they were filled with the stories of what was happening to the Jews in Germany. These stories horrified him. He lay awake nights thinking of his parents and of Sophie, and the terror he had known returned and once more held him in its grip. He could not have been far from madness in those days in October, 1937.

Then on November 5th a letter came from his sister Sophie. He read it and reread it, until the words burned in his brain. It was the last paragraph which made him tremble with that old terror, and with something else, too.

"I will tell you in detail what has happened to us. Thursday the rumour spread that all Polish Jews were being expelled. No one would believe it, but a member of the Gestapo came to the house at midnight and told us to come to the police station, where we would have to hand in our passports. When we arrived there we saw a great number of other Jews. We then realized that everything was finished for us. They would not let us go home to

get anything. Finally I got on my knees and begged them to let me get a few clothes, and they let me go home. A policeman went with me. I took only what I could carry under my arm. That was all I could save. We haven't a pfennig to our name. . . ."

Hershel read and re-read it. Everything that had happened since childhood lived again in his benumbed mind. He saw his brother killed. He saw the brown-shirted men marching along the streets of Hanover. He saw his father grow old and his mother wither. He heard the curses and again heard: "We want no Jews here." Always he had hoped to save his parents and Sophie. Now there was no chance. They were beyond saving. No, none can tell just what Hershel thought during that night. He tried to tell his lawyers, but they say that he was vague and a bit bewildered about it all.

When his uncle came to the attic the next day, he was gone. They had given him some money to keep, in case he had to run away. They did not know what to make of his absence. They did not worry at first. At least he had enough money to last him a few days. Nobody, not even he himself, knows how he spent the next two days. He stayed at a small hotel on the second night, and in the morning he walked into a shop at 61, Rue du Faubourg St. Martin. He asked to look at a revolver. He bought the first one the man offered, a cheap, small-calibre affair.

Mechanically he walked to the German embassy. He said that he wanted to see one of the secretaries; he had an important message which could only be delivered personally. Well, vom Rath was the least important man in the embassy. They pointed out vom Rath's office and told him to walk into it.

No one knows what happened during the next

thirty seconds. He was alone in the office with vom Rath. Did he pour out his story of despair? Was he stopped? Did vom Rath threaten to toss him out of the office? Vom Rath is dead and he can't tell. Hershel doesn't remember. His lawyers asked him again and again, but he shrugged hopeless shoulders and shook his head. He just didn't remember. Well, you forget a nightmare quickly enough.

In any case, shots were heard. He fired five times. His aim wasn't good. No wonder—it was the first time in his whole life that he had ever discharged a gun. He shot five times. Two of the bullets hit vom Rath, one went into the ceiling, another into the wall behind vom Rath's desk, and a third into the floor. Hershel, for a cold-blooded murderer, was a very poor shot.

The echo of the shots hadn't died away before the office door opened and vom Rath staggered out, holding both hands to his chest. He took one step and then fell to the floor.

There were screams of panic, and men came running to grab the unresisting boy. He was in prison within an hour. He was answering questions hammered at him by an examining magistrate. They searched him. In a London pub I heard that they had found three thousand francs on him. I heard that echoed in a Paris bistro and in the taverns, gathering places for foreign newspaper men. In Berlin I heard it whispered again.

"It is another von der Lubbe case," the whisper ran. "He was put up to it by the Nazis to give them an excuse for an immediate pogrom. That's where the three thousand francs came from!"

This is not true. I talked to his lawyers and, what is more important, I talked to two newspaper men in Paris who were actually present when the boy was searched and who saw the pitiful contents of his pockets. There was a piece of string such as any boy

might carry, a small bar of chocolate, and a few francs. A franc was then about a penny.

It was no secret that Ernst vom Rath was the black sheep of a good German family. His family obtained the comparatively unimportant post of third secretary in Paris to keep him out of trouble.

"The Nazis wanted to get rid of vom Rath," the whispers went. "By putting Hershel up to this they killed two birds with one stone. They got rid of an undesirable party member and found an excuse really to launch an offensive against the Jews."

Such tactics have been employed by the Nazis before. This time, however, there is not one bit of evidence to support any such theory. Hitler went to the funeral of vom Rath, but it was von Ribbentrop who made the oration. No, we cannot make a sinister figure out of our little murderer. He did not murder for gold. Fear, mental pain, hunger—these were his only employers in the crime, and he worked for them unwittingly.

"What political party do you belong to?" the examining magistrate asked him.

He looked puzzled. "I know nothing of politics. I have never discussed politics."

Two days later vom Rath died. When they told Grynszpan that he was dead, the boy broke into wild sobs. "I am sorry he is dead. I did not particularly want to kill him, vom Rath. I will fast every Monday because of my crime."

He fasted every Monday, but, of course, that is not the punishment for murder in France. Everything was done for the boy. People in America raised funds and hired the greatest criminal lawyer in Europe to defend him. Maître Vincent de Moro-Giafferi was an officer of the Legion of Honour; he was famous for defending the celebrated Dieudonné, the brilliant Joseph Caillaux, the sensational Landru, called the "Bluebeard of France."

"The boy is not insane," the Maître told me when I went to see him. "He is intelligent. His body is pitifully emaciated, but his eyes are strong and steady. He is an idealist, frank and open. He is horrified that he was the cause of the dreadful revenge Germany took upon the Jews because of his deed."

The Maître was going to ask for mercy on the grounds that the boy did not realise the gravity of his offence, that he was acting upon an overpowering impulse, which took possession of him when he read his sister's letter.

Hershel did not know anything about Law and he did not know that the august Chamber of Deputies passed a special law because of him. On December 14th, 1937, the Chamber added a paragraph to its Criminal Code Procedure that said: "Where the prosecution offers the possibility of international repercussions, the trial may be held in private." This meant that Hershel's trial would have been held in secret without spectators or newspaper men present. The law passed on December 14th became effective on December 15th. It might lead one to believe that French justice was looking for a quick blindfold, not to wear itself but to put over the eyes of the world.

A study of the Penal Code of France reveals the fact that the ordinary murder trial is held before a chief justice, two associate judges, and a jury of twelve men. In America a man tried for murder and acquitted by the jury can never again be prosecuted for that crime. In France, if the judges do not agree with the verdict they can say, "Go back and deliberate some more."

Finally, if the judge insists, even after further deliberation, that its original verdict should stand, and if the verdict is not guilty, the prosecution may appeal. A jury in France was little more than a debating club.

Meanwhile Hershel's father, his mother and his

sister Sophie, were living in a deserted boxcar just outside Zboszyn, which was on the Polish-German frontier. David Grynszpan was small and stooping, with traces of grey streaking his beard. There was great bewilderment in his big grey eyes when he said to me : " I can't believe that Hershel did that. He was a quiet boy always. I can't believe. . . ."

But he did it. In the eyes of the Law he was a murderer. He never knew how he became a murderer. He never knew that the tenets of National Socialism, the hatred that rose from the streets of Hanover, the creed of Hitler, formed him and made him what he was, all unknowing.

It isn't much of a story, for Hershel Grynszpan was a very unimportant boy. He never was brought to trial. During the last month of the life of France I was in Paris. I tried to get to see him. It was impossible. And then came the debacle. Paris fell. Tours and Bordeaux followed. The armistice came and France was divided into two countries. The Vichy Government removed all political prisoners from Paris to unoccupied France. Somehow, Hershel was included among this lot. He would be tried by Vichy with other political offenders.

Then the long memory of the Gestapo asserted itself ; the long arm of the Gestapo reached out, and he was taken from Vichy back to Paris. And now ? He has disappeared into the silence of those who offend the government of the Third Reich. His mother ? His father ? Sophie ? Why ask ? Perhaps they are lucky enough to have died there in the boxcar on what was once the German-Polish frontier.

There is no doubt that the one whom we used to call The Butcher of Hamburg has taken care of Hershel. He always wore evening clothes when he wielded his axe. Beheading Hershel must have been one of his easiest jobs. Hershel was a very small boy.

SIXTEENTH DAY OUT

WE looked for land all afternoon but didn't even see a bit of seaweed. Maybe seaweed doesn't grow in the waters west of the Hebrides, where we think we now are. We four passengers spend a lot of time leaning over the map trying to figure out just where we are. We all have different ideas.

We've got along well, we four, for the past weeks (is it weeks?). No one has lost his temper once. My only grievance with any of them is that none of them will stay up late with me. They all have manias for "early rising," otherwise I'd never want to meet more decent, tolerant or intelligent men than Sorensen, Gallup, Birtles and Chief-Engineer Jones. We have rearranged the state of the world; have completely reshuffled the Cabinet; have assigned the American navy to convoy duty; have abolished Buchmanism, and, in short, have played God for the past weeks. Having had nothing else to do we just talked.

We only agreed on two Cabinet Ministers—Winston Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook. The measure of Winston's greatness can be summed up (we agreed) in one question: "Who could replace him?"

We agreed that any argument against Beaverbrook can be summed up by one statement which nobody can deny, "He gets things done." One might say, "But he was a pacifist. Right up to the last minute his papers kept screaming, 'There will be no war.'" That's true, but once war came he began to get things done.

I know most of the Cabinet Ministers. I like

Beaverbrook best of them all. To begin with, he was a great publisher who dragged two hounds up from the Fleet Street gutter to make them into respectable dogs who could be brought into almost any parlour. The people who work for Beaverbrook swear by him. Those who entered the service were well taken care of by him. He pays the best wages in Fleet Street and he is loyal to his men. Beaverbrook sells dreams. He has been selling them all his life and usually finds a buyer, and then suddenly the dream is an actuality.

Four years ago, in Miami, Damon Runyon, who needs no magnifying glass to spot a story, said to me : " Why not do a piece on Beaverbrook ? He's at Nassau and he's easy to see. I'll 'phone him if you want, and you hop over there. He's an amazing man."

I went. I met Beaverbrook and I did get a story out of him. I met him again and again, later in London, and now that I'm on my way back to London I'll see him once more. Runyon was right. The Beaver is an amazing man. Few people are neutral on the subject of Beaverbrook. They either admire him tremendously or they hate him.

He caused quite a furore in Miami when he last visited there, back in 1938. Prizefighters, fan-dancers, trained seals, politicians, transatlantic fliers or peers—these are all grist for the publicity mill that makes Miami Beach go. Florida lives on publicity as a pilot at thirty thousand feet lives on oxygen. Take away the oxygen and the pilot will die. Take away the rotogravure sections and Miami Beach would curl up like a tired old banana skin that's been in the sun too long.

When Beaverbrook visited there in 1938 the society editors made it their province to see that he dropped docilely into the publicity mill. After all, he was a real live Lord. In addition, he was tremendously wealthy and was a figure in his own right. They sharpened their pencils and put new ribbons in their

typewriters. They preened themselves prettily, added just the right dash of broad A to their accents and set out to interview Lord Beaverbrook—but they couldn't locate him. They 'phoned the society leaders of the winter colony, but they, too, had to admit unhappily that they hadn't met his lordship. The eager young society reporters haunted the most fashionable night clubs of Miami and Palm Beach looking for him, but, alas, they never caught up with him.

Lord Beaverbrook was not attending any social functions. Lord Beaverbrook was not going to the better night clubs. Lord Beaverbrook was, unfortunately, spending his time in lunch wagons, in the lower- and middle-class bistros of the city, in the less pretentious gambling establishments of Miami. His companions were not the wealthy winter residents of Florida. His companions were gamblers and taxicab drivers and aviators and writers, and Lord Beaverbrook was asking them questions. He has been asking people questions ever since he was old enough to ask questions. He also has the rather rare faculty of listening to the answers.

To-day, Beaverbrook knows more about America and Americans than many American publishers do. Talk with him for an hour and you will be convinced of this. Talk with him for two hours and you'll be convinced that he knows as much about American newspapers as most American publishers. He has studied America as a research doctor studies microbes. He has learned about our labour problems not from the head of the C.I.O. or the A.F. of L., but from taxicab drivers and steel workers and machinists. He has learned about newspapers not only from publishers, but from reporters and columnists and make-up men and linotypers.

"Back in 1922," he says, "I went to America to study the Hearst methods. I spent a lot of time

with Mr. Hearst, but I got nothing at all from him. So I left him and studied his newspapers. They showed me how he operated. From them I learned many things. I learned many things from the *New York Times*, too, and from the *Kansas City Star*. My job is selling papers. I would be a bad salesman if I didn't study the methods used by those who have been successful in the business."

He sells papers? That's what he says, but actually he sells dreams; dreams that almost invariably come true. In those pre-war days he dreamed of an empire that should be splendidly isolated and in commerce entirely self-sufficient. Hitler made a nightmare out of that dream. Beaverbrook dreamed of a time when Englishmen would buy, so far as was humanly possible, only English goods. He met a young man named Bonar Law thirty years ago and he dreamed of the time when he would make Bonar Law Prime Minister of England. Through his papers, through speeches, through magnificently shrewd political tactics, he sold many of those dreams to England.

I met Beaverbrook at Nassau. He was sitting on the edge of a pool clad in a pair of trunks and a towel. With the help of a waiter he quickly clad me in a Planter's Punch and we got to talking. He wound up, of course, interviewing me. Anyhow, meet the Right Honourable William Maxwell Aitken, Baron Beaverbrook. He would rather ask questions than answer them, not that he is reluctant to answer questions, but he is cursed with an inquiring mind. He began to talk of his early life. He wasn't Lord Beaverbrook now; he was a poverty-stricken kid in Canada, selling papers to help out the family exchequer.

"It's rather amazing," he said thoughtfully. "Sounds too pat, too dramatic to be true, but it is true. I was selling papers when I was six and now at sixty I'm still selling them."

He was Max¹ Aitken then, one of twelve children

fathered by a Presbyterian minister. He grew up in that sturdy faith and never lost it. From his father he learned that loyalty was a great virtue. He never forgot that either.

He never had much formal schooling and so he reached early manhood with a mind almost entirely uncluttered with useless learning. He didn't have much more than an engaging smile and a conviction that a man could have much more fun if he had a lot of money than if he didn't have a lot of money. So he went out to make a lot of money. He sold bonds. In addition to selling them he learned a great deal about them. He studied finance thoroughly and learned about monopolies and trusts. When he had, in his own mind, mastered finance he looked around for some practical method of turning this knowledge into a great deal of money. It wasn't long before he saw his chance. He became what, for want of a better name, is termed a promoter. He would help organize companies and sell their bond issues, and his knowledge of finance increased. Finally he saw a chance for a big coup. There were thirteen cement companies operating in Canada. They were cutting one another's throats, underselling, and all of them slowly strangling in the ropes of their own competition.

He worked out a scheme of amalgamation. He brought them all together under one head with interlocking directorates. He made, in fact, one huge trust out of thirteen independent companies. He created a monopoly and everybody made a lot of money except perhaps builders and contractors, who had to pay a few cents more for their cement. He had handled the stock issue of the new trust cleverly, and one day woke up to discover that he was a comparatively wealthy young man.

He had conquered Canada. Now for bigger things. He arrived in England on the wings of voluble and

extravagant publicity, most of it unfavourable. Quite undaunted, he went to Manchester and stood for Parliament. His campaign consisted of speech after speech pleading for a high tariff that would surround the Empire like a protecting wall. Manchester had always been the centre of Free Trade, yet, incredibly, he was elected.

In the beginning he attracted about as much attention in Parliament as another frog would in a large pool. There were a great many things against him. He had (and still has) the arrogance of the successful man who springs from humble origin. He was a Presbyterian in an Episcopalian country. He was a Canadian who professed his admiration for and practised American business methods. He was a bad speaker. His maiden speech bored his fellow parliamentarians thoroughly and it got practically no notice from anyone. They said that he was just another rich man who had got into Parliament on a due bill. Max Aitken, however, has always had the happy and rare faculty of being able to indulge in frank self-appraisal. He looked himself over carefully, nodded thoughtfully at the shortcomings that he saw, and set out to remedy them.

There was the question of speaking, for instance, a bothersome but undoubtedly important detail. He learned how to make public speeches. He learned it as he had learned finance. He became a fair speaker, then an accomplished speaker and eventually one of the greatest speakers in the country.

It was years later that Beaverbrook used his pen to sway people. To get back to the young Max Aitken, M.P., of 1910. By now he had decided to make politics his career. He studied the technique of the successful politician. He discovered that the man who lasts longest is the man behind the Prime Minister, not the Prime Minister himself. He made ambitious plans and confided them to no one but himself.

England was still doing all right without any help from this arrogant young Canadian.

Bonar Law was a personable young man, who, like Aitken, was the son of a Presbyterian minister. The future Lord Beaverbrook liked Bonar Law enormously. Perhaps he saw qualities in Law that he himself lacked. He looked at Law and said to himself, "There is the future Prime Minister of England."

He did the same job on Bonar Law that Doc Kearns did on Jack Dempsey. Kearns manœuvred Dempsey into the heavyweight championship of the world by careful matching, by picking good spots for him and by using all his guile to see that Jack got every break. Max Aitken handled Bonar Law just as skilfully. Bonar Law got the headlines, but everyone in England knew that Aitken was behind the scenes pulling the strings. They offered Bonar Law the Prime Ministership during the war but he refused it. Lloyd George accepted it and it was generally believed that Max Aitken had been responsible for the appointment.

They gave him a peerage for that and now he was Lord Beaverbrook. He took the name from a small town not far from his Canadian birthplace. During the war Beaverbrook did a great job on war propaganda. The kid from the Canadian backwoods was now definitely a real factor in English politics.

The *Daily Express* was a sick dog then, to whose piteous cries Fleet Street was lending a stonily deaf ear. It was just emerging from bankruptcy and its journalistic bones were about ready for internment. Beaverbrook's fortune had increased. He had always maintained his Canadian holdings and they had increased tremendously in value. He considered the purchase of the *Express* merely for the purpose of supporting Bonar Law. By now Bonar Law had become more than a human being to Beaverbrook—he loved the man and, in addition, he had become a symbol: If Bonar Law became Prime Minister it

would mean that success had crowned Beaverbrook's years of effort. If he did not, he would feel that he had failed.

Northcliffe said to him, "Max, I hear that you're thinking of buying the *Express*."

Beaverbrook said that was right.

"How much money have you?" Northcliffe asked.

Beaverbrook told him.

"You will leave it all in Fleet Street," Northcliffe said with serenity. For a long while after he bought the *Express* it looked as though Northcliffe had been a good prophet. The public showed a great and enthusiastic apathy toward his paper. He lost £200,000 during his first year of ownership. He lost £60,000 during his second. He came out even in his third year, and since then the story of the *Express* has been nothing but a success story.

Northcliffe died and Beaverbrook was heir apparent to the title of England's greatest publisher. Of course, there was Lord Rothermere who owned the powerful *Daily Mail*, but Beaverbrook was leaping forward in great strides. Then, in 1922, Bonar Law became Prime Minister of England.

He resigned as Prime Minister after only four months. Then he was stricken with cancer of the throat, from which he never recovered.

Now Beaverbrook threw all his energy into the strengthening of the *Express*. By 1925 it had become a great newspaper. By 1929 it was being read by almost everyone in England who could read. He fought vigorously against Baldwin and beat Baldwin whenever the latter put up a Free Trade candidate in by-elections. He reached the peak of his pre-war power perhaps in 1931, when the Conservative party adopted his protective-tariff programme.

He had peddled his dreams successfully. He would rather sell dreams and newspapers than make speeches

and bother with parliamentary procedure. He was the greatest publisher in England.

Beaverbrook has a passion for speed. Once he took up horseback riding. He liked it so well that he wound up with an unprofitable racing stable. Later he became engrossed with flying.

This was the story he told me that sunswept afternoon, sitting on the edge of the pool in Nassau. This was in 1938, when war warnings were posted all over the world for those who would read them. At that time he was firmly convinced that there would be no war.

"I hear more war talk in the United States than anywhere else," he said. "Talk of a major war is absurd. We won't have one for a long time. Germany isn't ready for a war. France is a pacifist country. Russia can't afford a war. Italy?" He made an impatient gesture. "Everyone looks upon Italy as a strong power. Nonsense! Italy couldn't stand up a month against any first-rate army or navy. Italy has proved that. . . . No, there won't be any war."

Beaverbrook's love for and hope of peace blinded him perhaps to the actuality and imminence of Hitler's war aims. Millions of others were similarly deceived.

And then came Norway. His enemies say sneeringly that Beaverbrook did a sharp right about face after the Norway débâcle. It is hard to make that resound to his discredit. Of course he did a sharp right about face. Now England was fighting for her life. This was no time for political theories or personal opinions. It was war. He took off his coat and went to work. Churchill and he have always been good friends. Each recognizes and respects the qualities which go to make up the other. They are two tough fighting men. Churchill put him into the cabinet as Minister of Aircraft Production. He stepped on toes right from the beginning but "He got things done." He inherited a poor legacy from his

predecessors. Ruthlessly, energetically he went to work. Wheels began to turn. Machines began to hum. Airplanes began to drop off the end of assembly lines completed.

He needed aluminium. It's hard to get aluminium these days. But Beaverbrook is a salesman. He knew what to do. He went to the radio. He appealed for the housewives of the country to give up their aluminium pots and pans. He sold a bill of goods. Every village and hamlet of England gave its quota of the precious alloy.

Manufacturers grumbled because of his high-handed methods. He laughed at them. He knew business methods as well as they did. By sheer ability he had built a greater fortune than any of them. He was no amateur ; no economist just down from Harvard or Oxford. He was a hard-headed business man. He cajoled, he threatened and the wheels moved faster and the humming of the machinery grew louder. He was getting things done. He is still getting them done.

A year ago Ernest Bevin was the second most important and powerful man in England. To-day I believe that Beaverbrook is. He and Churchill are a good team. Each is a strong individualist who would rather drive a team in harness than be in harness as one of a team. But England is fighting for her life. There isn't an ounce of appeasement in either one of them. Of course three years ago Beaverbrook wanted peace. Many others did too ; many others who are now fighting a great war for England. Men like Beaverbrook.

SEVENTEENTH DAY OUT

WE finally ran into something. It wasn't much but it relieved the monotony and for a few moments reminded us that there was such a thing as a submarine menace, that convoys were being sunk and that we after all were just another convoy. Late this afternoon I was on deck with Sorensen and Jones. The sea was not only calm but quiet; our whole convoy was quiet. We were going along at seven knots, our top convoy speed, but our engines were purring far down below and we couldn't hear them.

The engineers of our ships were doing a good job. Jones nodded approvingly. Not a wisp of smoke rose above any funnel. It is an art, Jones says, to keep up proper steam without showing smoke. You've got to watch the coal gas and the combustion of it and you've got to see that everything is burning evenly. Otherwise you'll get black smoke and black smoke from a funnel can be seen a long way off.

It was warm too; evidently we'd come south and were nearing the Irish coast. The two Hudsons were droning overhead. Undoubtedly they came from the north of Ireland base used by the Coastal Command. I wondered idly if my pal, Pilot Officer Eric Walsh, was up in one of them. He is stationed at that base and this is his job. The destroyers were poking their slim sharp-edged prows into the sea and coming up with white-flecked noses. The Chinamen were painting away happily on deck. The ship had been painted as we lay in Halifax. Now it was being painted again and it would be painted once more, no doubt, in

Liverpool (if that is our port). Sea water is a great enemy of iron and steel. It eats through paint and rusts the hull.

It was a lazy afternoon and then suddenly the whole world which had been static, changed into something vibrant ; something that throbbed with life. One of the destroyers wheeled to starboard sharply almost in its own length. It streaked to starboard for perhaps half a mile. The Hudson which had been flanking our port side banked at the same moment and flying low, roared over us to join the destroyer. A second destroyer came hurrying to join its mate. The second Hudson which had been patrolling the rear of the convoy came at full throttle. We stood there silent, waiting, wondering what it was all about.

The destroyers were now about three quarters of a mile to starboard. They were about a hundred yards apart proceeding parallel to each other. Then an enormous fountain rose from the water forty feet astern of one of the destroyers. It didn't seem to explode into the air ; it just rose gracefully, slowly, like any well behaved fountain, and then it cascaded back upon itself shimmering in the sun, looking very white against the blue of the water. Then came the explosion, and we realized that the destroyer had dropped a depth bomb.

The explosion of it hit our feet before it hit our ears. The ship seemed to shudder and the decks seemed to tremble and then the noise of it hit our ears. It was nearly as loud as a bomb that falls close, but not, of course, as terrifying. Then a fountain came astern of the second destroyer. Again the delayed explosion. We stood there on deck a little bit but not very much excited. It was quite a spectacle, but it was hard to think of it in terms of life and death. It was difficult to think that somewhere beneath this calm sea there was a huge submarine loaded with torpedoes ; a submarine with murder in its heart directed toward us.

The two Hudsons were only fifty feet above the sea now, roaring back and forth, banking sharply and then resuming the quick short patrol. The sun was almost drowned in the horizon now, which was bad. The water was darker and it gave a cover to the equally dark hulk of the submarine, hiding from the eyes of the Hudsons.

Then I noticed that each destroyer had four funnels ; each was an American destroyer. It was exciting to watch two destroyers built in Brooklyn or Norfolk, and two airplanes built in Burbank, California, chase a German submarine. It was exciting to watch them protecting sixty-three ships loaded with cargo for England. The Isolationists could rant ; the Mid-West could sneer, " This isn't our war " ; the politicians could tell their anguished women constituents, " We won't send our boys to fight "—but here was the reality of it all. Here were four American war machines, American-designed, American-built, and they were in action.

It began to get exciting as the destroyers spread out now a bit, circling widely. The 'planes, too, circled. It was all no doubt part of a plan ; this manœuvre had undoubtedly been rehearsed a thousand times. The junior service (the R.A.F.) was co-operating beautifully with the senior service (the Navy). It was exciting now because for once I was watching England dish it out. For so many months I watched England, and especially London, taking it. Now for the first time I had a chance to see England the hunter instead of the hunted. The ack-ack fire over London and the flights of the fighter pilots—these are purely defensive methods. But now these two destroyers and these two airplanes were hunting the submarine, stalking it, harrowing it, chasing it. They weren't trying merely to keep it away from the convoy ; they were out to kill it. And that was good too.

Two more huge fountains sprang up ; two more

explosions made our ship shake. Had the submarine suddenly popped up a hundred yards from us I don't think any of us would have been scared. The whole thing was an academic exercise now, and we were merely detached spectators, interested and a bit excited about the show. Then, too, it's hard to be afraid of anything you can see. That's why nightly bombing is so terrifying. You can't see the bombs. You hear them screaming down, and then all unconsciously without any order from your brain you find that your stomach has contracted and that the palms of your hands are moist. These things happen. They happen to everyone. They happen to men with V.C.'s on their chests. When people get scared, really scared, under bombing their faces get a bit greyish. Sometimes they get absolutely white. Their hands actually do tremble. Five minutes after a land mine has dropped a hundred yards away I defy anyone to lift a filled glass of brandy to his lips without spilling it. Your mind can conquer fear all right, but your body can't conquer it entirely. I learned that in London, and it wasn't fun learning it. All of us who lived in London learned that.

But there was nothing frightening about this. It was just a good show. We might have thought about the sixty men in that submarine. What were they thinking? How were they reacting? Just as British sailors would have reacted under the same circumstances, I am sure: coolly, calmly, looking on it as part of the day's work. The men on the destroyers and the crews of the Hudsons no doubt felt the same. This was an impersonal fight. The destroyers and the 'planes were trying to destroy a submarine—the sixty or so men in the submarine did not enter into the calculations. In wartime nothing is cheaper than human life (unless it be the life of a trained pilot or of some other man who would be hard to replace). I don't suppose that the German bombers who drop

death on the workers' districts of London ever think of the misery and hardship they are causing. If they did they'd be bad pilots.

In all six depth charges were dropped, and then it was all over. The two destroyers went back to their stations. One wheeled and went to the rear. The other went ahead. She passed us sleekly, looking like a very pleased kitten. The two 'planes with what seemed to be conscious unconcern flew to their posts again. Once more the sea was calm and quiet. The whole episode had only taken eight minutes.

Did they get the submarine? We don't know. The mate who was on the bridge doesn't know. Perhaps the captain knows, but in these waters the wireless isn't used. The destroyers flashed some signals to the Commodore's ship, but they couldn't be seen from our bridge. But I'll know when I get to London. By now the Admiralty knows.

E I G H T E E N T H D A Y O U T

AND to-day we sighted land. This afternoon we were on deck, glancing up now and then, for we expected to run into the dive bombers here. It was good weather for dive bombers. There were low, heavy white clouds, but now and then a break in them showed a deep blue sky above. They could have lurked nicely in those clouds, and then dropped on us. But they didn't, and the boys manning the Bofors gun aft are very disappointed. To make them feel better I bought them a round of beer. They are all broke. They spent some time in Halifax, and that took every cent they had.

At first sight the land wasn't very pretty. It seemed a dirty grey smudge leaning against the horizon, but as we neared it we saw that the irregular contour of it was caused by hills. Jones and I looked toward the land, and then Jones nudged me and said, "Look at that!"

I looked to starboard where he had pointed, and didn't see anything at first. Then I saw an overturned lifeboat floating very low in the water.

"So what? It's a lifeboat," I said. "That land looks much better."

Thinking it over now that it's night, I realized that was a silly thing to say. That floating lifeboat tantalizes one with provocative thoughts. What was it doing out here, perhaps forty miles from land? Where is the ship that it once (perhaps yesterday) hung from? In the excitement of seeing the land and in the realization that our long trip was almost

over, I missed the point of the lifeboat. I've always said that there's a story in every man you meet. Well, there's a story in every lifeboat you see floating at sea, too. We still have two hundred or so very nasty miles to travel before we reach port. It is quite possible that a ship one day back of us might see one of our lifeboats floating in the sea, and someone equally as disinterested as I will say casually, "So what? It's a lifeboat. That land looks much better."

You think of things at night that you never think of during the day. But this afternoon we only thought of that big hunk of Irish land rising out of the sea. It was Malin Head in County Donegal, and I thought it fitting that we should see this land first. Four generations ago my ancestors lived in Donegal, and one of them (my father told me when I was very young) was hanged there as a horse thief. Another, he said, was shot for leading a rebellion against the English. However, my father is a great romanticist, and I doubt if our ancestors ever came to such worthy or glamorous finishes. I think people in Ireland must all die of boredom and inertia. Ireland is about the only place where I've ever seen poverty accepted as a part of life; like storm and rain and death and corns. No one seems to do anything about it. A sense of social consciousness is something that was entirely left out of the Irish landlord. Economic and social conditions are just as bad in the north as they are in the south, if not worse.

But Ireland looked mighty good to-day. Perhaps it was because we didn't have to stop there. Malin Head is the most northern point in Ireland; the nearest to the United States. The hills of Donegal looked cool and green in the sun of the late afternoon. I looked behind once at our convoy, and found that we had lost a goodly portion of it. About thirty ships had broken away from us. We were going to different ports apparently.

We steamed on past Rathlin Island which is off the north-east coast of Northern Ireland. It is a huge, forbidding, rock-like mass, and the story of how it came to be there in its lonely eminence is this. Finn McCool, mightiest of all humans, was standing one day on the heath in his native county of Antrim. Someone challenged him to a test of strength, and the doughty Finn McCool merely picked up a huge piece of his county and hurled it as far as he could. It landed a couple of miles out to sea; hence Rathlin Island. And the very hole from which he plucked this monstrous toy is still there in Antrim, and having over the centuries filled itself with water, is now known as Lough Neagh, the biggest lake in all Ireland.

We went right down the middle of the North Channel, steaming slowly because this part of the sea is heavily mined. By now we were in single file—our ship in second place, which made us happy because it means we will get ashore second. To the right was McCool's mighty island, and to the left the Scottish shore. This is the closest that Britain and Ireland ever get—Rathlin and the Mull of Kintyre—a distance of perhaps eighteen miles.

When night came, protectingly black, we were between Belfast and The Rhinns of Galloway. Strange lighthouses twinkled messages to us from both coasts. The night was alive with a thousand small noises unheard during the day-time. I stood on the deck, and it seemed as if for the moment I had the world to myself. My fellow passengers were in bed. It was so dark that I couldn't see the bridge when I looked up. Now and then a high but hardly-heard sing-song voice would come from aft; the Chinese crew were probably celebrating, a bit prematurely. We were going slowly, just feeling our way. I couldn't hear the engines, but could hear the soft wash of the waves slapping the sides of the ship gently. Then to the right near Belfast shafts of light climbed into the

blackness of the sky. They looked like a huge bouquet of searchlights dead white against the black. They moved slowly, majestically sweeping the heavens as though by themselves they could brush away any German bombers that might be up there. De Valera makes Belfast an easy place for the Germans to find. He doesn't black out Dublin. The German pilots merely aim for lighted Dublin, find it, and proceed due north for twenty minutes, and there's Belfast underneath them. The veriest tyro of a pilot could find Belfast with the help of lighted Dublin. Apparently Belfast was getting it to-night.

Then I heard the 'planes. The searchlights swung out to sea, leaning away from the city. Evidently the 'planes had finished with Belfast, and were now headed for Scotland. Gradually the searchlights dropped, and now again the world was dark. The uneven singing cadence of the 'planes increased. They were coming directly toward us. I stood gripping the rail. It still seemed as if I were the only one awake, alive in this strange world. I hadn't heard German 'planes for more than two months. Hearing them made me glad to be back on this side of the ocean. This is where a reporter belongs—not in the night clubs of New York.

There were at least thirty ships still with us, yet although I knew the nearest was only two hundred yards astern, I couldn't see it. This ship and I were alone, and because fancy plays such strange tricks at night, I felt as though we—the ship and I—were alone against the German bombers. By the sound there were a lot of them. It was almost as though the night were alive with the beating of gigantic wings. It would be a dreadful anti-climax to have brought this convoy all the way across the Atlantic safely, only to have it fall into the hands of bombers just before reaching home. Fate couldn't be that unkind,

They were directly over us now, and from the sound of their motors not very high. They knew that there was no ack-ack stuff here in the North Channel. They knew that it was too dark for the night fighters. They had an easy job of destruction to-night—these German pilots.

They were over us, but the deep black night protected us from their keen eyes and they passed over all, unconscious of the prize they had missed. Gradually the air quieted as they flew east over Scotland. Gradually our ship seemed to breathe easily again.

We steamed on quietly. Even the small noises of the night had disappeared. Now and then the ship, weary after nineteen days of battering, gave a tired sigh in her sleep, but that was all. I tiptoed into the mess-room. This old ship had stood by us nobly. I wouldn't wake her up.

NINETEENTH DAY OUT

LIVERPOOL. At eight o'clock to-night we dropped anchor in the Mersey, and our long trip was over. To-day's journey was by far the most interesting part of the trip, perhaps because for the most part we were in sight of land. We steamed through the channel between Ireland and the Isle of Man, turned East and then knew we were headed for Liverpool. Of course I don't recognize that this trip is finished until I'm in the Savoy Hotel in London.

We made a pool among us four passengers, the Chief Engineer and the wireless operator, as to what time we would pass the Bar Gate. The Bar Gate is an anchored lightship at the entrance to the Mersey proper. The wireless operator won.

We slowed down and a pilot's boat came alongside. A huge red-faced pilot came aboard. He smiled at the mate who greeted him.

"Good trip?"

"Good trip," the mate said.

We steamed on still in single file. We passed two ugly reminders of mines dropped by German 'planes. Both were very old wrecks and their masts looked lonely, sticking forlornly above the water. We passed another ship that had broken in two; this too was a hangover from the raids of last autumn. Then we reached the docks. There are seven and a half miles of docks along the Mersey. They seemed to be quite untouched, although Liverpool has had some fierce raids.

The Chinese all wore broad smiles and chatted away happily to each other; to themselves. Wattersea

was on the right bank. Wattersea caught itself a beating recently. It is a suburb of neat white and red houses with neat, gabled red roofs. Many of the roofs were lop-sided. But Liverpool, on the left bank, looked all right.

The huge unfinished Cathedral loomed, dominating Liverpool. Men still work on the Cathedral. With any luck it should be completed in about ten years. There is something significant in the insistence of Liverpool to finish its Cathedral. It has been perhaps fifty years in the building, and Liverpool is determined —war or no war—that it shall be finished. The bombers come and the bombers go, but each morning at eight workmen climb high to the tower with trowel and mortar to continue the work.

We thought we should have to stay on board all night, but after dinner a boat came alongside with Customs men to take us off. Only the four passengers were allowed off. The officers were surprised. This seemed quite contrary to regulations. The Customs men seldom worked after six in the evening. Perhaps one of our passengers had more influence than the rest of us realized. In any case, we said farewell to Jones and to Captain Kent and to our No. 1 boy and to Challis and finally set foot on land.

The Customs man said, "Have you anything to declare?"

I said "No" and began to open my trunk. He waved me aside, and put a chalk mark on it. I felt sick. I had given two packets of Chesterfields to the crew thinking that the Customs would ban them. We taxied to the Adelphi Hotel, one of the best hotels outside of London, though no hotel outside of London is really good. I was amazed at the comparatively little damage we saw. Here and there a building would be cut jaggedly in half, but in the main Liverpool was still standing. England hadn't changed much in three months, I thought. But I was wrong.

I asked for some cigarettes ; if they had no American cigarettes I'd take Players. There were no American cigarettes. There were no Players. In short there were no cigarettes.

"There's not a cigarette in Liverpool," the man behind the news-stand said cheerfully.

I can stand a lot of things but I can't stand being without cigarettes. I asked for the next train to London. There was no train. The next one leaves in the morning. It arrives at London about two in the afternoon. I'll have to wait until then for cigarettes. Still, there are compensations. I have a huge bathtub, and I haven't been in a bathtub for nineteen days. There is an enormous double bed which ought to be more comfortable than the small bunk I've been using the past nineteen days. And to-morrow—London.

T W E N T I E T H D A Y O U T

LONDON—and now I have reached the end of my journey. It has been a good trip but the best part of it was arriving at Paddington Station early this afternoon. I had wired Arthur Christiansen, the editor of the *Daily Express*, that I was on my way. He met me at the station. He had my whole mob with him. The station was knee-deep in American correspondents. We correspondents in London are a clannish bunch. We work together; we play together; and only allow men like Chris and Frank Owen, editor of the *Standard*, and half a dozen other editors and English reporters to enter our circle.

Ed Beattie of the U.P. was there at the station. So was Red Mueller of INS and Bill Stoneman and Helen Kirkpatrick of the *Chicago Daily News* and Mary Welsh of *Life* and half a dozen others. It was like coming home. And then Chris whispered to me that the mob was giving me a surprise party that night at the Savoy. Life was good.

It wasn't so good two hours later when I took my *Collier's* story to the Admiralty to be censored. I had done two articles on the trip and so far as possible I had avoided giving away anything that would endanger Home Security or infringe on Admiralty regulations. Yet my good friends Commanders Kenderdine and Edwards, who censor our stuff, took out big blue pencils and went to work with that gleeful look in their eyes which is peculiar to copy readers and censors. As one line after another disappeared under the slash of that blue pencil I got sicker and

sicker. Kenderdine and Edwards were apologetic. They had their orders. They could only follow them. I knew this. I knew, too, that I wasn't being allowed to tell the story of the convoy as I wished to tell it. I wanted to get across the idea that sixty-three ships had started—sixty-three had arrived safely. This, I thought, proved something important. It proved that if a convoy of ships is well escorted it will arrive safely. True, because of the size of our convoy we were especially well escorted. Undoubtedly other convoys had to suffer because of this.

"Incidentally," Kenderdine said, laughing, "you don't count very well. Actually you had eighty-six ships in your convoy."

"We'll have to make it 'more than fifty,'" Edwards said.

Two hours of this and then we three went out and had a drink. Commander Kenderdine and Commander Edwards are not censors once they leave the Admiralty. Besides, each had earned another stripe on his sleeve since I had left London and we had to drink to that.

I sent my stories then and went back to the Savoy. Chris 'phoned and told me to order dinner for twenty. He had invited the mob and had got a private room.

"Order the best dinner the Savoy has to offer," he said cheerfully. "Forget the expense. Have cocktails and any wine you want, and pick out a good brandy. We'll all be round about eight."

I went into a huddle with Santerilli, the Savoy *maitre d'hôtel*. I told him that expense didn't matter. Between us we ordered almost a pre-war meal. And he dug up some good wines he had been reserving. It was a good dinner. Only one thing troubled me in a vague sort of way. Chris had said this was to be a "surprise party." The mob turned out in force. Everyone made speeches; very bad speeches.

Bill Stoneman got up and said, "It's good to see you back, sucker."

That was the best speech of the night. We argued heatedly about the strict censorship. I was still mad about the way my two articles had been cut. I heard stories from Helen and Bill and Ed Beattie and Red and Walter Graebner of *Life* and the others about the more rigid censorship.

We were in the Mikado Room on the ground floor and the door was open. I noticed some people passing in the hall ; I saw the red-thatched Brendan Bracken. I ran out to say hello. He wasn't alone. Lord Beaverbrook was with him and incredibly so was Jim Forrestal, one of Roosevelt's most brilliant "dollar a year men," and an old friend Averill Harriman.

"How was the trip ?" Beaverbrook asked.

"It was great," I told him. "Marvellous. We had one short submarine scare, but that was all. I never had a more peaceful trip. I doubt if there was ever a submarine within a hundred miles of us."

"Then thank this man here," Beaverbrook said drily. "He's the First Lord of the Admiralty. He's the one responsible."

A. V. Alexander, the First Lord, had been standing behind Beaverbrook, and I hadn't seen him. I thanked him profusely.

"Come and see me soon," Beaverbrook said, and I told him I would. I wanted to see him about this horrible censorship we were being subjected to. I told him that and he nodded. "Come and see me," he said. I will. Beaverbrook gets things done.

I went back into the room. The boys had Beattie and Stoneman singing now. They have some special songs of their own and very good they are, too. There was no alert. Maybe there was a war going on somewhere. Maybe men were dying in Crete and in Africa. But for the moment we had declared a moratorium on war. Finally it came to an end. And the surprise part of it hadn't come yet.

"Chris, how about the surprise?" I asked, and Chris, after demanding quiet, gave it to me.

"The surprise part of this dinner," he said solemnly, "is that you get the bill."

Then I knew that my vacation was over and I was back at work.

HALIFAX HARBOUR—*April 10th, 1941.*

LONDON—*April 30th, 1941.*



